The Miser

Thos Arnolds
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The Miser

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THE MISER: A COMEDY ACTED By His Majesties Servants, AT THE Theater Royal.

Written by *THOMAS SHADWELL.*

LONDON,
Printed for *Thomas Collins* and *John Ford*, at the *Middle Temple-gate* in *Fleetstreet*, 1672.

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To the Right Honourable

CHARLES

Lord Buckhurſt,

Gentleman of His MAJESTIES BED-CHAMBER.

My Lord,

THE Favour which your Lordſhip was pleaſed to ſhew to this Play, I value more than all the loud Applauſes of a *Theater*: Nor can it be leſs eſteemed by any man that has had the honour of knowing your Lordſhips Perſon, or the pleaſure of reading the diverſions of your pen. It ſeems by your obliging kindneſs to the Poets, and your great example in writing, as if you were deſign'd by Heaven, among many other great uſes, for the ſuſtaining of declining Poetry. This conſideration, with the boldneſs which your frequent favours

have given me, pull the trouble of this Dedication upon you. You see, my Lord, the danger of encouraging any of us, who are too apt without it to use the names of great men for the defence of our weaknesses and follies; nay, some are so arrogant to believe their injurious Dedications competent returns for all the Obligations they receive from the generosity of their Patrons. But I, my Lord, have been too much obliged by you to think of making any return: all that I can do, is to beg leave to make an humble acknowledgment of all your favours; and to take this occasion to publish my self to the World,

My Lord,

Your Lordships

Most Obliged

Humble Servant,

THOMAS SHADWELL.

READER.

THE Foundation of this Play I took from one of *Moliere's* called *L' Avare*; but that having too few persons, and too little action for an *English Theater*, I added to both so much, that I may call more than half of this Play my own: and *I* think *I* may say without vanity, that *Moliere's* part of it has not suffer'd in my hands, nor did *I* ever know a *French* Comedy made use of by the worst of our Poets, that was not better'd by 'em. 'Tis not barrenness of wit or invention, that makes us borrow from the *French*, but laziness; and this was the occasion of my making use of *L' Avare*. This Play, as it was wrote in less than a moneth, and was the last Play that was Acted at the Kings Theater in *Covent-garden*, before the fatal fire there; the great hast I made in writing it, that made me very doubtful of the success of it, which was the reason that at first *I* did not own it, but conceal'd my Name. *I* have resolved to take my leave of long Prefaces, and will give you no farther trouble here, for fear you should find too much afterwards.

Prologue

PROLOGUE

[*The Authors Name not being then known.*]

OUR Poet never doubts the good ſucceſs
Of Farce that's in half *French*, half *Engliſh* dreſs:
And this was made with little pains and wit,
As any cobling Poet e're wrote yet,
And therefore he's reſolv'd not to ſubmit.
The Fortune of his Fellows he has ſeen,
Who in dull Farce have ſo ſucceſsful been,
That could he write true wit, he is in doubt
Whether you would endure to ſit it out.
But though he has no wit, he has ſome ſhame,
And ſtealing from the *French* conceals his name.
French Plays, in which true wit's as rarely found
As Mines of Silver are in *Engliſh* ground;
A fooliſh Marquiſs, or his knaviſh man,
Or ſome poor Pudden fool's the beſt they can.——
But ſtay, I've been to bold; methinks I ſee
The *Engliſh* Monſieurs riſe in mutiny,
Crying confound him, does he damn *French* Plays,
The only *Pieces* that deſerve the Bayes:
France that on faſhions does ſtrict Laws impoſe,
The Univerſal Monarchy for Cloaths,
That rules our moſt important part, our dreſs,
Should rule our wit, which is a thing much leſs.
But *Meſſieurs* he ſays, farther to provoke ye,
He would as ſoon be Author of *Tu Quoque*,
As any Farce that e're from *France* was ſent,
And all conſider'd 'tis a complement,
And yet he hopes the advantages they gain,
That he may pleaſe ye with ſmall ſtock of brain:
For our good natur'd Nation thinks it fit,
To count *French* Toys, good Wares; *French* nonſence, wit.

EPILOGUE.

The Actors Names.

Goldingham	*The Miſer.*
Theodore	*His Son.*
Squeeze	*A Scrivener.*
Timothy	*His Son.*
Bellamour	*A Gentleman in diſguiſe, his true name* Raines, *and ſervant to* Gold. *but a lover of* Theodora.
Rant and *Hazzard*	*Two Gameſters of the Town.*
Robin	Theodore's *Servant.*
Roger	
James and *William*	*Servants to* Goldingham.

Juſtice
Two Bullies
Conſtable and Watch
Three Counterfeit Baylifs
Fidlers

Women:

Theodora	*Daughter to* Goldingham.
Iſabella	*Siſter to* Bellamour.
Cheatly	*A Procurer.*
Lettice	*Her Daughter a Wench.*
Joyce	*A Wench.*
Bridget	*The ſame.*

The Miſer.

ACT. I. SCE. I.

Enter

Rant, *Hazard*, *Theodore*.

Rant. WHat a devil makes thee in ſo muſty a humour? Thou art as dull and dumpiſh as a fellow that had been drunk over night with Ale, and had done nothing but drunk Coffee, talked Politicks, and read Gazettes all this morning.

Haz. Haſt loſt thy money, or thy wench?

Rant. Nay faith *Hazard*, if he has loſt his money, I am ſure he has loſt his wench, in ſpight of the noble vertue of conſtancy.

Haz. Come *Theodore* a lucky hand or two at the Groom Porters, will get thee as good a Miſtriſs as any about the Town.

Rant. No pox on't they are kept ſo high by fooliſh elder Brothers, that poor younger Brothers muſt deſpaire of 'em.

Haz. No *Rant*, thou art miſtaken, the Elder Brothers are ſo kind to keep 'em for the younger, that can not do't for themſelves; they are civil to the one for love, and the other for money.

Rant. I am not of your opinion, there was never ſo much ready money and ſo little love ſtirring, as at this time.

Haz. Faith then we (that have but ſhallow purſes) muſt three or four club for one, ſhee'l ſerve us all, conſidering how we drink. Come *Theodore* be not melancholy, if thou haſt

loſt thy Miſtriſs, I'le club with thee for another.

Theo. So Gentlemen, this Dialogue runs off very ſmartly; you had rehearſed it before, but I find you have the effects of laſt nights debauch upon you, and are hot headed this morning, what elſe ſhould make you think me melancholy?

Rant. Come faith, thou art.

Theo. I muſt confeſs Gentlemen I am not in ſo brisk a humour as to leap over Joynt-ſtooles, or come over a ſtick for the King, or any of thoſe pretty frolicks; but I have no trouble, unleſs you will create me one.

Haz. I am ſo far from that, that I'le tell thee news that will rejoyce the heart of thee, if thou wert as dumpiſh as a young Spark that is newly denyed to be truſted for a white Periwig.

Theo. Prethee what's that?

Rant. That which I am ſure you'l bite at.

Haz. There is the moſt delicate, charming creature, come to lye over againſt us in *Bow-ſtreet*! Oh tis a melting Girle, ſhe looks as if ſhe would diſſolve like an Anchovee in Claret.

Rant. She would reliſh better (when a man has the hot fit upon him) than ſmall Beer in a Feaver.

Haz. Than ſmall Beer a pox on't, ſhe would be more welcome to thee than a Reprieve would, if thou wert juſt now trolling out *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* upon a Ladder.

Theo. You are mighty witty, and full of ſimilies; but who the Devil is this incomparable Lady?

Rant Pox on't, thou art as teſty as an old Leane Judge faſting, upon the Bench, between eleven and twelve.

Haz. I'le put him into a better humour; with this young Lady, is Mrs *Cheatly*, *party per pale* Match-maker, and Baud, got acquainted, and has promiſed to bring her to a Ball at the Bear at Charing-Croſs, where you know there is a very convenient Couch.

Rant. Oh ſhe's a delicate bit for him that can get her, ſhe's fit for one of us honeſt Fellows to debauch, and for a dull rich Fellow (born to the drudgery of Plowing Land and getting Heirs) to Marry.

Theo. But (if you be not too much tranſported to tell me) Pray who is this young Lady? *Haz.*

Haz. Why, 'tis one *Isabella* that lyes over against our Lodgeing at the Blew Balcone.

Theo. 'Sdeath what said he? [*Aside*]

Rant. How now, are you nettled? Gad I'le lay my life this Rogue has been before-hand with us.

Theo. No faith Gentlemen, but this Lady I have seen, and know she has some qualities very unfit for your Company.

Haz. What are those Man?

Theo. Dam'd unfashionable qualities, call'd vertue, and modesty.

Rant. Pish, but if she be not too much season'd with vertue in this warm age, she cannot keep long.

Theo. Indeed but she will, in spight of that Villanous Seducer *Cheatly*, whose Clutches scarce any young Lady can scape.

Rant. Prethee speak not against thy Mother-in-Law, thou hadst the debauching of her Daughter *Lettice*.

Theo. I the debauching of her; she was debauch'd from her Mothers Womb, she has it *ex Traduce*.

Haz. I'le hold thee ten pound *Cheatly* brings this Lady to Supper, for all her vertue, and modesty.

Theo. 'Sdeath Sir, I know she cannot, shall not do't.

Rant. On my Conscience he's in downright abominable love with this Lady.

Theo. Well, because you are a couple of good honest Fellows, that is, as farr as those that use *Cater-deuce-azes*, and smooth Boxes, and Cheat at Dice, can be.

Haz. Cheat? we do play a little upon advantage I confess, (as many people of Quality and most Gentlemen that are Gamesters do.)

Theo. Indeed false Boxes, and Dice are an advantage, but to let that pass: I will prevent your Errour, with this *Isabella* I am unreasonably and desperately in Love.

Rant. But 'its in an honourable way, I hope, not at all inclining to wedlock.

Theo. Yes faith, I am in Love, even to Matrimony.

Haz. Pox on thee for an unseasonable Fellow, to think of Matrimony in this age, when an honest Woman is almost

asham'd to shew her Face, she finds triumphant Punk so much preferred before her.

Rant. If we, honest Fellows of the Town, go on as we begin, honest Women will come to be Ston'd in the Streets.

Haz. What, thou art turn'd a publick spirited Fellow, I warrant, and wisely considerest, that people are wanting in *England*, and that more frequent Marriage would be a means of Propagation.

Rant. And I believe thou hast subtilly found out that whoreing, and Monasteries, are as great causes of their wanting people in *Spain*, as their West *Indian Colonies.*

Theo. None of these politick considerations I assure you; and yet ever since I saw *Isabella* I care less for a Whore, than you do for an honest Woman: Yet you shall find I am not wholly unfit for your Company, I have not given over all sins at once, for if you'l go before and bespeak, Dinner at *Shatolins* you shall see how I'le sowce you in *Burgundy.*

Haz. Well, wee'l go and hope, by the helpe of *Burgundy*, to recover your Senses again.

Theo. Have a care of loosing your own.

Rant. That we may have no advantage over you, wee'l each of us drink 2 or 3 Beer-glasses, before you come.

Haz. Adieu. [*Exeunt. Haz. Rant.*]

[*Enter Bellamour.*]

Theo. How now *Bellamour*, where's my Father.

Bell. Sir, he's busie upon a question in Arithmetick, to see how much 15 l. comes to in seven years, with use upon use.

Theo. What use his fifty in the hundred, that he takes of Herb-women and Oyster-women? For which they Pawn, their dear Rings, and Wedding Petticoats.

Bell. Sir, he's willing to make the most of his money.

Theo. Has he taken account what Dripping has been sold this week to the Kitchen-stuff Women? Has he weighed the ends of Candle, and Suet, to change for Candles of 20 in the pound?

Bell. All this Sir, and he has been higling with a Fellow, above half an hour this morning, about 5 Coney-Skins he sold him; nay, Good man, he's very careful, and all for you.

Theo.

Theo. For me, 'Sdeath I expect he should live fifty years longer, unless the Parliament would bring down money to four in the hundred; and faith I thought the report of that last Sessions, would have done an honest *Filius ante Diem* some kindness, but a pox ont he's recover'd, but no more of him, prethee send in my man to me.

Bell. I will Sir *Robin.* [*Exit Theodore.*]

[*Enter Robin.*]

Robin. What say you Sir?

Bell. Go in to your Master [*Ex. Robin*] [*Enter Theodora*] Here comes the Mistress of my heart, my deerest *Theodora*, I see you now this morning, with as much Joy, as the *Persians* do the Rising *Sun*, that gives e'm all their Comfort.

Theo. For all your complements *Bellamour*, I find little prospect of comfort for either of us.

Bell. My deerest *Theodora*, I have observed much dejection in your Countenance, ever since the obliging assurances you have given me of your faith; do you repent of that engagement? then I am miserable.

Theo. No *Bellamour*, I cannot repent of any thing I do for you; you have too great a power over me, to suffer such resentments in my mind.

Bell. What then can be the reason, that in the miest of all my Joyes, I see you grieve.

Theo. The thousand difficulties we are to undergo.

Bell. Ah Madam, do but Love enough, and there are none.

Theo. There is an impossibility of getting my Fathers consent, though it would be so much to my advantage: His covetous Shagrin Humour makes him hate a Gentleman.

Bell. I have gained so much upon him, that I do not despaire of it; But since I have your consent, I have too much happiness for one man.

Theo. I must confess, my *Bellamour*, I could justifie my Love to you to all the world, but to my Father; I have to defend me your Person, and your Merit: I can never repay the obligations I have received from you, that after seven years Travel, you can be content to stay from your Countrey, your Friends, and Kindred, and conceal your self from all the world

world but me: But above all, to put your ſelf for my ſake, in ſo baſe a condition, as to ſerve my Father, which is worſe than Rowing in Gallies, this Teſtimony of your Love can never be forgotten.

Bell. Ah Madam! one kind look from you will overweigh a thouſand ſuch ſmall Services: I muſt confeſs, ſerving your Father is the ſevereſt Task I have, to miniſter to his wretched Avarice, and endure the curſes of all whom his extortion grieves. Pardon me, dear *Theodora*, that I take this liberty before you: This is a Subject, you know I can ſpeak little good of.

Theo. I am too ſenſible of it, but I am extreamly glad to ſee you gain ſo much upon him by your Artifices.

Bell. You ſee Madam, Love is able to turne a man into all Shapes, nay into the worſt, a Flatterer, to a Covetous man: But by the ſordid applauding of what he does, and obſerving all his Rules and Maximes, I have gained this point; That he will hear or believe no man ſo ſoon as me.

Theo. But why do you not diſcover this to my Brother, and procure his aſſiſtance in it?

Bell. Your Father's and Brother's tempers are ſo oppoſite, that it is impoſſible to accommodate my ſelfe to both of 'em, but do you pleaſe to mannage our intereſts with your Brother, he Loves you extreamly, and will hear you; I hear him coming, I'le away. [*Ex. Bellamour*]

[*Enter Theodore and Robin.*]

Theo. *Robin* go ſtay within till I call you.

Robin. I will Sir. [*Ex. Robin*]

Theodore. Dear *Theodora* I am glad you are here, I have a ſecret of the greateſt concernment in the world to me, to diſcover to you.

Theodora. I ſhall be glad to hear't, and (if I can) to ſerve you in it; what have you to ſay?

Theodore. A thouſand things, in one little word, Love.

Theodora. How Brother are you in Love, I'le tell you ——

Theodore. Hold Siſter, I know as well as you that I depend [*Scommatically*] upon a Father, and that the name of Son, carries an inviolable Duty along with it.

Theodora. But Brother ——

Theodore

Theodore. And that I ought not to engage my heart without the consent of him who gave me breath.

Theodora. Do you hear——

Theodore. And that Heaven has made our Parents disposers of our wills, and that they are in a condition to see more and be less deceived than we.

Theodora. Hold a little.

Theodore. And that we ought to trust the Eyes of their wisdom before the blindness of our own passion.

Theodora. Are you mad——

Theodore. And that the heat of our youth misleads, and betrays us often to dangerous precipices.

Theodora. Not one of these wise things would I have said to you, but tell me, are you engaged to her you Love?

Theodore. No, but resolv'd, in spight of all opposition, and I conjure you, give me no reasons.

Theodora. Why do you believe I will?

Theodore. You are no Lover, and faith I am damnably affraid of your wisdom.

Theodora. You know not my condition Brother; but pray who is it that has Charm'd you thus?

Theodore. A young Lady that Lyes near this place, of so excellent a Beauty, so delicate a creature, I cannot think of her without an extasie.

Theodora. Pray save your oratory, and in short, tell me who she is.

Theodore. Her name is *Isabella*; but that which is my extreamest trouble, I have discover'd under hand, that she is the Daughter of a sickly Widdow, and of a small Fortune: You know the abominable humour of my Father (whose damn'd covetousness, if I had not now and then a Lucky hand at play, would make me forget all use of money) so that I have scarce any possibility of giving this Lady the least proof of my affection; and if I find not some means to do it, I am lost.

Theodora. It is an inhumane thing of him to put us both to our Shifts, thus, to get but ordinary Cloths.

Theodore. Prethee Sister, lets joyn in our Complaints to him; and if he opposes us, we will quit our selves of his insuppor-

table

table Tyranny, and seek our Fortunes together.

Theodora. I hear him coming, he's inraged at something, pray let us retire and consult what to say to him, here he comes, step in.

Theodore. Come on. [*Exeunt Theodore and Theodora*]

[*Enter Goldingham and Robin*]

Gold. Out of my house you Dog, begon, make no replyes, you Rascal, that are a Sworn Thief; the Gallows groans for you.

Robin. Well, there was never any thing so wicked as this [*Aside*] damn'd old Fellow, and I think, under correction, the Devil's in him.

Gold. What's that you mutter between your Teeth Sarrah?

Robin. Why do you hunt me up and down thus?

Gold. Out you Hang-Dog, must you ask questions? Out of my Doors, or I'le knock you down.

Robin. A pox on this damn'd flea-flint [*Aside*] Why what have I done to you?

Gold. Dispute no more, begon.

Robin. My Master gave me order to stay here for him.

Gold. Get you gone and wait in the Street, you Rascal, must you stand here like a Sentinel, and (with your damn'd watchful Eyes) be a Spy upon my actions, to devour what I have, and to ferret up and down to see what there is to Steal.

Robin What a Devil do you think I should steal, unless I should steal you?

[*Aside*] Besides, He's as watchful as an Owl, a man that had killed seven men, Pissing against a wall, would rest more quietly.

Gold. You Dog must I be daily in danger to be Rob'd by you?

Robin. You are not a man to be Rob'd, all you have is under Lock and Key; besides you profess your self to be in great dant.

Gold. [*Aside*] Oh how I tremble! Least this Rogue should suspect I have money hidden in my Garden: If he do's I am ruin'd. Though I have but little Sirrah, I should be loth to loose it by such Rascals as you are. Besides what's Lock't up, is not there

a

a Tin Candleſtick, a Pair of Braſs Snuffers, a Nutmeg-Grater, Bellows, and a Darnock Carpet.

Robin. I ſcorne 'em all.

Gold. Come Sirrah, you are one of the Rogues that reported that I have money hid.

Robin. How, have you money hid ſay you?

Gold. No no you Dog, I don't ſay ſo, I have no money hid you Villain you. [*Aſide*] 'Sdeath he diſtracts me.

Robin. Why what is't to me whether you have or have not.

Gold. What are you arguing? I'le beat your fooliſh reaſons out of your head, once more, begon.

Robin. Well, I go.

Gold. Stay, have you taken nothing with you?

Robin. You had beſt ſearch me.

Gold. Shew me your hands.

Robin. There.

Gold. The other — Both together — Stay have you put nothing here. [*He feels in his Coat Pockets.*]

Robin. What a Devil ſhould I put there?

Gold. Let me ſee here. [*All this while Groping Robin.*]

Robin. Such a man as you deſerves to be Rob'd.

Gold. What ſay you?

Robin. I ſay I think you'l grope me all over.

Gold. So I will Sirrah.

Robin. A Plague on all covetouſneſs, and covetous men.

Gold. What's that?

Robin. I ſay, a Plague upon all covetouſneſs, and covetous men.

Gold. Of whom do you ſpeak Sirrah?

Robin. Of covetous men.

Gold. What are thoſe covetous men?

Robin. Rogues, Villans, Dogs, Caterpillers, Horſe-Leeches, Vipers, Theives, Robbers, Sons of Whores.

Gold. How now you Raſcal.

Robin. Why do you trouble your ſelfe Sir, you are none of thoſe; may not I curſe covetous Rogues?

Gold. Sirrah, to whom did you ſpeak thus? tell me.

Robin. I ſpoke it — I ſpoke it — to that Rogue *Dives* in the Picture there.

Gold. And I speak to your fools head there, Sirrah take that, do you feele me Rogue?

Robin. Ay, pox on you, against my will. [*Aside*]

Gold. Again Sirrah, out of my doors, I say, you insolent Villain.

Robin. A curse on him, he has broken my bones. [*Ex. Robin.*]

Gold. Oh the pains, the Jealousies, and fears a man must suffer that has great summes of money to guard; I cannot find one place safe enough about the house; Coffers and Trunks Theives can never scape. Let me see this particular. *Imprimis*, a thousand Pound, for which I have Pawnes worth two, at above fifty *per Cent. Item* in the City five thousand Pound, for which I have ten *per Cent*, and the best security in *England*.

[*Enter Theodore and Theodora.*]

Item in Morgages of Land from young Gay Sparks 6000 l. Oh but that dear sum of six thousand broad pieces in my Garden, that transports me. [*He sees his Son and Daughter.*] 'Sdeath that I should read this Note loud, I have betrayed my self, they have over-heard me, and I am ruin'd; would they were both hang'd: Well, what's the matter with you, have you been long there?

Theo. No Sir, but now come.

Gold. What do ye stand listening?

Theo. Not we, I assure ye.

Gold. Come come ye did: if they over-heard me, I shall hang my self——

Theodora. Not we, I assure you Sir.

Gold. I was saying to my self, how happy should I be if I had but six thousand Pound in the world.

Theo. You need not wish that.

Gold. 'Tis false, 'tis false, Oh would to heaven I had! Oh how happy should I be, I should never complain then, that the times are hard, not I.

Theodora. This is all but Raillerie Sir.

Theodore. You have more than five times as much.

Gold. 'Sdeath, what says he? Oh thou Villain, thou Viper thou, have I bred thee up to destroy me? are my Children become my greatest enemies?

Theo.

Theo. Are thoſe your enemies that ſay you are rich?

Gold. Oh it is the vileſt injury you can do me, ſuch diſcourſes as theſe will make my throat be cut, Thieves will believe I am all made up of Gold; your extravagant expences too, will make 'em think ſo.

Theo. I know none I am guilty of, unleſs keeping my ſelf clean be ſo.

Gold. Oh your Periwigs, your Ribbands, your Laces, you are as much a Spark as any of thoſe that go fine, keep Whores, and pay no debts, about the Town; and if the truth were known, you, and your Siſter, here, muſt Rob me to do it.

Theo. He will have good luck that Robs you: [*Aſide*] You know my Siſter ventures ſome money at Sea, (that was left her by an *Aunt*,) and (for me) I am ſometimes lucky at play, and I eat and drink, and keep my ſelf handſomly dreſt with it.

Gold. Handſomly, fooliſhly; to what end are theſe multitudes of Ribbands, this Flaxen Mop of Whores Hair, and this *Flanders* Lace upon the Shirt; I warrant this Habit coſt thirty Pound: now if you do win money, put it to other uſes (you fooliſh young Knave) 30 l. comes to ſix and thirty ſhillings a year, according to Statutable uſe; But thou mighteſt make twenty Pound a year on't, if thou hadſt any braines, and (with ſuch uſe upon uſe) what would 30 l. come to in ſeven years!

Theodora. But Sir, my Brother and I came to talke with you of other buſineſs.

Gold. Well, and I have ſomething to ſay to you, of other buſineſs.

Theo. Tis concerning Marriage, Sir.

Gold. And I intended to ſpeak to you, concerning Marriage.

Theodora. Ah Father!

Gold. Ah Father! what's that for? what? what? you would be at it already, would you? ſoft and fair young Gentlewoman.

Theo. No Sir, my Siſter is affraid that your opinion of Marriage will not agree with ours.

Gold. Fear not, you ſhall have no cauſe of complaint, I ſhall do well for you both; and (firſt of all) have you *Theodore*, ſeen one *Iſabella*, that lyes near this place?

Theo. O yes Sir, ſeveral times, in her Balcony.

Gold. And you?

Theodora. I have heard of her, Sir.

Gold. Well Son, and how do you find that Lady?

Theo. She's admirably handſome, I have never ſeen her equal.

Gold. Her face, ha?

Theo. Beyond what e're a Lover fancied of his Miſtreſs.

Gold. Her ſhape, is it not well?

Theo. Not only faultleſs, but excellent to a miracle.

Gold. Her meen, ha——

Theo. Graceful, and admirable.

Gold. Her ayer, and her manner——

Theo. The moſt charming in the world; her ayer ſo full of modeſty and wit, her carriage ſo allureing and gentle, I have never ſeen the like.

Gold. Oh ho, would not this Lady make a pleaſant bed-fellow?

Theo. It were a happineſs beyond all expreſſion, ſuch as 'twere not ſafe to think on't.

Gold. But there is one point to be conſider'd, her Portion.

Theo. Oh Sir, that (with ſo fine a Lady) is not conſiderable, not to be mentioned.

Theodora. Beſides Sir, I have heard ſhe has a tollerable fortune.

Theo. Never think of that.

Gold. Well, I am glad we agree ſo well in our opinions of this Lady; for (by theſe charming qualities) ſhe has ſo won upon me, that I am reſolved forthwith to marry her.

Theo. Oh heaven!

Gold. What ſay you? [*Haſtily.*]

Theo. Are you reſolved ſay you——

Gold. Yes, to marry *Iſabella*.

Theo. Who you? you?

Gold. Yes I, I, I, why, what do you make of me, young Cox-comb?

Theo.

Theo. 'Sdeath this has ſtruck me to the heart. [*Ex. Theo.*]

Gold. Who cares, go get ſome Aqua-Vitæ, I hope this young Prodigal Aſs will hang himſelf at the news of a young Mother-in-Law——This Daughter, is that which I reſolve for my ſelf: now for him, I have provided a grave Matron of about 50, with a great deal of money; and you, I intend to marry to *Timothy Squeeze*, the rich Scriveners Son, a very thrifty young man.

Theodora. Heaven, what do I hear!

Gold. He's a very pretty young man, and knowes how to make ſixty *per Cent* of his money.

Theodora. Sir, if you pleaſe, I will not marry.

Gold. Madam, if you pleaſe you ſhall marry.

Theodora. Pray pardon me Sir.

Gold. Pray pardon me Madam.

Theodora. You may command me in any thing, but this.

Gold. I will command you in this, and to night too.

Theodora. To night, that ſhall not be.

Gold. That ſhall be.

Theodora. No Sir.

Gold. Yes Sir.

Theodora. I'le kill my ſelf, before I marry him.

Gold. You ſhall not kill your ſelf, and you ſhall marry him; but did ever Father endure ſuch inſolence from a Daughter?

Theodora. Was ever Daughter ſo ſeverely uſed by a Father?

Gold. All the world will allow of my choyce.

Theodora. No man of ſenſe will.

[*Enter Bellamour.*]

Gold. Here comes *Bellamour*, will you be judg'd by him.

Theodora. With all my heart.

This is lucky enough. [*Aſide*]

Gold. Look you *Bellamour*, my Daughter diſputes with me, which do you think has reaſon, ſhe or I?

Bell. Oh Sir, you without queſtion.

Gold. Do you know what we were talking of?

Bell. No Sir, but you cannot be in the wrong.

Gold. Look you, you are to be Judge, I would marry her

her to *Timothy Squeeze*, the rich Scriveners Son this night; and the baggage despises him.

Bell. And am I to be Judge?

Gold. Ay of this.

Bell. Oh heaven!

Gold. What say you?

Bell. I am of your opinion Sir, in the main, but your Daughter is not wholly in the wrong.

Gold. Why, why is Mr *Timothy*'s Person, or Fortune, to be rejected? where can she have a better?

Bell. That's true Sir, but she may say, 'tis too rash to resolve to do it so suddenly; and that she ought to have some time to accommodate her inclinations to him.

Gold. Time, come I must take occasion by the fore-lock; his Father (that is very rich, but of mean extraction) will (for the sake of good Allyance) let his Son marry her without a Portion.

Bell. Nay then, I must say no more, that is a convincing reason, she must submit to that.

Theodora. What means *Bellamour*? [*Aside*]

Gold. I know not what 'tis to her, I am sure 'tis the most considerable reason in the world to me.

Bell. Without doubt Sir, no man can contradict that, but your Daughter may answer you, that Marriage is the most solemn thing in the world, and that which must make her always either happy, or miserable.

Gold. Without Portion! mark that——

Bell. You have reason Sir, that decides all. But Sir, people will tell you, that the inclination of your Daughter, ought to be a little regarded; and that forcing affections has often ruined the best of Families.

Gold. What without Portion?

Bell. Nay, there can be no reply to that: 'tis true, there are a great many Fathers that prize the satisfaction of their Daughters, and would never Sacrifice them to interest, but would consult their affections.

Gold. But again I say, without Portion.

Bell. 'Tis true, without Portion is an answer to every thing; and who can resist such reason as yours.

Gold.

Gold. [*To himself*] Oh heaven I hear the Dog bark, I am so affraid of this money, I must into the Garden: stay here. [*Ex. Goldingham.*]

Theodora. Bellamour you are in the wrong, to talk thus with him.

Bell. If I should oppose him Madam, I should ruine our design, and you will do better to feign a consent to what he commands.

Theodora. But for this sudden Marriage, to night.

Bell. Wee'l find means to break it, and make him consent to it.

Theodora. What can you invent?

Bell. Feign some sickness, and desire him to delay't for that.

Theodora. Physitians will find out that deceit.

Bell. Madam, he would scarce be at the charge of one to save his own life, much less yours.

Theodora. But he has Kindred, that will give him their advice for nothing.

Bell. Madam do you believe in Doctors? do you think they know more than Nurse-keepers? I warrant you Madam, counterfeit what distemper you please, they'l find reasons enough to tell you from whence it comes.

[*Enter Goldingham.*]

Gold. Heaven be praised, all's well, there was no body.

Bell. Besides Madam, our last recourse shall be to discover our selves, and our affections, and if you can be constant, as I doubt not —— [*Goldingham is seen by them.*] Madam (as I was saying) a Daughter ought not to dispute her Fathers will, or once think whether she likes the man or no, whom he chuses for her; especially where that invincible reason, of without Portion, offers its self.

[*Theodora flings from him hastely, and goes out.*]

Gold. Well said *Bellamour.*

Bell. Sir, I ask you pardon, that I make so bold with your Daughter.

Gold. I am orejoy'd at it, you have done exceeding well.

Bell.

Bell. Sir, I will never fail to urge her with arguments, and especially, that undeniable one, of *without Portion.*

Gold. 'Tis very well.

Bell. Oh Sir, there's nothing (in this world) so precious as money, not Honour, Birth, Education, Wit, Courage, Vertue, Wisdom, Religion, Loyalty——

Gold. Oh there spoke an Oracle! dear *Bellamour* I could hug thee for this, thou shalt follow, and advise her. But first, give me some little account of this days business, has *Sarah* the Orange-Wench redeem'd her Thumb-Ring, that I lent her ten shillings upon last week?

Bell. No Sir.

Gold. 'Tis forfeited then, it weighs two and twenty. Has the fellow that cryes old Cloths, redeem'd the new Velvit Coat (which I believe he Stole) or the Oyster-Woman her Red Petticoat with Silver Lace on't? or has the Cobler redeem'd his Pewter that he Pawn'd for money to buy Soles? or has the Country Gentlewoman (that lost her money at play) taken out her Watch, for which she is feign to make excuses to her Husband, and say 'tis a mending?

Bell. None of these.

Gold. Has the *Whetston* Whore redeem'd her Mantoplicee, and her Silk-dy'd Petticoat, with Gold and Silver Lace?

Bell. No poor soul, she has had ill trading of late.

Gold. There is a Bauds Silver Aqua-Vitæ Bottle, a Mid-wife's hackny Satin Mantle, with old fashion'd Gold Lace; a Herald Painter's Hearse-Cloth, and Velvit Pall; besides (let me see) an Attorneys Clerk Pawn'd a Beaver of his Masters in the Country; there is too, a Porters and a Water-mans Silver Badge, the Fidler's Violin, the Hackny Trumpeter's Brass Trumpet, the Barber's inlayd Razor Case, with Silver heads to his Instruments, are any of these redeem'd to day?

Bell. None of 'em Sir.

Gold. They are forfeited, to Hell with them, *ab inferis nulla redemptio*, this has been a happy week *Bellamour*: two young Sparks have forfeited Morgages this week: they are the sweetest people to deal with, they seldom fail of forfeiting them

them, and I never fail to take 'em, but prethee go to my Daughter, and adviſe her.

Bell. I will Sir,

Better then you think. [*Aſide*[

Gold. How happy am I in this ſervant! well, (if this trade holds) I ſhall tumble in money; and next to that.

The greateſt pleaſure I can have of life,
Is in cold age, to have a warm young wife.

ACT. II. SCE. II.

Enter

Squeeze, Timothy, Roger.

Squ. IS Mr. *Goldingham* at home?

Roger. He is in the Garden (where he always is) I'le tell him you are here. [*Ex. Roger.*[

Squ. Come *Timothy*, Cheere up, has't not thou forgot to put on thy little Cuffs, to Comb thy head, and get thy hair powder'd.

Tim. No no, I have my beſt Cloaths on too, juſt as I uſed to go to Church; but de' hear Sir, I ſhall be aſham'd when *Theodora* comes, de' ſee, for (on my conſcience and ſoul) I ſhall never learn how to Suitour a woman.

Squ. Take my directions, and I warrant thee.

Tim. How did you go to work to Suiter my Mother?

Squ. Why, I'le tell thee, when I was a young man, (Oh the happy days we lived in then) I could woe a young Gentlewoman, with as much dexterity, as the Spruceſt Gallant on 'em all.

Tim. I long to hear, before Mrs. *Theodora* comes.

Sque. Why look you, suppose thou wert thy Mother, stand there (and I'le tell you she was as fine a young Lass, as any Aldermans Daughter, (though she was but a Button-makers Daughter) and as well bred too; I am sure it cost her Father ten shillings a month for her learning to Dance, and she play'd most violently upon the Cittern too. But stand still, thus I begun. [*He Salutes, and Kisses Timothy.*] Then forsooth your Servant, said I, wont you please to sit down? here's a Chair, and please you. [*He sets a Chair for Timothy, and sits down by him.*]

Tim. I vow this is very well, de' conceive me?

Sque. Then thus I went on; pray give me leave to kiss your hand. [*He kisses Timothy's hand.*]

Tim. O Lord Sir!

Sque. I protest and vow, I have a very great affection for you; the very thoughts of you, has often broke my sleep; and made me fetch many a sigh.

Tim. Ha, ha, ha, very well I vow.

Sque. For you are very handsom (as I am an honest man, and I cannot but love you, an I were to be hang'd for't.

Tim. 'Tis your goodness more than my desert.

Sque. Good lack, to see the luck on't, she made that very answer, I protest.

Tim. Oh *Gemini*, why did she?

Sque. Yes, but to go on, said I, I am come to see if you can love such a one as I am, (and I was then as pretty a young Fellow as any in the City) and if you can, said I, I shall be very well content to make you my wife.

Tim. Ay but Mrs. *Theodora*, they say, is most pestilent Coy.

Sque. 'Tis no matter, be thou bold, and she'l not deny thee.

Tim. Ay and I will now you bid me, though I venture my life for't, de' understand me?

Sque. Do, stand up to her man, and kiss her, she'l not deny thee, for thou art a very pretty Fellow, though I say't; stand up, let me see, turn thee about, well made too, well thou takest just like me, I was just such another when I was young.

[*Enter Goldingham and Bellamour.*]

Gold. Mr. *Squeeze* you are welcome.

Sque.

Sque. Thank you good Sir.

Gold. And you Mr. *Timothy.*

Tim. Thank you good Sir, (as my Father ſaid before me.)

Sque. This is the young man I bring to your Daughter.

Tim. Ay Sir, I make bold to come a woing to Mrs. *Theodora*, de' conceive me, if your worſhip pleaſe.

Gold. With all my heart.

Bell. An excellent choice, an accompliſht Rival have I: I ſhould ſooner be jealous of a Ballad-ſinger, or a Pick-pocket. [*Aſide*]

Gold. Bellamour, go call my Daughter.

Bell. I will Sir, A curſe on him, muſt ſhe be baited by this Bandog. [*Ex. Bell.*]

Gold. While the young people are together, wee'l drink a Cup; I would ſend for a Pint of white Wine, or half a Pint of Sack for you, but the Vintners do play the Rogues ſo, and put Horſe-fleſh, dead Dogs, mens bones, Moloſſus, Lime, Brimſtone, Stumme, Allom, Sloes, and Arſnick into their Wine —— but I'le ſend for a Cup of wholeſome Ale for you.

[*Enter Bellamour and Theodora.*]

Sque. With all my heart.

Bell. There's the ſweet youth, he has provided for you.

Tim. Now Father ſtand by me.

Gold. This Daughter, is the pretty young man I told you of.

Theodora. He looks more like a Corn-Cutter than a Lover. [*Aſide*]

Sque. Your ſervant young Gentlewoman. [*He Salutes her.*]

Tim. Your ſervant forſooth, I make bold to Salute you, de'ſee: I vow 'tis the ſweeteſt kiſs that ever I had in all my life; you kiſs very well Mrs. *Theodora*, pray let me have another.

Theodora. Hold Sir, not too faſt.

Tim. Why look you Father, did I not tell you how 'twould be?

Sque. You were a little too forward Son.

Gold. Come let's leave the young people, they'l do beſt together.

Sque. Ay I warrant you, they had rather be alone.

Gold. D'y' hear *Theodora*, be civil to him *Bellamour*!

[*Ex. Goldingham, Squeeze*, and *Bellamour.*]

Tim. So now we are alone Mrs *Thea*, I call you *Thea* for ſhortneſs, de' ſee?

will you pleaſe to ſit down?

Il'e try now if I can out-do my Father. [*Aſide*]

Theodora. To wait upon you I will Sir.

What a ridiculous Lover have I? [*Aſide*]

Tim. Come Mrs. *Thea*, I profeſs my Legs are very weary, I have been all this morning dunning for money, at this end of the Town; and I promiſe you I mind my buſineſs as well as e're a young man in the City that wears a head, but (a deus take 'em) they do ſo fob me off with Protections hereabouts.

Theodora. They do ill, to diſappoint ſo fine a Perſon.

Tim. Ah forſooth, you are pleaſed to ſay ſo, but come (now I think on't) pray where's your Maid?

Theodora. Why do you ask?

Tim. If you pleaſe to ſend her to ſome Tavern, where you have Credit, I'de make bold to ſend for a Pint of Sack for you, (there I out-do my Father a whole half Pint.)

Theodora. Oh admirable breeding. [*Aſide*]

By no means I don't love it, I aſſure you.

Tim. Then I'le ſend for a Bottle of white Wine; I have Sugar in my pocket, the Rogues at Tavern's make us pay three pence a paper for it.

Theodora. A thrifty conſideration, but I drink no Wine.

Tim. Nay peuh Mrs *Thea*, you ſay this now to ſave me Charges, de' ſee; but alas I care no more for money than I do for the dirt under my foot, d' you underſtand me? if I had you at the *Pope's Head*, I'de give you half a peck of Oyſters, I have as good Credit there as ere an Alderman's Son of 'em all, no diſpraiſe: but faith I will ſend for White-Wine now, you ſhall not ſay me nay.

Theodora. Oh intollerable! I will have none ſent for.

[*Enter James.*]

James. Sir, your Father bids me tell you he is ſent for to *Chatolins*, to ſome young Blades, whom he is to take up money for.

Tim.

Tim. 'Tis very well. Come Mrs *Thea*, pray be not angry, but let us to our buſineſs.

Theodora. Have you any with me?

Tim. Yes that I have, and very earneſt buſineſs too, I'le tell you that.

Theodora. What is it?

Tim. Look you Mrs. *Thea*, *pauca verba*, the ſhort and the loug on't is, I have had a very great affection for you, any time theſe two months, ever ſince I ſaw you at *Covengarden* Church, de' conceive me?

Theodora. Oh wonderful!

Tim. As I am an honeſt man, you have ſtuck as cloſe to my heart (all the time,) as a Burr (de' underſtand me) nay I have ſcarce ſlept a quiet night, all that time, for dreaming on you.

Theodora. 'Tis impoſſible.

Tim. Nay feck now 'tis true, whereupon my Father ſeeing me in this condition, adviſed me to come to you for cure, de' hear me?

Theodora. Oh Sir, doubt not but you may command me.

Tim. No forſooth pardon me, I ſhall intreat you.

Theodora. To do what?

Tim. Feck only to love me a little, that's all.

Theodora. No more but that! how can I chuſe?

Tim. Ay but will you have me for a husband, de' ſee? that's the buſineſs I come about: if you will, I ſhall for my part, be very glad to make you my Bed-Fellow, as the ſaying is.

Theodora. Oh Sir, you deſerve one of a greater Beauty and Fortune than I am.

Tim. Pſhaw what's matter for that, 'tis all one as long as my Father bid me ask you Mrs. *Thea*, de' conceive me?

Theodora. Sure this Holiday Fool, ha's never been bred to any thing but throwing at Cocks, or demoliſhing evil houſes on Shrove-Tueſday; or may be, he ha's Rid on a Pageant for a *Neptune*, or a Sea-god, or perhaps waited at my Lord Mayor's Table upon a Feaſt day. [*Aſide.*]

Tim. What ſay you to the propoſition, ha?

[*Enter Robin.*]

Robin. Did you ſee your Brother Madam? *Theo-*

Theodora. He's gone out.

Tim. A deus take this Fellow for interrupting us.

Gold. } *Theodora.*
Within. }

Theodora. Heark, I am call'd, farewell. [*Ex. Theodora.*]

Tim. Nay an I leave you, the King ſhall know it. [*Ex. Tim.*]

[*Enter at the other Door* Mrs. *Cheatly.*]

Cheat. Oh dear *Robin*, art thou here?

Robin. Mrs. *Cheatly*, what makes you here for heavens ſake?

Cheat. That which makes me go every where; I love to be ſerviceable to the Nation, in my faculty, I bring people together, and make work for the Parſons, and the Wid-wifes. But where's Mr. *Goldingham.*

Robin. What buſineſs can you have with him? of all mankind.

Cheat. That which I hope to get by; you know I have no Rents, Induſtry, and Intrigue muſt maintain me; but thou art ſure not to loſe by it, my dear *Robin.*

Robin. And you not to get by it here, I aſſure you.

Cheat. You don't know, there are ſome things within my power, that may touch very nearly.

Robin. Why thou mayſt ſooner hope to get by thy Trade in a Town three years beſieged, and almoſt famiſhed.

Cheat. I warrant you, I have a way of tickling of 'em as they do Trouts out of their ſenſes, but I muſt work upon him by degrees.

Robin. Why he would not give a ſhilling to ſave thy ſoul, nor eighteen pence for his own; I have heard him with that that word Give, were blotted out of the *Engliſh* Tongue: you'l put him into Fits, if you but propound it to him. 'Slife here he comes, I muſt be gone I am ſure. [*Ex. Robin.*]

[*Enter Goldingham.*]

Cheatly. Ah dear Sir, how briskly you look to day, good lack! If I had not been in your houſe, I proteſt I ſhould not have known you.

Gold. I look well, alas, alas!

Cheat. I never ſaw any creature ſo chang'd in my life, ſure you drink nothing but Viper Wine.

Gold.

Gold. Nay you wheadle.

Cheat. Upon my life, you amaze me, you look so delicately, so fresh, and gay.

Gold. Nay but do I? hah.

Cheat. Sir, you were never so young in your life, I have seen men of five and twenty in white Periwigs, have less youth about them.

Gold. But (for all that) I am above six and fifty.

Cheat. Six and fifty! alas that's nothing, that's the season of a perfect man, you are now in the flower of your Age —— it was the time when the *Patriarchs* you know began to get Children.

Gold. That's true, but if I were twenty years younger, 'twould do me no hurt.

Cheat. You jest Sir, you need no youth, I'le lay my life you will live till you are a hundred years old.

Gold. No no, but do you think so really?

Cheat. Most certainly Sir, you have all the markes of long life; let me see, hold a little: Oh what a sign of life there is upon your forhead! I am sure you'l have four wives more.

Gold. ——I care not how many wives I have, I love to bury wives much. [*Aside.*]
But have you such skill in these things?

Cheat. Ay as much as e're an Almanack-maker, or Cunning-man of 'em all; let me see your hand, Heaven! what a Line of life is here.

Gold. How, let me see. [*He puts on his Spectacles.*]

Cheat. Do you not see how farr that Line goes?

Gold. Yes, but what does that import?

Cheat. A hundred did I say? if you don't live to fixscore, I'le be content to be hang'd, when I am so old my self.

Gold. 'Tis impossible.

Cheat. You will live to bury all your Children, Grand-Children, Great-grand-children, and Posterity, to the fift and sixt Generation.

Gold. The more I bury, the better; what care I for Posterity, I would be my self the last man of my family.

Cheat. Yes Sir, as you are the first.

Gold. But pray Mrs. *Cheatly*, how goes our affair?

Cheat.

Cheat. If it did not go extreamly well, you would not have me in so good a humour. Well on my conscience no woman in *England* ha's that faculty in Match-making, that I have: there are no two persons, so opposite, that I cannot bring together: (if I had liv'd in that time) I would have been hang'd if I had not Married the Pope to Queen *Elizabeth.*

Gold. But I would not have had that done, that might have spoyl'd the reformation: but tell me?——

Cheat. Why Sir? I acquainted the Mother with your proposition, and brought *Isabella* to the window (as you appointed,) where she survey'd your person, your age, your youth, I mean, your meen and all your motions.

Gold. And how lik'd she, ha?

Cheat. She likes your person infinitely, and her Mother, and she entertained the proposal with a great deal of joy; and *Isabella* says you are the most Reverend charming old young Gentleman, in all *Covengarden.*

Gold. 'Tis her goodness, but in troth that was a little too much: but have you spoke with her Mother about Portion?

Cheat. Oh shee'l be a vast Fortune, she will be worth above two thousand Pound a year to you (besides her Beauty) which if you would, you might make as much more of, if she would consent.

Gold. And (if I can make so much more of her) I am sure I'le make her consent, or I'le strangle her. [*Aside.*] But how will she be worth so much besides?

Cheat. Why first, she ha's the most thrifty Stomach of any woman in *Europe*; she loves nothing but Sallads, Milk, Cheese, Butter, and Apples, nor does she ever desire sweet meats above Almonds, and Raysins, you need not keep a table furnished with varieties, or delicacies for her: Wine she drinks none, this will be worth a thousand Pound a year; then she hates all finery, Lace she detests out of hatred to the *French.*

Gold. She does well, it was a Roguish invention, and he that first invented it, is damn'd.

Cheat. She hates rich Cabinets, Pictures, rich furnished Closets, and costly furniture extreamly, this (with her own thrift in Habits) will amount to above six thousand Pounds; then

then ſhe has a horrible averſion for Gaming, then Playes ſhe deteſts.

Gold. This is admirable, I am each minute more in love with her.

Cheat. Then ſhe never gives a farthing to the poor, though ſhe ſees 'em ſtarving.

Gold. How admirably ſhall we agree, for I hate the poor as much as ſhe can do.

Cheat. Then ſhe abominates Singing-Maſters, *French*-Maſters, Dancing-Maſters, Harpſical-Maſters, above meaſure; now to ſum up all theſe things they will amount to 2450 l. a year, for her life, there's four hundred and fifty Pound above your ſum.

Gold. Mrs. *Cheatly*, theſe things are very good, but they are not real goods, I would have ſomething that I might give an Acquittance for, and ſay, *I ſay Received per me Humphrey Goldingham.*

Cheat. Are not all theſe excellent qualities real Goods? and I aſſure you, you may receive them when you pleaſe.

Gold. Theſe are not Goods and Chattels Mrs. *Cheatly*; I muſt touch ſomthing.

Cheat. Touch! why, you ſhall touch her, and touch her all over, and as much as you pleaſe, there's a delicate creature to touch, there's a touch for you.

Gold. Ay, but I muſt touch money; there's a delicate thing to touch, there's a touch for you!

Cheat. Money you ſhall have too, they have a good Eſtate in the North, which I have heard them ſpeak of——

Gold. That muſt be ſeen: But there's one difficulty more; ſhe is young, and I fear will not be brought to love an old man.

Cheat. Cods me I had like to have forgot that quality of hers, ſhe has the moſt unconquerable averſion, in the world, for all young men; ſhe was to have been Married t'other day, and broke off the match, becauſe ſhe found the man was not above fifty.

Gold. It cannot be, ſure.

Cheat. Upon my word 'tis true, ſhe ſays the young men of this age, are nothing but brisk, airy, conceited, gay, proud,

ignorant, fooliſh, ſinging, dancing, *Baboones* in huge Periwigs, not fit for wives.

Gold. It is impoſſible.

Cheat. If you did but ſee her Seals, and the few Pictures ſhe ha's, not of *Adonis*, *Paris*, *Apollo*, *Narciſſus*, or any young Figures, but of *Saturne*, King *Priam*, *Anchiſes*, *Neſtor*, *Methuſalem*, and ſome of the old *Patriarchs*, *John* of the times, and old *Parre*.

Gold. This is incomparable indeed, if I were a young woman I ſhould never endure young Fellows; for my part I wonder what they can ſee in them, to love 'em ſo.

Cheat. Ay I wonder what pleaſure they can take in 'em, Oh your fine old man for my money, he's the civileſt, quieteſt Bed-fellow; worth a thouſand of theſe young Fops, that are ever upon the ſpur, like a Citizen on a Journey.

Gold. 'Tis your goodneſs: But canſt thou not bring this *Iſabella* to Supper, to night, to my houſe? I am to give Mr. *Squeeze*, and his Son a Supper; who ſhall marry my Daughter immediately, and (if you can bring this Lady) I would kill two Birds with one ſtone, as that excellent thrifty Proverb ſays.

Cheat. Ne're doubt it Sir, I'le bring her after Dinner to ſee your Daughter, and they may take the ayr in your Coach together, and ſo come back to Supper.

Gold. Prethee go about it inſtantly.

Cheat. But Sir——

Gold. Nay prethee Mrs. *Cheatly* go about it, make no delays, prethee go now——

Cheat. One word more.

Gold. No more for heaven ſake, go now.

Cheat. I muſt ſpeak to you.

Gold. By no means, go juſt now about it, now, go quickly. [*He thruſts her on towards the door.*]

Cheat. Well, there is nothing to be done with this old Fellow now. [*Ex. Cheatly.*]

Gold. This *Cheatly* is a rare woman, but I was plaguily affraid ſhe would have asked to borrow money of me, after ſhe had done her ſtory. 'Sdeath what do I hear! the Garden door

door opens, she's gone in there; I must watch her, and my dear dear money. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter Bellamour* and *Theodora*, as *Gold.* is going out.]

Theodora. What, makes my Father in such hast? I believe he is gone into the Garden; where he goes a hundred times a day: But pray *Bellamour*, is your man returned, you sent into the North to enquire of your Father?

Bell. Madam I expect him to night. But my deares *Theodora*, since I have your heart, there's nothing else I have within my eye, or thought! let us not think of busines, but imploy this happy minute in talking of love.

Theodora. Here's my Father, to your advice again.

[*Enter Goldingham.*]

Gold. So all's safe in the Garden.

Bell. Madam you must obey, and marry him to night, your Father will not delay the making of you happy.

Theodora. To night, is too sudden *Bellamour.*

Bell. 'Tis never too soon to obey your Father Madam.

Gold. Admirably well said, dear *Bellamour*, never was man so happy in a servant! Come into the next Room Daughter; I warrant you, my man and I will soon convince you.

Theodora. Let me beg you will defer it Sir.

Gold. I will have it despatch'd to night, come along.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

[*Rant*, *Hazard*, *Lettice*, and *Joyce* at *Chatolins*]

Rant. That *Theodore* should be such a Villain, to disappoint us.

Hazard. I wonder he should have no more care of his own soul, than to break his word with honest Fellows.

Lettice. I believe he knows of my being here; and has not the face to see me (after some inconstancy, I have taken him in lately.)

Joyce. That she should pretend to an interest in him, Mr. *Rant*! but if every body that has injoyd her should be constant to her, (as she calls it) she would have an Army of Lovers.

Rant. God-a-mercy Mrs. *Joyce*, I'le drink thy health for that; here boy give me a Glass. [*Boy gives a little Glass.*] A pox on this thimble, give me such a Glass as your *Noncon-*

forming Parſon drinks in, after labouring at a *Conventicle*; as big as King *Johns* Cup at *Lyn*, or *John Calvins* at *Geneva*: That is fit for nothing but to wear in a mans Bandſtring (as your Citizens do Rings.)

Boy. Here's one will fit you Sir.

Rant. Fill it, and ſtrike it.

Lettice Here's thy health in a brimmer, *Hazard* have at thee.

Hazard. I'le do thee reaſon, dear Rogue, an 'twere a Pulpit full of *Burgundy*; I love ſuch honeſt Fellows, that let drinking and wenching go hand in hand.

Rant. Faith they are ſuch ſweet ſociable ſinnes, 'tis pitty they ſhould ever be parted.

Hazard. Come boy, my Glaſs.

Lettice. But where's the Fiddlers you promiſed us?

Rant. Here's Captain *Theodore.*

[*Enter Theodore.*]

They cannot be farr off.

Theodore. How now Gentlemen, what ſo forward already? Ladies your ſervant.

Rant. You ſee *Theodore* we are not wanting, we provide you good Company; but I am ſorry you came not to Dinner.

Lettice. You ſee Mr. *Theodore* what I venture for your company; to undergo the Scandal of theſe Gentlemen.

Theodore. No Scandal I hope Mrs. *Lettice*! for women of your Tribe (like *Fanaticks*) are above Ordinances.

Joyce. Mr. *Theodore*, you are very unkind of late, one can never ſee you: But you ſee I can venture to be ruin'd with my Alderman to ſee you; but not a word of this.

Theodore. Fear it not, I am as much affraid of the Scandal as you are.

Hazard. Come *Theodore*, thou wanteſt two or three Beer-Glaſſes; Is it not better to drink, and be free with theſe glorious Harlots, than to crouch to a fooliſh ſimpering Lady that's honeſt?

Rant. Thou art like a dry-foot-Dog, that (out of a whole Heard of Deer) ſingles out one, whoſe ſent he only followes, and tires himſelf to catch that, when he might have twenty in the mean time.

Theodore.

Theodore. Gentlemen! the Devil is much obliged to you, you are his great Champions; and defend Whoreing with as good arguments as any of his controverſial Divines about the Town: But all this will not make me think ill of an honeſt woman.

Hazard. I tell you there is not a woman in the world, that's honeſt at all times, and upon all occaſions.

Theodore. What not thy Mother, or thy Siſter?

Hazard. No gad, if they were, I would diſown them, they had none of my blood in 'em.

Rant. Theodore let me adviſe thee not to ſpeak contemptibly of Sons of Punks, for (if thou doſt) Gad thou wilt raiſe a world of enemies.

Theodore. I'le aſſure you, I have a better opinion of the Sex than what ill company, and your leud lives, have given you.

Hazard. Ay pox on't, thou art not *compos mentis*, thou art in love; but here's a couple of remedies for that Diſeaſe; which (if thou doſt not nip in the bud) will prove more dangerous than three Claps.

Rant. I hope it's nothing but ſome fumes of the Spleen, that make him baſe company (for the preſent:) I hope (with theſe Ladies aſſiſtance) and a Bottle or two of *Burgundy*, to ſet them right yet.

Lettice. I am Mr. *Theodore's* humble ſervant, he ſhall want no aſſiſtance I can give him.

Joyce. Nor will I be deficient in any thing to ſerve him.

Lettice. Alas Madam, he does not ask your ſervice, nor would it do him much good.

Joyce. Goodlack Mrs. *Lettice*, you are ſo exalted by the bounty of Mr. *Squeeze* the Scrivener, and twenty or thirty more, that (unknown to him) Club with him.

Lettice. Twenty or thirty, thou inſolent creature; did you learn no better manners of your Alderman?

Rant. Hold Ladies, here are the Fiddlers. [*Flouriſh of Fiddles.*] Let them reconcile your quarrel. Come in youths.

[*Enter Fiddles.*] [*Enter* Mrs. *Cheatly* and Mrs. *Betty.*]

Cheat. Come Gentlemen you ſhall not be merry without me, I will participate. [*They all Salute Betty.*]

Haz.

Hazard. Who is this thou haſt brought with thee Mrs. *Cheatly*?

Cheat. A pretty young Girle, which I am to marry to an old Prebend; but mum for that.

Rant. Boy give me a mighty Glaſs of *Burgundy*: *Theodore* here's thy Miſtreſs's health; *Hazard*, to you, Fidlers play a health. [*They Flouriſh.*]

Theodore. You are very brisk, but I ſhall tame you, I warrant you.

Hazard. Come Ladies, faith you ſhall not ſcape, wee'l warm ye firſt with Wine, and then with a Dance; Mrs. *Cheatly.*

Cheat. I'le pledge you Sir, but with allowance [*They Flouriſh.*]

Hazard. With all my heart, take your liberty.

Cheat. Mrs *Joyce*, Mr. *Theodore's* Miſtreſs.

Joyce. With all my heart Madam *Cheatly.* [*They Flouriſh.*] There's one in this Room, perhaps is as nearly concerned in it, as any body.

Lettice. For all that you know Mrs. *Joyce*, I vow Mr. *Theodore*, her confidence makes me aſham'd of her.

Theodore. Alas poor modeſty, fa la la.

Cheat. If you will have any ſinging, I'le ſing you a little Countrey Song ſhall ſtirr up theſe Girles more than your Fiddles and Voyces can do.

Hazard. Prethee do *Cheatly.*

Song.

As I walk'd in the woods one evening of late,
A Laſs was deploring her hapleſs eſtate,
She ſigh'd, and ſhe ſob'd, Ah wretched ſhe ſaid;
Will no youth come ſuccour a languiſhing Maid?
Shall I ſtill ſigh and cry, and look pale and wan,
And languiſh for ever for want of a man?

At firſt when I ſaw a young man in the place,
My colour would fade, and then fluſh in my face,
My breath would grow ſhort, and I ſhiver'd all o're;
I thought 'twas an Ague, but Alas it was more,
For e're ſince I've ſigh'd, and do what I can,
I find I muſt languiſh for want of a man.

When

When in bed all the night I weep on my Pillow,
To see others happy, while I wear the Willow ;
I revenge my selfe on the innocent sheet,
Where in rage I have oftentimes made my Teeth meet :
But all this won't serve, let me do what I can,
I find I must languish for want of a man.

Now all my fresh colour deserted my face,
And let a pale greenness succeed in the place,
I pine and grow faint, and refuse all my meat,
And nothing but Chalk, Lime, *or* Oatmeal, *can eat:*
But in my despair I'le die if I can,
And languish no longer for want of a man.

Joyce. Really Madam *Cheatly* 'tis a pretty Song.

Cheat. 'Tis a little too wanton, that's the fault on't.

Rant. Nay, it cannot be too much of that; how dost like it *Theodore?*

Theodore. Pox on't, there's no Wit in't.

Rant. Don't all your greatest Wits make Songs without any Wit at all in 'em, that take extreamly?

Hazard. Come *Theodore* take out thy woman; wee'l bounce their bodies in a Dance.

[*Enter Robin.*]

Cheat. Is *Robin* here? he Dances well, (with his Master's leave) he shall be my partner.

Theodore. With all my heart, but what news *Robin?*

Robin. Mr. *Squeeze* the Scrivener Sir will come to you, and bring the Gentleman that will lend the money.

Theodore. Squeeze does not know me.

Robin. No Sir, I told him it was a young Gentleman in whom he must be satisfied, when he knew his name.

Rant. Come *Theodore*, I bar all business now.

Theodore. Come Gentlemen I'le be as Idle for a while as the best of you, strike up. [*They Dance.*]

[*After the Dance, Enter Timothy.*]

Tim. Gentlemen by your leave, is my Farher here among ye?

Rant.

Rant. Pox of this Raſcal, knock him on the head.

Hazard. Hold *Rant*, who is your Father?

Tim. Mr. *Squeeze* the Scrivener, de' underſtand me? Lord! that Gentleman needed not have been ſo angry, my Father is a Livery-man, de' ſee, I am no ſuch contemptible perſon, I promiſe you.

Hazard. Be civil to him, he has the Countenance of an excellent Buble.

Rant. I warrant thee, I'le make much of him; Sir I hope you'l forgive my ignorance of your perſon; had I known you, I ſhould not have been ſo unmannerly.

Tim. Nay, 'las I'le be friends with you, for my part with all my heart; but my Father was ſent for to this houſe, to ſome Gallants that wanted money: and by the noiſe and Ranting you kept here, de' underſtand me, I thought you had been the men.

Hazard. We expect him here every minute.

Theodore. Now will you brace of Knaves Cheat this fool.

Hazard. If he ſcapes us one way or other, I'le forſwear *Caterdeus-ace*, and ſmooth Box, as long as I live.

Lettice. Heaven! if Mr. *Squeeze* finds me here I ſhall be ruin'd for ever.

Cheat. Pray lets withdraw into another Room more private.

Theodore. Go all into another Room, and I'le come to you ſuddenly; I will but ſpeak one word with my man.

Rant. Come on Ladies: Come Sir we muſt engage you till your Father comes.

Tim. Sir your ſervant, I don't care if I ſpend my Pint with you; and it be a Quart, I have money enough, de' ſee?

Hazard. And ſhall have little enough, de' ſee, before we leave you. [*Aſide.*]

[*Ex.* all but *Theodore* and *Robin.*]

Theodore. Come *Robin*, is there any hopes of procuring the three hundred Pound?

Robin. Yes Sir, you may have the money upon ſome few conditions; and I (ſeeing you could not have it upon other termes) told him you muſt have the money upon any condition.

Theo.

Theodore. So I must, but what are they?

Robin. I'le read 'em to you Sir, I have 'em here in writing; first, you must engage some reversion of Land for security.

Theodore. That's reasonable.

Robin. *Item* Mr. *Squeeze* will have 30 l. for Broakerage, for he but procures it.

Theodore. Oh damn'd *Jew*!

Robin. Have patience Sir, you shall hear more: *Item* the Gentleman that Lends it, will not in conscience take above 6 in the hundred; but he will have a Present of 30 l. for a pair of Candlesticks.

Theodore. What cursed exaction's this!

Robin. *Item* he will have you take the greatest part of it in Goods.

Theodore. A curse on him, what *Moor* or wild *Arab* is this?

Robin. Hold Sir, *Imprimis* a fine new Razor-Case, with Razors, and every thing suitable; the Case in-layd with Silver, and all the Instruments with Silver Heads, very fit for your man to learn to shave by.

Theodore. Death and Hell! what's this?

Robin. *Item* A *Bolonia* Lute, a *Roman*-Arch Lute, 2 Gittars, a *Cremona* Violin, 1 *Lyra* Viol, 1 Viol *de Gambo* and a Trump-Marin, very fit for you, if you be a lover of Musick; *Item* a very neat Chess-Board, and a pair of Tables, very good to pass away the time with.

Theodore. What abominable Villains are these?

Robin. *Item* 15 large Pewter Dishes, 2 Dozen of Pewter Plates, two Brass Pots and a Kettle, very useful for you against you keep house. *Item* a Furnace of Brick, with the Cornues, and Recipients, very fit for you, if you be curious in Distilling. *Item* 1 Scru'd Pistol, 3 Muskets, 1 Back, Brest, Head-Piece and Gauntlet, and 5 Swords; these things are valu'd at 160 l.

Theodore. What Inhuman bloody Rogues are these? I should not have above 80 l. of all this money: Heaven what shall I do! money I must, and will have; though by all the extremities in the world.

[*Enter Squeeze* and *Goldingham.*]

Gold. But do you think there is no danger?

Sque. None at all, he ſays his Father is ſo well known, that no man will queſtion him: Beſides he is ſo preſſed for money, that hee'l undergo what ever you can put upon him.

Gold. That's very well.

Sque. Beſides, hee'l go to the enſurance Office, and enſure his own life and his Fathers death; as you know they will enſure any thing.

Gold. That's well again.

Theodore. 'Sdeath who's here, my Father? I am betrayd by this Rogue.

Sque. Oh Sir, your ſervant, this is the young Gentleman Mr. *Goldingham* that wants the money.

Gold. Oh Heaven, my Son! I am amaz'd.

Sque. Is it his Son? this is lucky, above my wiſhes, [*Aſide.*] he will diſinherit him; and my Son will have a Portion then, a large one with his Daughter.

Theodore. You Raſcal, did you betray me? I'le cut your throat you Dog. [*Softly.*]

Sque. I betray you, heaven forbid it,

Gold. Oh you Villain, is it you that abandon your ſelf to theſe wicked extremities?

Theodore. Is it you Sir that are guilty of theſe abominable extortions?

Gold. Is it you that would ruin your ſelf by your debauchery? and borrow money upon ſuch conditions?

Theodore. Is it you Sir that ſeek to enrich your ſelf by the Ruin of people, in lending money upon ſuch ſhameful conditions?

Gold. Dare you appear before me after this?

Theodore. Dare you appear before the world after this?

Gold. Have you no ſhame in you, you debauched Villain! to ſpend thus impiouſly, what I have ſweat for; to make away the reverſion of your Eſtate, upon ſuch diſhonorable conditions?

Theodore. Do not you bluſh to diſhonour your Name, and Family,

Family, by the most cruel exaction, and unheard of subtleties, that the most infamous of Usurers, nay *Jews* themselves could ne're invent.

Gold. Are you such a borrower?

Theodore. Are you such a lender?

Gold. Come along Mr. *Squeeze*, I cannot endure the sight of this Villain any longer. [*Ex. Goldingham* and *Squeeze.*]

Theodore. So, my affairs are in a very good posture, I am disappointed of money, and undone with my Father, if I cannot find out a way to bring my selfe off.

Robin. Make him believe, that it was for another you inquired for the money; and knowing that *Squeeze* dealt with your Father (which I am sure you ne're suspected till now) that you intended it for your Father's advantage.

Theodore. Wee'l think on't, and for *Squeeze*, I hope my friends in the next Room will Revenge me to the full upon his Son; I'le into 'em, and set them on'.

Robin. *Do* Sir, *and at misfortunes ne're repine,*
While there are handsom Women *and good* Wine.

ACT. III. SCE. III.

Enter

Theodore and *Bellamour.*

Theo. SIR, I have at length broke loose by force from my Company, to wait on you; my Sister has told the honour you have done her, and me.

Bell. Sir I humbly beg your pardon for not first making my address to you: My long absence had made me a stranger to all the Town, and by that means to your Character; had

I known you to be a man of that honour I find you, I ſhould not have gone ſo indirect a way.

Theodore. Sir I am happy that (any way) this favour can be conferred by a perſon of your worth upon my Siſter; and ſo much honour on my ſelfe; and therefore 'tis my intereſt, as well as inclination, to deſire of you that all Names may be layd by between us too, but that of Brother.

Bell. It is a Name that ſince you are pleaſed to honour me with it, ſhall not be forgotten, or ungratefully own'd while I live.

Theodore. Dear Brother, let me embrace you.

Bell. Let this eternally bind us, my deareſt Brother.

Theodore. I am extreamly glad you have prevailed ſo upon my Fathers opinion, ſince it may be of great uſe, as well to your own affairs, as to mine.

Bell. Do not diſtinguiſh our intereſts, for yours is now become mine.

Theodore. I am extreamly oblig'd to you for your kindneſs, and I have now occaſion to uſe you in a buſineſs of my own; I know you will excuſe my freedom.

Bell. There's nothing you can ever do to me, can need an excuſe; nor is there any thing you can ask of me, which I can deny.

Theodore. I doubt not but my Father has e're this told you of his anger againſt me.

Bell. He has, and I am very ſorry for it, but I hope to ſerve you in this affair.

Theodore. I can put you in a way to do it, as thus, I'le tell you immediately.

[*Enter Cheatly.*]

Cheatly. Oh Mr. *Theodore*, your friends are very angry with you for leaving of 'em; but yon Coxcomb young *Squeeze* is as drunk as a Bully, and ſo ſweet upon Mrs. *Joyce* (who is the only woman I have left with them) that there is no ſtaving him off her: She perſwaded him to play with *Hazard* at Backgammon, and he ha's already loſt his *Edward* ſhillings that he kept for Shovel-board, and was pulling out broad pieces (that have not ſeen the *Sun* theſe many years) when I came away.

Theodore

Theodore. I am heartily glad on't, I am ſure the Rogues have no more mercy than a Bayliff with an execution in his pocket; but prethee what brings you hither? does my Father go aſtray towards the fleſh?

Cheatly. No no, I come to borrow money of him upon Security; good enough, as you ſhall find to your coſt. [*Aſide.*]

Theodore. I'le ſend him to you, come my dear Brother.

Bell. I wait on you. [*Ex. Bellamour* and *Theodore.*]

Cheatly. If I be not reveng'd of *Theodore*, for uſing my Daughter unkindly, I have loſt my cunning; I am ſure there can be no Inſtrument of it ſo certain, as a Mother-in-Law.

[*Enter Robin.*]

Robin. —— Dear Mrs. *Cheatly*! were not you diſcourag'd enough laſt time, but you muſt venture again hither?

Cheatly. I'le never give him over till I prevail upon him.

Robin. It is impoſſible, you'l ſooner perſwade a profeſt *Jew* to Swines fleſh and Images, than him to parting with money.

Cheatly. Diſtruſt not my art.

Robin. I heartily wiſh it might prevail, though I deſpaire on't, for (to ſay truth) Mrs. *Cheatly* I have need at preſent for a great deal of love, not forgetting a little money, from you.

Cheatly. Thou ſhalt want neither, as long as I can help thee; here's ſomthing, come to my houſe at night, and thou ſhalt have more.

Robin. Thank you dear Miſtriſs, it comes ſeaſonably —— Though loving ſuch a one as ſhe deſerves very well; yet this is the freeſt Titt that ever had inclination to mankind. [*Aſide*]

[*Enter Goldingham.*]

Gold. S'death you Rogue, are you about my houſe? begon Raſcal.

Robin. Call me Raſcal before my Miſtriſs? I could find in my honour to beat him for an old *Sink-cater.*

Cheatly. Why do you uſe *Robin* ſo unkindly? he's a pretty ingenious young man.

Gold. Hang him Raſcal! But prethee how goes our buſineſs on?

Cheatly. As you can wiſh: ſhe ſays ſhe ſaw you even now walk

walk under her Window, and made me the pleaſanteſt deſcription, and is ſo taken with you! She ſays you are of a fit Age and Beard for her, and infinitely admires the Gravity and Decency of your Habit

Gold. Does ſhe like me, ſay you?

Cheatly. To admiration: Pray Sir turn you; juſt that delicate ſhape, that convenient height that ſhe deſcrib'd! Pray let me ſee you walk: juſt that free and janty meen, that very eaſie and unconſtrained motion which ſhe deſcrib'd.

Gold. It is ſtrange ſhe ſhould take ſo much notice of me in ſo ſhort a time, hah.

Cheatly. She ſays you look as if you had no kind of infirmity.

Gold. I have none very great, (thank heaven) I have only a defluction that troubles me ſometimes. [*He Coughs.*]

Cheatly. Oh you are ne're the worſe for that Rheume; you have an admirable grace, a good air and meen in Coughing; it becomes no man in *Europe* ſo well as you.

Gold. No no, you jeſt, you are a wag; but will *Iſabella* come to ſee my Daughter?

Cheatly. Yes Sir, I am to go and wait on her hither immediately.

Gold. Dear Mrs. *Cheatly* you oblige me infinitly.

Cheatly. I oblige her of all things in the world. [*He Smiles.*] But Sir, I have an humble Petition to you. [*He Frownes.*]

Gold. What the Devil ſays ſhe?

Cheatly. I am juſt now at the point of being caſt in a Suit, for want of a little money to Fee my Lawyers with; you may if you pleaſe eaſily ſupply me, you cannot [*He Smiles.*] imagine what joy ſhe had when I told her I would wait on her to your houſe; you cannot believe what pleaſure ſhee'l have to ſee you.

Gold. Me, alas! alas!

Cheatly. Upon my word Sir, this Suit is of that conſequence to me, that I ſhall be ruin'd, if I loſe it; [*He Frownes.*] and a little aſſiſtance from you will reſtore my buſineſs again; Oh! if you could but have ſeen what [*He Smiles again.*] tranſport ſhe was in, when I was ſpeaking of you, what joy

ſhin'd

ſhin'd through her eyes, when I repeated your excellent qualities to her: in fine, I have made her very impatient till this Marriage be concluded.

Gold. You have done me the greateſt pleaſure imaginable, and I owe all the kindneſs in the world to you.

Cheatly. Sir ſince it is ſo, I beg of you that you will afford me the ſmall ſupply which I demand. [*He Frownes again.*]

Gold. Well adieu, I'le go ſee all things prepar'd for her reception in time.

Cheatly. I aſſure you, you could never ſupply me in ſo great an exigence.

Gold. Well, I'le ſee my Coach and Horſes put in order, for ye to take the air.

Cheatly. I ſhould not importune you, if I had not the greateſt neceſſity in the world.

Gold. Let me know what ſhe and you love beſt, that I may beſpeak it to Supper.

Cheatly. I beg of you, do not refuſe me; you cannot imagine the pleaſure a little ſum of money would do me.

Gold. Well, I muſt go ſee that Supper be ready in good time, for fear ye ſhould be ſick, if ye eat too late.

Cheatly. Pray conſider my condition——

Gold. I warrant ye you ſhall have Supper ready early enough, I'le beſpeak it inſtantly: Farewel.

[*He ruſhes from her, and Exit.*]

Cheatly. This is the moſt obdurate, inhuman old Fellow, that are yet ventur'd a ſoul to the Devil for money.

[*Enter Robin.*]

Robin. What, you have ſucceeded juſt as I expected.

Cheatly. A curſe on him, he was prepar'd and fortified againſt all my Attaques.

Robin. I tell you, you will ſooner perſwade *Quakers* to conform, and wear the *Surplice*; or Bauds to become *Nuns*; than him to part with any money.

Cheatly. I'le bait him once with the ſight of this Lady here; and if that does not mollifie him, I can ſoon bring her over to another that ſhall bid high enough for her.

Robin. This Trafficking for Maiden-Heads is an excellent Profeſſi-

Profeſſion; but they are very dear, for their Rarity.

Cheatly. But I think I muſt wholly leave of Trading about Marriages, the Market runs higher at preſent t'other way.

Robin. Faith then, its the wiſeſt courſe.

Cheatly. I'le conſider on't, but come you ſhall uſher me to the Lady I ſpeak of.

Robin. Allons. [*Exeunt.*]

Hazard, Rant, Timothy, Joyce, Boy *Tim.* and *Haz.* at Tables.

Tim. On my conſcience and ſoul you Cog, de' ſee? look on the *Motto* o'th' Tables, *Play fair and ſwear not*, de' hear me? [*Drunk.*]

Haz. On my honour Sir.

Tim. A Devil take your honour for me, de' ſee? that's all your word at this end of the Town; de' conceive me? but for all that, one can't truſt a man of ye: Here it goes *Size-ace*, *Hazard* hold out.

Tim. Did ever man ſee the like! on my conſcience and ſoul you deal with the Devil, de' mark me? Mrs. *Joyce*, let me have but one kiſs, de' conceive me, and I ſhall win the Game fack.

Joyce. Nay fie Mr. *Timothy.*

Tim. Nay ne're offer to reſiſt, de' ſee? for would I might ne're ſtir if I han't it, if I ſet upon't; Come Come.

[*They ſtruggle, he kiſſes her.*]

Joyce. You are but a rude perſon, let me tell you that.

Tim. I told you I'de have it, I faith; now Sir I am for you.

Rant. Prethee *Joyce* be not ſo coy to this young Fool, he may be of great advantage to us all, and eſpecially to thee.

Joyce. I hope he might uſe more Courtſhip to a perſon of my quality, there is ſome difference ſure.

Rant. Prethee let there be none, I am ſure you will not repent it. Mr. *Timothy*, here's the Ladies health in a brimmer.

Tim. I'le pledge you an't were a Peck (*ſix and three*) for would I might ne're go home alive if ſhe be not one of the Prettieſt Gentlewomen I ever ſaw in my life (*Sink-Duce*) Come drink it off.

Rant.

Rant. 'Tis off, and there's a brimmer for you.

Tim. Where are the Fiddles? I'le vow and ſwear I will not drink without Fiddles.

Rant. They are drinking in the next Room, Boy, call 'em in.

Haz. Twelve, there's a Back-Gammon, the Gold is my own. [*Ex. Boy.*]

Tim. A duce tak't, I have loſt all, as I am an honeſt man, on my conſcience you have made a League; I make no more of Mr. *Selware's* Journey-man next Door to us, I give him one in five.

Rant. If you want any money, you ſhall have what you will of mee; but drink the health firſt.

Tim. Come on, Muſicianers, ſtrike up, Hey: Here forſooth, here's your health; and would I might ne're go out of this place, if I would not drink it ſooner than my Siſters, or my Mothers, if ſhe were alive: Ha ha, [*He drinks, they Flouriſh.*] this is the Prettieſt way of drinking I vow; it incourages us, as Drums and Trumpets do, when we let off our Guns at a Muſter. Come Hey, what care I for loſſes, my Father ha's money enough, de' ſee? Mrs. *Joyce*, with your Cozens leave, I make bold to love you with all my heart.

Joyce. I am oblig'd to you really, but I know not how to return it.

Tim. O your love! I warrant you, you know well enough if you would; well to morrow we ſhow at *Hide-Park*, and (if I know your Lodging) I'le give you a Gun as I come back, and ſteal a Bottle of Sack, and the Tip of a Neats-Tongue, and bring you, I tell you that.

Rant. Nay prethee *Hazard* give an honeſt account, don't ſink for ſhame.

Haz. Upon my honour; he loſt no more, what doſt take me for a Cheat?

Tim. Come Gentlemen you don't drink, give me a Glaſs, here's my Miſtriſs's health; I make bold to call you ſo, de' ſee?

Joyce. O your ſervant.

Tim. Come Gentlemen, an't I pure Company now? ſtrike

up Muſicianers, Hey; Gad you think we Citizens are [*He drinks.*] Good for nothing, de' conceive me? but there's a knot of us, of about ſixteen or eighteen, if we get together, can be as merry, as the beſt of you; we can i faith, and ſing, *a Boat, a Boat*, or *herer's a health to his Majeſty, with a fa la la la lero*; and Roar gallantly Mrs. *Joyce.*

Joyce. Methinks you are as Pretty a Spark as any about the Town.

Tim. I think ſo ſack, I'le ſcorn any of 'em ſhould out-do me if I ſet upon it. Hey! [*He Leaps and falls down.*]

Joyce. What, have you hurt your ſelf?

Tim. 'Pſhaw, not at all, *fa la la lero*, come [*He Sings.*] Mrs. *Joyce*, wee'l have a Song faik now; Violin men, (I dare not call 'em Fiddlers, for fear they ſhould be angry) ſing us a Catch; Oh I have ſeen one of theſe Act the Countrey man, and *Simkin* in the Cheſt rarely; and you may talk of your Playes, but give me ſuch Pretty harmleſs Drolls for my money.

Rant. Well, you are a merry man.

Tim. I'le be as merry as the beſt, hang loſſes, *Hey, Hey*, ſtrike up, *fa la la la la lero.*

Haz. Let me embrace you, dear Mr. *Timothy*; well he's admirable company Mrs. *Joyce.*

Tim. Oh! am I ſo? Sing a Catch you Rogues, or I'le break your heads; give me a Glaſs; here Adverſary, here's to you.

Rant. A pox on him, hee'l be too drunk. [*They Sing.*]

A Catch in four parts.

Come lay by your cares, and hang up your ſorrow,
Drink on, he's a Sot, that er'e thinks on to morrow;
Good ſtore of good Claret *ſupplies every thing,*
And the man that is drunk, is as great as a King.
Let none at misfortunes, or loſſes repine,
But take a full Doſe of the juice of the Vine;
Diſeaſes and troubles are ne're to be found,
But in the damn'd place, where the Glaſs goes not round.

Tim.

Tim. An admirable Song Mrs. *Joyce*, thank you honeſt friends: I have heard theſe men ſing gallantly before my Lord Mayor; *Diſeaſes and Troubles are ne're*, &c.

[*He Sings out of Tune.*]

Rant. Come will you take Revenge on *Hazard*, here's twenty Pound if you will.

Tim. Hang revenge fack, he's a very honeſt Gentleman; beſides I have in my Fob 20. l. in broad Gold, I did not tell you of.

Rant. Is not that good news *Hazard*?

Tim. Come Mrs. *Joyce* lets ſing and be merry a bitt; *Diſeaſes and Troubles*, &c. Hey. [*He falls down dead drunk.*] Mrs. *Joyce* come to Bed: Come I ſay quickly, I am in haſt, come away.

Haz. So now you have done well, this Rogue has 20. l. about him; and you have made him ſo drunk, he cannot loſe it to us.

Rant. Lets carry him into another Room to ſleep, and pick his Pocket; gad it's all one.

Haz. No pox, our way is a little more honourable.

Joyce. I have had excellent company of you to day Gentlemen.

Rant. I know thou haſt goodneſs enough to pardon it; but if my deſign ſucceeds, you ſhall have cauſe to thank me; I will watch this Fellow, as *Bacon* did his Brazen Head; and (if I do not marry him to thee) I'le be bound never to Cheat the Son of a Citizen again.

Joyce. Flatter not your ſelf, 'tis impoſſible.

Haz. Ne're doubt him, you know not his Art; but whileſt he watches him, I'le wait on you to my Lodging; whither he ſhall bring *Timothy* as ſoon as he wakes.

Joyce. Come on, your ſervant Mr. *Rant.*

[*Ex. Joyce* and *Hazard.*]

Rant. Your ſervant ſweet Mrs. *Joyce.*
Mr. *Timothy* wake a little.

Tim. I'le not wake for my Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, and all the Common Council, de' ſee?

Rant. Here waiter, help to carry him into the next Room.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Goldingham*, *Theodore*, and *Theodora*.]

Gold. But it is really, as *Bellamour* tells me, that you would procure the money for another?

Theodore. Upon my word Sir, the young Gentleman will give you a meeting to morrow morning.

Gold. 'Tis somewhat better, but why did you keep such scurvy Prodigal company?

Theodore. I did it only to draw him in, and get money of him.

Gold. That's very well. Now Son I have something else to say to you; the Lady which I intend for your Mother-in-Law, will be here instantly; and I charge you betray not the least dislike of any thing in your Countenance, but use her with all the respect imaginable.

Theodore. I can't promise you to be glad of the coming of a Mother-in-Law; but I am sure I will not mislike her you have Chosen.

Gold. Nor you Daughter?

Theodora. I have never given you occasion to suspect so ill a thing of mee.

Theodore. 'Sdeath! what Instrument of the Devil has he made use of, to seduce *Isabella* hither?

Gold. Leave me now, and send in all my servants.

[*Ex. Theodore* and *Theodora*.]

[*Enter Oldwoman*, *Roger*, *James*, *Will*.]

Here, where are you all, mind all your Charges. Oldwoman first, to you it belongs to make every thing clean; but do you hear, do not Rub my Moveables too hard, to wear them out; if you do, I shall stop your Wages.

James. Hey, what's to do now?

Gold. You *Roger* take all the Bottles and Glasses, and rince them; and take Charge of 'em, if there be one lost or broke, I'le bate it out of your Wages, Sirrah.

James. That I am sure of.

Gold. Then do you *William* fill the drink; but, never but when they are dry, and let 'em call for't twice, or thrice, pretend to be a little thick of Hearing; here are a company of Roguish Lackey's about the Town, that are always offering

ing the Glaſs, and provoking people to drink, and kill themſelves, I will have no ſuch Rogues about me.

William. I warrant you Sir, I'le look to the Drink.

Gold. Then look you have your beſt Cloathe's on when the people come.

Roger. I have my beſt, and all I have on, but they are ſo horribly greaſie before, that they are fit for nothing but to give to a Soapboyler, or Kitchin-ſtuff-woman.

William. And mine are ſo full of holes behind, as if I had a Volley of Musket-Bullets in my Poſteriors.

Gold. You fooliſh Knaves, cannot you Sirrah take your Hat, and hold it before you to hide the Greaſe? And do you Sirrah turn your Face always to the people, to hide thoſe holes behind; and when you are ſent for any thing, go backward, thus you Raſcal. Now to you *James*.

[*Ex. Oldwoman Roger* and *William.*]

James. Would you ſpeak to me as your Cook, or Coachman? for you know I ſerve in both Offices.

Gold. As my Cook.

James. Good Sir hold a little.

[*He puts off his Coach-mans Cloak, and appears like a Cook.*]

Gold. What a Devil is this Ceremony for? you Raſcal.

James. Good Sir have a little patience: Now ſpeak, I am ready.

[*Enter Bellamour.*]

Gold. Oh *Bellamour* come and aſſiſt me; *James*, I am to give a Supper to night.

James. The moſt miraculous thing I ever heard of!

Gold. Can you make us good Cheer?

James. Yes, if you will let me have a great deal of money.

Gold. Money! you Raſcal you, have ye nothing to ſay but money; nothing in your mouth but money, money, money?

Bell. I never heard ſo impertinent an anſwer, every fool can do that; but you muſt make a good entertainment with a little money.

James. Good Mr. Steward, I would you would teach me that ſecret.

Gold. Peace Sirrah, and tell me what we muſt have.

James

James. There's your *Fac-totum*, let him till you.

Gold. Anſwer me, or I'le break your head.

James. Hold Sir, I will, how many will there be?

Gold. Ten in all, but provide enough but for eight.

James. Why you muſt have, firſt, two great Soupes made of Veal, Ducks, Chickens, Coxcombs, Sweet-Breads, Muſhromes, Palates, Forced-meat, Artichoak-bottoms.——

Gold. 'Sdeath you Rogue, you would Feaſt all the Town.

James. Then Fricaſees, Ragouſts, a huge Diſh (with all ſorts of Fowles) as Duck, Teal——

Gold. Hold your Tongue you Rogue, you would undoe me.

James. Then Plover, Dotril——

Gold. Hold you Rogue.

[*He ſtops Jame's mouth with his hand.*]

James. Snipes, Ruffs, Woodcocks.

Gold. Hold you Dog, he puts me into a cold ſweat.

James. Partridges, Gnats, Godwits.

Gold. Will the Rogue never have done?

James. Pheaſants, Heath-Pouts, Black-Cocks, Quails, Rails, Larks, *&c.*

Bell. What do you intend to cramm all the Town? my Maſter does not invite people, to Murder 'em with eating.

James. But he would not ſtarve 'em ſure.

Bell. People ſhould eat to live, not live to eat; as the *Proverb* ſays.

Gold. O dear *Bellamour*, let me Embrace thee for that word, he was a great man that ſaid that; I will have that Sentence Engraven in Great Letters over my Hall Chimney.

Bell. Ne're trouble him Sir, I'le take care of the Supper.

James. Pray do Sir, with a little money, we ſhall ſee what 'twill be.

Gold. But now for my Coach.

[*He puts on his Coach-man's Cloak.*]

James. Hold good Sir, good Sir hold a little: Now Sir, what were you ſaying of your Coach?

Gold. Let it be clean'd, and the Horſes Harneſſed.

James. Horſes Sir, why they are in that poor Condition, that

that a man must stretch devillishly to call 'em Horses; they are but the Shadows or Ghosts of Horses.

Gold. Can they be sick and do nothing?

James. Yes Sir, you make 'em keep such severe Lents, they eat no more than *Chamelions*; I look every day when they should depart this life: For my part, it grieves my heart, for I have a tender love and respect for my Horses; and indeed a man should not be so hard hearted, or unnatural, not to pitty his Neighbour in distress.

Gold. The Journey will not be far.

James. I have not the Courage to put 'em in; how can they draw the Coach, that cannot draw their Legs after them.

Bell. Sir, I'le engage one to drive 'em.

James. I had rather they should die under any bodies hands than mine; but you have a mighty necessary man here to your Superintendent.

Gold. Peace you unmannerly Rascal.

Bell. I'le about these things instantly.

Gold. Do good *Bellamour.*

James. Sir, I cannot endure these Flatterers, and Pickthanks, I speak my mind plainly; and it made me mad to hear him say things to your Face, of you, that none of all mankind besides will say.

Gold. Why, what does the world say of me?

James. Pardon me Sir, you'l be angry if I tell you.

Gold. On the contrary, it will please me infinitely to see that plain dealing in you, let the world say what they will.

James. Truly I must deal plainly with one I love, and (next to my Horses) you are the person in the world, that I have the greatest respect for.

Gold. Come speak.

James. Why Sir, in plain honest sincerity of heart, I tell you in short, no man gives one good word of you; one says you never fail to pick Quarrels with your Servants at Quarter day, that you may turn 'em away without their Wages, that you have been taken Robbing of your own Horses of their Provender: That (when you go by water to your house at *Putney*) you take a Sculler, and make him bate half his Fair, for

for your helping him to Row; in short, you would Rob, Pick Pockets, Murder, betray your Countrey, and do any Villany in the world for money; your Name is never used without Cursing, and calling you Villain, Wretch, Knave, common Barreter, Oppressor, Horse-Leech.

Gold. You are a Rogue, a Son of a Whore, a Dog, a Rascal.

[*He beats him with his Cane.*]

James. I was affraid this would be the end on't, a pox on plain dealing for me; did you not command me to tell you?

Gold. I'le teach you how to speak Rogue another time.

[*Ex. Goldingham.*]

James. Well, I see it is not safe for any man to be honest in this Age.

Bell. How now Mr. *James*, your plain dealing is rewarded very ill.

James. 'Sdeath do you make sport at my beating? Laugh at your own, when you have one.

Bell. Nay prethee be not passionate.

James. He intreats me, I'le huff a little and try [*Aside.*] if he fears me: Do you know Sir that I cannot endure to be laught at? and that I will make you laugh in another fashion.

[*He presses upon Bellamour.*]

Bell. Nay softly *James*, if you please.

James. No Sir, it does not please me.

[*James presses still upon Bellamour.*]

Bell. Nay good *James.*

James. You are a very impertinent Fellow.

Bell. Have patience a little.

James. I will have none; if I take a Cudgel, I will so Chastise you.

Bell. How Rascal a Cudgel, did you say a Cudgel?

[*James Retreats.*]

James. No no no Sir, alas I have no occasion for one, not I.

Bell. Do you think I am to be beaten Sirrah?

James. Alas Sir not I, I have better thoughts of you.

Bell. Are you not a Son of a Whore?

James. Yes Sir, any thing in the world, what you please, I am a Son of a Whore Sir, a Son of a damn'd Whore.

Bell.

Bell. Do you know me Rascal?

[*Bellamour pursues James, who retires round about the Stage.*]

James. O Lord Sir, I honour you abundantly.

Bell. Did you say you would Cudgel me?

James. I was in jesting, I did but Droll upon my honour.

Bell. And I shall beat you in jesting.

James. Hold, hold, for heaven's sake.

Bell. Remember Sirrah, against another time, you are a very scurvy Railleur. [*Ex. Bellamour.*]

James. A pox on all sincerity, and plain dealing for me, I have had a couple of good substantial beatings; but if I be not reveng'd on this domineering Fellow, I will give Dogs leave to piss upon me.

[*Enter Isabella* and *Cheatly.*]

Cheatly. Do you know whether your Master be within?

James. A pox on't, I know but too well.

Cheatly. Pray tell him, we are here. [*Ex. James.*]

Isabella. But (that I am bound to obey my Mother) you should never have made me run my selfe into the danger of seeing this old man, for (though his Daughter, whom I come to wait on, I hear is an excellent person, yet) I strangely apprehend the trouble of seeing him.

Cheatly. Consult your Interest Madam, he's very rich, and very old, and will leave you a great deal of money, that may qualifie you to marry any young Gentleman you please, hereafter.

Isabella. But I have a natural antipathy to old men, as some have to Cats.

Cheatly. This old man will not have the Impudence to trouble your Ladyship above a year, after you are Married to him.

Isabella. I shall never wait for that time, to make my self happy; one year of such punishment would out-weigh all the pleasure, I could have all my life after.

Cheatly. I find the young Brisk Gentlemen you spoke of yesterday is still in your head.

Isabella. He is I confess, and in my heart too, and I think nothing will e're get him out; he keep's such a stir there, he will never let me rest a minute.

Cheatly. Do you know who 'tis Madam?

Iſabella. No, but I have often ſeen him walking by my Lodging, and perpetually looking up at the Balcony, either upon me when I was there, or watching for my coming thither; and by his look, and air, I gueſs all is not well with him neither; I hope he's in the ſame condition with my ſelfe.

[*Enter Goldingham.*]

Cheatly. Here comes the old Gentleman.

Iſabella. What Spectacle's that?

Gold. God ſave you Lady, I am obliged to you for the honour you do my poor houſe, which (if you can love an old man,) know Lady I am above ſix and fifty, and it ſhall be yours: What a devil Mrs. *Cheatly*! ſhe anſwers nothing, nor ſhews any kind of pleaſure at the ſight of me.

Cheatly. O Sir! ſhe's ſurpriſed extreamly; beſides, Maids endeavour what they can to hide their affections; ſhe is ſo full of joy, ſhe cannot ſpeak to you.

Gold. That's ſomething indeed.

Iſabella. What a prodigious, ridiculous old Fellow is this?

Gold. What ſays my fair one?

Cheatly. That you are a moſt admirable perſon.

Gold. Fair Lady, you do me too much honour.

Iſabella. What an abominable, odious old Fellow's this!

Gold. I am infinitely obliged Madam, for your good opinion of me: Here's my Daughter Madam.

[*Enter Theodora.*]

Iſabella. Madam, I have too long delay'd waiting on you, but I hope you will pardon it.

Theodora. Madam, you do what I ought to have done; 'Twas on my part, to have prevented you.

[*Enter Theodore.*]

Gold. Here's my Son comes to kiſs your hand.

Iſabella. Oh Mrs. *Cheatly*! what accident's this? This is the young Gentleman I ſpoke of.

Cheatly. This is wonderful.

Gold. I ſee you are a little amazed to ſee me have ſuch lufty Children, but I will ſoon be rid of them both.

Theodore. Madam, this is an adventure which I did not expect,

expect; nor was I ever in my life so surprised, as when my Father told me his design.

Isabella. Sir, I am not less surprised then you, I assure you, I was not at all prepar'd for what I see now.

Theodore. 'Tis true, Madam, my Father cannot in the world make so fair a Choice, and I am infinitely happy to see you here; but you are the person in the world, I would not have my Mother-in-Law; that would break my heart: Madam, I know you have apprehension enough to take what I say in the right sence, and not be offended at it.

Gold. You coxcomb, what an impertinent, silly complement is this! you must be making confessions, must you?

Isabella. Sir, we are so much upon even terms, that you are the man in the world, whom I would not have my Son-in-Law; and (if I were not brought here by an absolute power,) I should have given you no shadow of suspition.

Gold. She is in the right, your complement deserves no better return; I know you would anger her: I beg you Madam to forgive my Son's impertinence, he's a young Sot, that does not understand himself.

Isabella. What he said, was so far from offending me, that it pleased me extreamly to hear him so frankly declare his opinion, and (if he had spoke in any other manner) I should have esteemed him less.

Gold. You have a great deal of goodness to forgive his faults; in time hee'l be wiser, and change his opinion.

Theodore. Sir, I can never be capable of changing, and Madam, I beg of you to believe me.

Gold. 'Sdeath what extravagance is this?

Theodora. Brother, you will provoke him too much. [*Softly.*]

Theodore. 'Sdeath Sir, would you have me lye?

Gold. Again, I say change the discourse, you Sot.

Theodore. Well Sir, since you command me to speak in another fashion, give me leave Madam to put my self in my Fathers place; and now Madam, I protest to you I never yet saw so charming a creature: This is the happiest minute of my life, indeed my life began but from the time I saw you; the Name of your husband, is an honour, which I would prefer

to the Titles of all the Princes upon Earth; and there is nothing which I would not dare to do, for so glorious a conquest.

Gold. Softly, hold a little.

Theodore. 'Tis a complement I make for you to this Lady.

Gold. I have a Tongue to express my selfe, I need no advocate.

Isabella. I am not so dull of apprehension not to know for whom that complement was intended, and am glad to find it. [*Aside.*]

Cheatly. Sir, if you please let us take the air, I hear your Coach at the door.

Gold. Oh is it? but I am sorry you will make such hast, I have not time to prepare you a Collation before you go.

Theodore. Sir, I foresaw that, and provided beforehand upon your account, a great Dish of *China* Oranges, Cittrons, all sorts of Sweet-meats, Limonades, Sherbets, and all sorts of Wines.

Golding. Softly, but in anger. } Villain, who gave you commission to do this.

Theodore. Pardon me Sir, if there be not enough, I know this Lady has goodness enough to excuse it; besides I can soon have more.

Gold. Is the Sot mad?

Theodore. Madam did you ever see a finer Stone, than that Diamond upon my Father's finger?

Isabella. It sparkles delicately.

Theodore. With your leave Sir.

[*He takes it off his Fathers finger, and gives it Isabella.*]

Madam be pleased to look on't nearer.

Gold. What means the Rascal. [*Aside.*]

Isabella. It is a delicate clear Stone indeed.

[*She is going to give it Goldingham, Theodore puts himself between her and his Father.*]

Theodore. No Madam, no returning of it, it is in too fair hands already, it is a Present, my Father makes to you Madam.

Gold.

Gold. Who I?

Theodore. Is it not true, that you would have this **Lady** keep the Ring?

Gold. What do you mean you Villain, are you mad? [*Softly*]

Theodore. Madam, he desires you, by me, that you would please to accept of it.

Gold. The fear, she will take it, distracts me.

Isabella. Pardon me Sir, I use not to receive Presents.

Theodore. Madam, I am sure my Father will never receive it.

Gold. Oh this lying Rascal! you are mistaken.

Theodore. Look you Madam, your Refusal has made him stark distracted.

Gold. O this damn'd Villain!

Theodore. Do you not see how he frets, and fumes? for heaven's sake Madam receive it.

Isabella. Well Sir, (rather than offend you Father,) I will keep it.

Gold. 'Sdeath I am undone, but there is no remedy. Madam, I thank you for the favour you do me. But would they were all hang'd, and I had my Ring again. [*Aside.*]

[*Enter Will.*]

Will. Sir, there's one to speak with you.

Gold. I am engag'd, I cannot come.

Will. He has brought you money.

Gold. Oh has he, I ask your Pardon Madam: Remember to go backward Will. [*Ex. Goldingham* and *Will.*]

Theodora. You have infinitely provoked my Father, and yet I could not but be pleased with it.

Theodore. I had a violent temptation upon me, that I could not resist Madan; will you do us the honour to take part of this Collation.

Isabella. Your humble servant Sir.

Theodora. Come Madam. [*To Cheatly.*]

Cheatly. I attend your Ladyship.

ACT.

ACT. IV. SCE. IV.

Enter

Theodore, Theodora, Isabella, Cheatly.

Theo. MAdam, you are one of the most hard hearted Ladies that ever triumphed over man.

Isabella. And you the most violent Lover, that ever attaqued a woman; but this storme of love, is too great to last.

Cheatly. Never blame this violence, 'tis the best quality a Lover can have, to my knowledge. [*Softlyt o Isabella.*]

Theodora. Madam, my Brother has made me his confident in this affair, and I can answer for his truth; do not think me partial, for I assure you, I will value your interest equal with his, or with my own.

Isabella. You extreamly oblige me with your kindness; and your friendship will be able to sweeten all misfortunes that can happen to me.

Cheatly. You Lovers had need have something to sweeten, for ye are an unlucky sort of people.

Theodore. Love, when inclinations meet, is the only condition to be enjoy'd. Love! there is no life without it; we do but sleep, and dream we live, when we are not in love; and pray Madam will you be pleased to wake out of this dream, and think a little of one that loves you so, that his life or death depends upon your breath.

Isabella. You let me take no breath Sir.

Theodore. A good Souldier, when he has made a breach, assaults it presently; and never gives time to repair, and fortifie.

Isabella. But extemporary love, is most commonly as Hypocritical, as extemporary prayer: But if not dissembl'd, 'tis seldom constant.

Theodore. Let me beg to know your resolutions, must I live or die?

Cheatly.

Cheatly. Come Madam, be merciful, and reprieve the Gentleman, that may be otherwise so far given over as to hang himself for your Ladyships love.

Theodora. Let me beg you will please to encourage my Brothers affection, which I am sure is true, and honourable.

Isabella. Madam, think your self in my place, and imagine whether I have not given too much incouragement for the first time; and whether it becomes my honour to give more.

Theodore. Pox o' this canting word Honour, it never did good yet, it is often the occasion of Killing men, and prevents the getting of 'em. [*Aside.*]

[*To Isabella*] Madam, there is no honour but in love, the rest is but a shadow of honour; which the Authors of Romances have perplext with intricacies, more than the Schoolmen have Divinity.

Isabella. You give me no time to think of love.

Theodore. I that have so little time, ought to make what use I can of this; if my Father perceives this, he will with all the malice that can be, seek to prevent me.

Isabella. But Sir, I have a Mother (whom yet I never disobey'd,) that hath engag'd her self to your Father; and though I confess, I can never think of marrying him, yet I must think of no other, without her consent.

Theodore. This is you that made that engagement, I thank you, a Plague of all Matchmakers; but I must make [*Aside.*] use of her yet, & not undeceive *Isabella* in the Character of her.

Cheatly. Sir, I did not know you had a passion here, but I will make you amends: if I can marry her to *Theodore* [*Aside*] he's liberal, and will reward me well; but his Father is the most hidebound Fellow——he has the Villany of fifty *Jews*, and, which is more, of ten *London* Brokers in him.

Theodore. Madam, let me have but some assurance, not to to have your unkindness, and all other oppositions in the world are trifles.

Cheatly. Come Mrs. *Isabella*, hold off no longer; in short, you told me you loved this Gentleman violently, and wish't he were captivated with you; you did not wish it, that you might use him ill; therefore, since 'tis your inclination, dissemble

no

no longer: Here's the Gentleman, take him by the hand, he is your own *ipso facto*, he's a proper Gentleman, make much of him; here he is for you, and there's the short and the long on't. Now Mr. *Theodore* I think I have made you amends.

Theodore. Can I believe so great a happiness, I am so transported Madam, you must expect no sense from me.

Isabella. Sir, since she has betray'd my weakness, which she for her Sex sake ought to have concealed, and I ought in modesty not to have told you, pardon my easiness, and think me not guilty of levity, if you do, you will be very unjust to censure one that esteemes you so well.

Theodore. I should as soon censure heaven for granting my prayers; I have not words enough to tell you how welcome this minute is to me.

Theodora. Now I hope you will do me the honour to let me call you Sister.

Isabella. I shall be proud to be call'd so by you, but I cannot be so till my Mother consents.

Theodore. Shall I have your leave Madam, to use all the means I can to procure her consent?

Isabella. I freely give you leave to do and say what ever you can to obtain it; but I believe you will find it hard to break off her engagement with your Father.

Cheatly. Now comes my part, to set my braines on work, I'le shew you the mastery of my Art, and make your Father break off first.

Theodore. It is impossible he should be such a wretch as as willingly to quit so great a Prize.

Cheatly. I warrant you, trust me, there is one of my acquaintance who I will perswade him is worth 500. l. more than this Lady; and though Madam he loves you very much, yet he loves a little money much more: This friend of mine is but a Taylors Daughter, but I will make her Act a Countess with some odd Title; and she can behave her selfe as proudly and statelily, as the best of 'em, I will make him believe that she has a very great mind to marry him for his care and thrift, *&c.* This may make him release my Lady of her engagement.

Theodore. I think you have reason.

Cheatly.

Cheatly. Reaſon ay, I think ſo; if I han't, who ſhould have it? alas I have done things that ſhall be nameleſs, that no woman of intrigue but my ſelf has been capable of, though I ſay it; and if I do not bring this about, I will never pretend to an intrigue again.

Theodore. You will infinitely oblige me.

[*Enter Iſabella's Foot-Boy.*]

Foot-Boy. Madam, my Lady your Mother deſires your company inſtantly.

Iſabella. I wait on her. Madam, if poſſible I will wait on you at Supper.

Theodora. I hope your affairs will permit you to do us that honour.

Theodore. Let me have the honour to wait upon you to your Mother; and be pleas'd to make me ſo happy as to aſſiſt me in perſwading her to break off the Engagement with my Father.

Iſabella. A man of your deſerts needs no advocate with me, I am ſure. Madam, your humble ſervant: your ſervant Mrs. *Cheatly.* [*Exeunt Theodore, Iſabella,* and *Foot-Boy.*]

Cheatly. Now Madam I have ſomething to impart to your Ladyſhip's privacy.

Theodora. To me, what is it?

Cheatly. Your Ladyſhip is very young, and mighty Pritty, really I have never ſeen ſo charming an eye, ſo delicate an air in any Face, ſo excellent, ſuch pleaſant motion, and ſo bewitching a way——

Theodora. Pray Madam don't raily me at this rate——

Cheatly. I proteſt Madam I ſpeak my opinion. Now Madam there is an acquaintance of mine is extreamly taken with your Ladyſhip; he is one of the hanſomeſt and moſt accompliſht Sparkes in Town: He has fifteen hundred Pound a year, and his love is honourable too; now if your Ladyſhip will be pleaſed to walk in *Grays-Inn* walks with me, I will deſign it ſo that you ſhall ſee him, and he ſhall never know on't.

Theodora, I ask your pardon, I have no thoughts of putting my ſelf off to Sale; but when I have, that Mart is too ſcandalous.

Cheatly. In the *Mulbery-Garden*, then Madam, he shall never know of it; I vow the poor Gentleman is ready to die for your Ladyship.

Theodora. You must excuse me.

Cheatly. In *Covengarden* Church, will you see him? I'le order it so with him that keeps the Gallery, that you shall both sit together there.

Theodora. I assure you, I carry no such thoughts about me to Church.

[*Enter Robin.*]

Robin. Mrs. *Cheatly*, your Daughter ha's urgent business with you, and desires you to come home immediately; I find Mr. *Squeeze* is there privately.

Cheatly. I thank you dear *Robin*. Madam, I hope to convince you next time I see you; in the interim I kiss your Ladyships hand.

Theodora. Your servant. [*Ex. Cheatly* and *Robin.*]

[*To her self.*] This woman I fear is a little scandalously given, I will not trust her.

[*Enter Bellamour.*]

Bell. Oh Madam, I have been seeking you at the *Park*, and the *Mulbery-Garden*; and thought it an Age till I saw you.

Theodora. What's the matter? you look as if you had some ill news for me.

Bell. I am sorry I must tell you, that which we must speedily provide against. Your Father has prepared an entertainment, and will have a *Hackney* Parson ready, that will venture all his Perferment, and go against the Canonical Hour, to marry you this night to that Rascal *Timothy:* and in spight of all my perswasion, your Father is resolv'd on't.

Theodora. How sudden are these resolutions? I shall not need to counterfeit sickness, I shall have enough when I see him.

Bell. Be pleased suddenly to make use of that Artifice; and if that prevent not, I hope you will give me leave to own my person, and my love.

Theodora. What disease must I make choice of now?

Bell. Here's one comes to help you to one.

Enter

[*Enter Timothy very drunk.*]

Tim. sings. *Diſeaſes and Troubles are ne're to be found,*
But in the damn'd place where the Glaſs goes not round.

Bell. This is lucky, above my wiſhes; he is very drunk, and that will certainly defeat your Fathers intention; this night, if you dare truſt your ſelf with him, I'le bring your Father to ſee him in this condition. [*Ex. Bellamour.*]

Theodora. Pray do, it will do very well.

Tim. Oh dear Miſtriſs, have I found you! let me Salute you, de' ſee?

Theodora. Hold Sir.

Tim. Nay prethee Mrs. *Thea* don't be ſo coy, look what I have brought you here; here's a Bottle of *Campaigne*, I think they call it, and almoſt a whole Neats-Tongue, and a power of Sweet-Meats, for you dear Mrs. *Thea*, there they are.

Theodora. This Fellow has that advantage by nature, that not drunkenneſs, nor any condition can make him worſe. [*Aſide.*]

Tim. Well Mrs. *Thea*, I have been with the fineſt Ladies, and the merrieſt Gentlemen; we did rant, and roar, and ſing, and tear, Hey, *Diſeaſes and Troubles are*, &c. Faith I am as drunk as a Drum, or as the driven Snow, or as *Davids* Sow, as the ſaying is, de' ſee? Hey, *fa la la la*, prethee dear Mrs. *Thea* let me kiſs thee now, nay prethee do, nay ſhaw poiſe on't.

Theodora. Be not ſo paſſionate good Sir.

[*She thruſts him almoſt down.*]

Tim. Nay peuh, I can't abide this, you might have given one a fall now, would I might ne're ſtir; but 'tis no matter for that, I'le drink ſix go-downs upon reputation in *Campaigne* to your health, de' ſee? I can be merry when I ſet on't: i' faith here's your health upon my knees, de' underſtand me? Oh if I had but Fiddles to play a health now!

[*He drinks upon his knees.*]

[*Enter Goldingham* and *Bellamour.*]

Bell. Do you ſee Sir how abominably drunk he is?

Gold. He is a little in Beer, he is; he is diſguis'd, that's the truth on't.

Tim. There Mrs. *Thea* I have done it, faith you ſhall pledge

me by word of mouth; de' ſee, nay fack I am ſound, you may drink after me, de' conceive me?

Bell. You ſee Sir he is too drunk to be married to night.

Gold. Come come, he's the fitter for't, for being drunk, if he be ſober, he may repent him, and ask a Portion: ſtay here, I will fetch a Parſon immediately. [*Ex. Goldingham.*]

Bell. This is worſe and worſe, Madam did you hear him?

Theodora. Yes to my grief, I muſt into my Chamber, and be very ſick. [*She offers to go.*]

Tim. Nay, if you ſtir I am a Rogue, a very Rogue, de' ſee? wee'l be very merry, *Diſeaſes and Troubles*, &c.

Bell. Who taught you this inſolence? unhand her.

Tim. Why you ſaucy Fellow you, what's to do with you? Ha, you are ſo purdy. [*Exeunt Bellamour* and *Theodora.*]

[*Enter Rant*, and *Will*, *Goldingham's man.*]

Will. Where's Mr. *Timothy Squeeze*?

Rant. 'Slife, what makes this Raſcal here? if I do not carry him off, I loſe the hopefulleſt Bubble in *Chriſtendom.*

Tim. Where's Mrs. *Thea*, Mrs. *Thea*?

Rant. Mr. *Timothy* come along with me, Mrs. *Joyce* is impatient till ſhe ſee's you.

[*Enter Bellamour.*]

Tim. I'le not ſtir till I ſee Mrs. *Thea*, where's Mrs. *Thea*? Hey, Hey.

Bell. She ſays you are a drunken Raſcal, and ſhe will have you kick'd out.

Tim. Does ſhe ſo? would I might ne're ſtir if I do not do her errand to her Father.

Rant. Come away and leave her: Mrs. *Joyce* is a perſon of Quality, and Fortune, and will uſe you with more civility.

Tim. I know ſhe's a fine perſon, and I'le wait on her, but I am reſolved to ſtay till Mr. *Goldingham* comes, that I may tell him of this Gilflirt his Daughter.

Rant. Nay then, I muſt to my laſt ſhift; Bayliffs come in. [*Softly.*]

[*Enter three counterfeit Bayliffs.*]

Bayliff. I Arreſt you, at the Suit of *Humphrey Nit* a Barber.

Tim. Sirrah, you lie like a Rogue, I owe him not a farthing.

Bayliff.

Bayliff. No Sir, but you did *vi et armis* break, or cauſe to be broken a very large Window, where he us'd to expoſe his Flaxen Periwigs.

Rant. Is that all? I'le Bail him for that——

Tim. Will you? nay then I'le break 'em again, I'le break Windows with e're a Gentleman that wears a head.

Bayliff. Come come and talk of theſe things in another place.

Tim. Ay with all my heart, *Diſeaſes and Troubles*, &c. What a pox care I, come. [*Exeunt all but Bellamour.*]

Bell. This is a lucky Fellow that came in to our reſcue.

[*Enter Theodore.*]

Theodore. Dear brother, I am glad I have found you, I have a deſign, and upon my Father too, in which I am confident you will joyn.

Bell.——You may be ſure to command me in any thing.

Theodore. I know ſome may blame me, but love excuſes all.

Bell. Love, like the Crown, takes away all Attainders.

Theodore. My deſign is to work ſo upon my Fathers covetouſneſs, as to draw him into a Plot againſt the Government; and he is you know, a mighty well wiſher to the damn'd good old Cauſe, yet.

Bell. This will be dangerous tampering with; how can you draw him into one, without being guilty your ſelf?

Theodore. It ſhall be but a ſeeming Plot, you may be ſure; I would not engage my ſelf in a real one; 'tis only a deſign to invert the order of nature for a while, and keep my Father in awe.

Bell. How can you contrive it?

Theodore. I have ſeveral great Cheſts almoſt full of Lumber, but cover'd on the top with a great many fine Arms, here he comes, I have not time to tell you the reſt; but pray ſecond me, in what I ſhall ſay to him.

[*Enter Goldingham.*]

Bell. I'le not examine your deſign, but ſerve you.

Gold. Have you the confidence to appear before me, after your giving my Ring away, and ſending for thoſe mountains of Sweet-Meats, and that Ocean of Wine and Limonades?

Theodore.

Theodore. I humbly beg your pardon; but I thought I had done well, since you commanded me to shew all the respect imaginable to my intended Mother-in-Law.

Gold. Respect with a pox, de' call it?

Theodore. I beseech you be not angry, I'le get your Ring again for you, and put you in a way to get forty Guinnes this night, but I must be very private in it.

Gold. How! can you do that? then I will forgive all your extravagance; but how is it? speak, you may trust *Bellamour.*

Theodore. Sir, there is one that was my Shcool-fellow, that I am very well acquainted with, that is called a *Phanatick* according to the flesh, he (after he had made me take an Oath of Secrecy, told me of a design his Brethren had, who (out of pure Zeal against *Surplice* and *Common Prayer Book*) were resolved upon an insurrection, and to sieze in one night upon *Whitehal*, and the *Exchequer.*

Gold. What say you?

Theodore. They have accordingly provided Arms and Ammunition, which they dispose of in packs of goods; to their secret friends, and well wishers, for which they reward them liberally.

Gold. What can this come to? [*Aside.*]

Theodore. He remembring that (when we were Boys together) I had shewn him a secret Vault in the Garden, that is known but to few, propounded to me the concealing six Chests of Armour there, and promised forty Guinnes, and an Oath of Secrecy; this Sir you may chuse, whether you will accept of or no, but I thought I was obliged in duty to tell you, knowing you take all occasions whatsoever for the getting of money.

Gold. I got a good part of my Estate by Rebellion (as many other Estates were raised) but I would be loath to lose it by Rebellion again. [*Aside.*]

Theodore. There is no danger, we will all take Oaths of Secrecy.

Bell. Ready money Sir is not to be despised, 'tis a precious thing.

Gold.

Gold. There ſpoke an Angel.

Bell. Beſides Sir, if the Cheſt ſhould be diſcover'd, (which will be almoſt impoſſible) ſome of your Swearers in Ordinary ſhall teſtifie you took 'em in Pawn.

Gold. The money is ſweet, but the attempt is [*Aſide.*] dangerous; hold to *Theodore.* Now Sir, I am glad you have put me in a way to be revenged on you for all your Villanies; I will immediately acquaint the King with your Treaſon, and you ſhall be hang'd.

Bell. For heaven's ſake, betray not your own Son.

Gold. My Loyalty is dearer to me than Son and Daughter, and all the Relations in the world; I will hang him, I'le to the King immediately.

Theodore. I am at your diſpoſal Sir, but be pleaſed to remember I did this for your advantage, and out of love and duty to you.

Gold. No Sir, I will hang you, never ſpeak on't; farewel, ſhall I betray my Countrey?

Theodore. Hold Sir, for Heaven's ſake conceal it, I will return the twenty Guinnes he gave in earneſt; here they are, I will go and give 'em him immediatly.

Gold. Did he give you twenty Guinnes, hum?

Theodore. Yes Sir, and promiſed twenty more at the delivery of the Cheſts.

Gold. Fourty Guinnes is a moſt delicious Sum, where are they? let me ſee them.

Theodore. Here they are Sir, but I beſeech you be not angry; I will carry them immediately.

Gold. Hold, it may be there's no neceſſity of that—— I would hang this Rogue; but fourty Guinnes, dear fourty Guinnes. [*Aſide.*]

Bell. He comes on a pace. [*To Theodore.*]

Theodore. Sir, I will by no means offend you with the ſight of 'em, I am gone.

Gold. Stay I ſay, and let me ſee them.

Theodore. I am afraid it will provoke you to talk any more of this buſineſs; do not be offended, I will return them inſtantly.

Theodore.

Gold. 'Sdeath Sir, I will ſee them. [*He lays hold on Theodore.*]

Theodore. There they are Sir.

Bell. Oh Sir, how I could hug that Gold.

Gold. Ay *Bellamour*, does it not look beautifully? they talk of the beauty of women; but give me the beauty of Gold, Oh dear, dear, ſweet Gold. [*Kiſſes the Gold.*]

Theodore. Shall I return 'em Sir?

Gold. No Sir, you ſhall not: Oh dear, dear Guinnes, are we all ſecret? [*He kiſſes them again.*]

Bellamour. } We are.
Theodore. }

Gold. Swear never to reveal this.

Bellamour. } We do Swear.
Theodore. }

Gold. Well Son, your importunity at laſt has overcome me, when ſhall theſe Arms be delivered?

Theodore. This night at ten a Clock.

Gold. Do you *Bellamour* ſee it done, and take his Oath of Secrecy. But I had forgot, where is Mr. *Timothy*? the Parſon is ready in the Parlour.

Bell. He was Arreſted here by Bayliffs, for breaking Windows when he was drunk, who have hurried him I know not whither.

Gold. 'Sdeath how unlucky is this! ſend immediately to all the Bayliffs hereabouts, to find him out; go *Bellamour*.

Theodore. Pox on't, I might have ſaved money, he would have conſented to have betray'd his Countrey for half the Sum; and ſo will any covetous man, that can do it ſafely.

[*Exeunt Theodore* and *Bellamour.*]

[*Enter at another door Cheatly.*]

Cheatly. Sir, I am very glad I have taken you alone; I have a ſecret to impart to you.

Gold. 'Sdeath ſhe's come to borrow money of me. [*Aſide.*]

Cheatly. Though it may be to no purpoſe, I think it my duty to acquaint you, that I have ſince I parted with you diſcovered a Counteſs that is not above thirty, that is extreamly in love with you for your perſon, beſides your care and thrift,

thrift, which she says to me, would be very useful to her in the mannagement and improving of her Fortune, she has five hundred Pounds more than *Isabella*.

Gold. What you are merry, Mrs. *Cheatly*?

Cheatly. Nay Sir, if you distrust me, there's no hurt done; I did not think you would embrace the offer; but I thought my self bound to discharge my trust, for the truth is, she engaged me (though something unwilling) to use my care in this business.

Gold. Why, sure thou art not in earnest?

Cheatly. If ever you were (when you said your prayers) I am.

Gold. There must be something in this, [*To himself.*] this is strange Mrs *Cheatly*.

Cheatly, You may chuse whether you will believe me or no, for my part I don't desire you should change; for I think if there be any difference, Mrs. *Isabella* is something more desirable.

Gold. Good faith, but if this be true, she is not more desirable, fifty Pounds is a noble Sum, and more than any womans person is worth: for my part fifty Pounds with me would turne the ballance, were there ne're so much difference in their persons. But who is this?

Cheatly. You must not know, till you see her.

Gold. Can all this be true thou tell'st me?

Cheatly. If I make it not good, I'le forfeit my life; but I'le take my leave now, I have done my errand; but truly Sir, I think you ought not in honour to quit *Isabella*.

Gold. In good faith but I ought, I take it; Honour! quoth she; lose five hundred Pounds in honour! what a pox care I for their persons in comparison with money?

Cheatly. I am a little in hast, but I beseech you let not Mrs. *Isabella* know of this, she will be distracted.

Gold. Hold a little, it was unlucky we did not know of this before you brought *Isabella* acquainted with my Daughter, I shall be troubled with her: but canst thou oblige me to contrive an interview between the Countess and me?

Cheatly. Ay and a Marriage too, if I would; but really I think you are too far engaged to *Isabella*.

Gold. Engag'd, I am not engag'd, I will have nothing to do with her; I will forbid her my house.

[*Enter a Foot-Boy.*]

Foot-Boy. Is Mrs. *Theodora* here?

Gold. What would you have with her?

Foot-Boy. Mrs. *Isabella* presents her service to her, and says she cannot possibly wait on her at Supper.

Gold. 'Tis very well, 'tis no matter whether she does or no, go get thee about thy business Lad; go go. This is very lucky: Mrs. *Cheatly* you'l Sup here. [*Ex. Foot-Boy.*]

Cheatly. Sir, I must go home first. Your Servant. This will be joyful news for the two Lovers. [*To her self.*]

[*Enter William.*]

Will. Sir here's a Porter come from Mr. *Squeeze*, who says he is engaged upon extraordinary business, and cannot Sup here to night.

Gold. The Devil take thee for thy news.

[*Enter Roger.*]

Roger. Mr. *Timothy* was at the *Rose* Sir, under an Arrest, but was Bail'd by Mr. *Rant* and Mr. *Hazard*; and is gone along with them we know not whither.

Gold. All my designs are crossed this night, here's my Supper lost, and I have not given one this dozen years before, but I'le make these Rogues fast this month for't; begón Rogues, and call my Son: Oh here he is. [*Ex. William* and *Roger.*]

[*Enter Theodore.*]

Son I have something to say to you of concernment, pray (now we are alone) speak freely, how do you like this *Isabella?* (setting aside the name of a Mother-in-Law.)

Theodore. I like her, what does he mean? [*Aside.*]

Gold. Yes, her Air! her Shape! her Beauty! her Wit.

Theodore. Faith Sir (to speak the truth) she is not what she appear'd to me, she has no Air or Spirit in her Face, her Shape's very indifferent, her Motion awkward, and her Wit little or none, but I like her well enough for a Mother-in-Law.

Gold. You talked at another rate to her to day.

Theodore. I only made some few complements to her in your name, I meant not one of 'em, I assure you.

Gold.

Gold. Do you think you could have no kind of inclination for ſuch a kind of woman?

Theodore. No not I Sir, if there were none but ſuch women, I ſhould be out of danger of Gun Shot.

Gold. I am ſorry to find this, becauſe it breaks a reſolution I had made: I had reflected with my ſelf upon *Iſabella*'s youth and my age; which are ſo diſproportionable, that I have made choice of another, a Counteſs too of about thirty years old, that's worth five hundred Pounds more than ſhe.

Theodore. How has *Cheatly* wheadled him already! I'le try him further: Sure Sir you cannot be in earneſt.

Gold. By Heaven I am, and (but for this averſion I find in you) I would have Married *Iſabella* to you.

Theodore. To me Sir?

Gold. Yes, to you.

Theodore. 'Tis a thing I muſt confeſs I have no inclination in the world to; but I will obey your commands in any thing.

Gold. No no, miſtake me not, I'le not force your inclination.

Theodore. Sir, I am eaſily inclined to any thing you pleaſe to impoſe upon me.

Gold. No Sir, I will impoſe nothing; thoſe Marriages can never be happy where affections do not meet.

Theodore. I'le ſacrifice my affection to intereſt, and your commands.

Gold. No no, if you had loved her, you ſhould have Married her in my ſtead; but (ſince you have ſuch an averſion,) I'le follow my firſt deſign, and marry her my ſelf.

Theodore. Then Sir I muſt ſpeak freely to you, I love her infinitely, and deſigned to ask your conſent at the ſame time you declared your intention to marry her your ſelf, and you might eaſily have perceived how that declaration ſurpriſed me.

Gold. 'Tis very well, & did you ever reveal your love to her?

Theodore. I have Sir, and ſhe received it very kindly; and her Mother too, if you will quit her of her engagement, will freely diſpoſe of her to me.

Gold. And has the Daughter conſented to this, ſay you?

Theodore. She has Sir, and I am extreamly happy that you are pleaſed to give your conſent; nothing elſe could be wanting to compleat my happineſs.

Gold. I will give you my conſent to hang your ſelf, but not to marry her, I aſſure you.

Theodore. How's this?

Gold. 'Slife I had been finely ſerv'd, to have been bob'd of my Miſtriſs, for a ſtory of a Counteſs of I know not what, this was a fine conſpiracy. [*Aſide.*]

Theod. Sir, You are very myſticall, pray let me underſtand you.

Gold. I ſpeak plainly: Do not dare once to think of loving this Lady: Have you the impudence to pretend to one whom I reſerve for my ſelfe?

Theod. This makes me mad. Sir, Since you provoke me thus, I doe pretend to her, and will never quit thoſe pretenſions but with my life.

Gold. Impudent villaine! to ſpeak thus to your Father.

Theodor. In other things I reſpect you as my Father, but love knowes no body.

Gold. I will make you know me, or I'le cut your throat.

Theodore. A lover, and affraid of threats?

Gold. And ſhall I that am a lover endure this inſolence?

Theod. I will not make uſe of my plot yet, things are not ripe.

Gold. Out of my doores you Raſcall.

Theodor. Fare you well Sir, [*Exit Theodore.*]

Gold. This deſigne was well ſcaped; but I'le watch your waters I warrant you. [*Exit Gold.*]

[*Squeeze, Lettice,* and *Cheatly.*]

Squeeze. My dear, I doubt not thy conſtancy, ſo pretty a creature cannot be falſe to one that loves her as I do.

Lettice. Indeed I can think of no body but you; the thoughts of you are the laſt that leave me at night, and the firſt that ſalute me in the morning.

Cheat: I am ſure I am ſufficiently troubled with her, ſhe talkes and thinks of nothing but you; if I aske her a queſtion about buſineſs, ſhe anſwers me ſomething about you, and is ſo out of humour

humour when you are absent.
I hear some body knock. [*Knocking at the dore.*] *Exit Cheat.*

Squeeze. Alas poor thing! my deare pretty *Lettice*!

Lettice. My dear Mr. *Squeeze*, I can find no satisfaction but in thy conversation, 'tis so charming and pleasant. [*She stroaks his cheeks*]

Squeeze. Thou art the rarest woman upon earth. Let me kiss thy hand upon my knees; [*He kneels.*] I know thou lovest me, and art true to me, for which I'le reward thee to the full: There's ne're a one of 'em all shall keep his Mistress better than I do; go to the Goldsmiths, and chuse a hundred pounds worth of Plate, I'le send mony for't by an unknown hand.

Lettice. Alas how can I deserve it? I can returne nothing but my thanks, nor can I desire any thing from you but your constancy. [*Aside*] upon these termes.

Squeeze. I will be as constant to thee, as the Sun and Moon are to their courses.

Lettice. But I shall have you get a young Wife, and forget mee.

Squeeze. If I should marry, my Dear, it should be for money, that I might spare the more for thee: besides what married man Loves not his Mistress better than if he were single? a Wife is but a foyle to a Mistress.

Lettice. 'Tis true, this is the fashionable opinion, but you would be of another mind I feare.

Squeeze. Prethee believe me if I had a Wife, thou should'st have power to turne her out of dores at thy pleasure, thou shouldst ride in my glass Coach when she took a hackney; thou shouldst have my purse, my heart, and every thing: are Wives to be compar'd to Mistresses, that would be a fine age i' faith.

Lettice. This is extreame kind, you are a good Man: I could never endure that a Wife should share affection with me, especially from thee my Deare. [*She stroakes him on the head*]

Squeez. Nay, prethee my dear, do not stroke my head, 'tis bald, but 'tis not with age, for I am not above eight and thirty, but the hair came off with a sickness.

Let:

Lettice: 'Tis no matter, I like it, I hate them that weare much haire upon their heads, 'tis greazy, and smells ill; but this is so sweet, and clean, and pretty, I could kiss it now. [*Enter Cheatly.*

Cheatly. Oh Daughter, here has been the young Knight you know of; he was so importunate to see you, I thought I should never have got rid of him.

Squeeze. What's that, pray let me know?

Lettice. Nothing Sir,

Squeeze. Prethee my Dear tell me.

Lettice. Pray Sir do not aske, it signifies nothing.

Squeeze. I shall take it unkindly if you do not tell me.

Lettice. Nay there is nothing I can keep from you: the truth is, my Taylour came to Dun me, but the Rascall shall stay I warrant him.

Squeeze. How much is the debt?

Cheatly. Twenty pounds.

Squeeze. As I am an honest man, but he shall not stay, here's the money, give it him immediately.

[*Enter a servant of Cheatly's.*]

Servant. Sir *Jeffery Smelsmock* is coming up to see Mistris *Lettice*; she was denied below, but he would not be answered.

Cheatly. Oh heaven, we are undone, if I stop him not.

[*Ex. Cheatly and Servant.*]

Squeeze. What's the matter, is it another Dun? prethee have comfort I'le send thee 50*l.* to morrow morning to discharge all little driblets.

Lettice. I could not expect this from you. [*Enter Cheatly.*]

Cheatly to *Lettice* softly. } I have got rid of Sir *Jeffery* much adoe. Well this Mercer's a sawcy fellow, here's a stir for a little money indeed.

Lettice. Hang him rascal, he shall not have it these six Moneths for his insolence, and I'le have him kickt besides.

Servant Within. } Sir, I tell you she is not within.

Bully. Hold your tongue you insolent rascal! I'le break open [*within*] the door. Where's *Lettice*, where is your Ladyship? let me in, or by Heaven I'le break the dore. *Lettice.*

Lettice. For heavens ſake Sir get into the Cloſſet till I get rid of this roaring fellow, I know not who it is.

Squeez. Ay with all my heart, where is it? I tremble every joint of me.

Bully. What Madam, your Ladyſhip is grown coy and deny your ſelfe: What you do this for an old Raſcal, they ſay that keeps you; If I can learn his name, or catch him here once, I'le cut off his eares, and his noſe, both his arms, and both his leggs, I will mangle the old dog ſo. *Bully bounces and breaks open the Dore, and enters.*

Squeeze. Oh defend me heaven from this roaring *Bully*, he puts me in a cold ſweat.

Lettice. Let me beg of you to go into another Room, and I'le ſatisfie you.

Bully. Come on, now you are civill. [*Exit Bully and Lettice.*]

Cheatly. Would this *Bully* were hang'd, he'l ruine my daughter. Come Mr. *Squeeze*, all's clear, come out.

Squeeze. Is he gone, he has put me in a dreadfull fright; this was a Dragon of a *Bully*.

Cheatly. You ſee Sir what ſhe ſuffers for your ſake, becauſe ſhe will not yield to the temptations of men.

Squeeze. Ay poor heart, but whither is ſhe gone? Pray heaven ſhe be true to me. [*Aſide.*]

Cheat. She muſt give him faire words till ſhe gets him out, and then ſhe'l wait on you.

Squeeze. Oh me, where is ſhe, ſhe ſtayes long, pray heaven all be well.

Cheatly. What is this Girle doing? [*To her ſelfe*]

Squeeze. Gad forgive me, will ſhe never come, what is the matter? I am affraid the *Bully* is not gone.

Cheatly. Why *Lettice*, will you never come?

Squeeze. I hope in Gad ſhe's honeſt, but I do not like this.

[*Enter Lettice.*]

Cheatly. Oh fie upon you, you have been naught with this *Bully*, look how you are Ruffled.

Lettice. Mum, not a word, I have ſent him away much adoe, I'le have him clapt by the heeles if he comes to affront me again like an inſolent fellow as he is.

Squeeze

Squeeze. Heaven, what noyse is that there? there are more roaring *Bullies* abroad. Let us retire quickly to bed, and bolt the dore upon our selves, my dear *Lettice*; quickly Mistris *Cheatly* barre the dores of the house. *A noyse without of singing and roaring & Fidlers.*

[*Exeunt Cheatly, Lettice, and Squeeze.*]

Rant, Hazard, Tym: with a sword, *two Servants and Fidlers playing, they singing and roaring, Drunk, breaking windowes.*

Tym: Hey let's break windowes in abundance.

Haz: Ah brave *Timothy*, thou art as gallant a *Bully* as a man shall see in a summers day.

Tym: Here's the Constable, don't you use to beat him alwayes when you see him?

Hazard. Yes, and will now.

Constab: Stand in the Kings name.

Tym: I can stand in ne're a Kings name in Christendomebut we will beat you in the Kings name very exceedingly.

Constab: Knock 'em down, fall on Fellowes of the watch.

Rant: Have at you Rogues that disturbe the Kings Peace, and will not let honest fellowes give serenades, and break windowes in quiet, have at ye.

[*They fight, the Constable and Watchmen are driven up into a corner.*

Tym. Hey, have we conquer'd you ye Rogues? lay down your armes.

Rant. Lay downe your weapons, or wee'l cut your throats:

Constab: Well sir, 'tis done. [*They lay down their Halberts.*]

Hazard. Do you mutiny ye Rogues, against *Bully Rocks*, your Commanders?

Rant. Are you offended at the noyse of fiddles? strike up, and sound an alarme in the eares of 'em.

Hazard. Come Rogues here are just eight of you; either daunce to these fiddles, or we will slice you into steakes. *They play with their fiddles at their ears.*

Constab: Ha ha, come fellowes of the watch, wee'l please them for once, they are very merry Gentlemen I fack,

Rant.

Rant. 'Tis very well done, there's a crown to drink for you: I, like *Julius Cæsar*, am generous to foes o're come.

Hazard. Here's another for you to make ye as drunk as we are.

Tim. And I'le be outdone by no man, there's a broad piece for you, now I have beaten you.

Rant: Hee's plaguy liberal of our Money. Stay watch and be our guard.

Constab. We thank ye Gentlemen, and will live and dy with ye.

Hazard. Strike up here, faith wee'l see *Lettice* before we have done: *Cheatly* open the door. [*They play.*

Cheatly within. We are all abed: what Ruffians are those?

Tim. Bounce at the door, break the windowes, hey.

[*They bounce at the doores.*

Squeeze *at a window in, his cap, and undressed.*

Squeez. Heart! if I be discovered in this condition I am ruined for ever, my credit in the City will be quite lost: Heaven they have almost broke the door, I must venture to escape at this window. [*He leaps down.*] Death I have broke my bones; oh, oh.

Constable. How now, what noyse is that?

Rant. Some body leaped out of a window: lets see what old Rogue's this.

Tim: Ay, what old Rogues this, ha?

Squeeze. I was frighten'd out of my Lodging by these Roaring Blades, and I thought to have escaped out of a window.

Constable. Speak to me, I represent the King's person, who are you? what make you here?

Tim. Hang him, take him away to the Round house.

Squeeze. My Son here drunk with *Bullies*! then all my shame comes together.

Constable. What's here, he has been in bed with a woman, and for hast has mistaken a red silk stocking of hers for his own.

Hazard. 'Tis true, away with him an old whoring Rogue.

Tim. Ay away with him, an old Rogue, in bed with a whore! away with him, away with him.

Conſtable. We muſt ſecure the woman to.

Rant. Wee'l ſecure her, carry him away.

Squeeze. What a dreadfull miſtake was this, I am for ever undone, I am for ever ruined, what ſhall I do?

Ex. Conſtable and Watch with Squeeze.

Hazard. If you will *Rant*, let's firſt give *Iſabella* a ſerenade, and then come hither againe. It will be time too, to bring our buble to Miſtreſs *Joyce* againe.

Rant. Come along Fiddles, ſtrike up.

Haz. Rank your ſelves here, ſtrike up, and put out the lights that we may not be diſcover'd. [*They go off, and come in at another door.*]

[*Enter Theodore and Robin.*]

Rant. Faire *Iſabella*, ſweet *Iſabella*! look out and ſhine upon your ſervants.

Theodore. How now, what Raſcals are theſe: *Robin* fall on.

Hazard. Are you ſo briske? *Bell.* This muſt be *Theodore* and his man that are engaged, I parted from 'em but juſt now. *Tim.* Fly, ſhift for your ſelves, the day is loſt. } *They fight, and Theodore is driven back, Enter Bellamour and Joynes with Theodore, and they beat the other off the Stage.*

Theodore. Who's this that is ſo kind to draw his ſword for us? my dear Brother, is it you? a thouſand thanks to you.

Bell. No words, but lets purſue the Rogues.

ACT.

ACT. V. SCE. I.

Enter

[*Theodore, Bellamour.*]

Theo. I Wonder who thoſe Fellows were we rancounter'd laſt night.

Bell. Very active nimble youths, they ran like *Iriſh* Footmen.

Theodore. If we had catch'd 'em, we would have paid 'em for ſcouring under that Window: But now I can think of nothing elſe but love. Revenge has given place to that. Yeſternight I got a promiſe from my Miſtreſs, and am within this hour to meet her, and marry her privately in the City; this day will make me richer than the *Indies* can.

Bell. I congratulate your good Fortune, but cannot envy any man, ſince I am happy in my *Theodora*'s love.

[*Enter Roger with a Letter.*]

Roger. Here's a Letter Mr. *Bellamour* came by the Poſt for you.

Bell. For me! [*He reads it, and ſeems aſtoniſhed.*]

Theodore. What is it that diſturbes you?

Bell. News that nothing could make tollerable to me, but that it puts me into a condition of ſerving my *Theodora* better then I could before.

Theodore. How's that?

Bell. My Father has been dead theſe nine months, and died without a Will; my younger Brother is at preſent poſſeſt of the Eſtate, and has inhumanly put my Mother and Siſter out of the houſe, who live privately in this Town, ſomewhere about *Covengarden*. This account I have received from my man, who is haſting up to Town to me.

Theodore. In good faith ſuch news would break a mans heart;

but pray beare it with a manly fortitude; if my Father ſhould knock off, I could have no other remedy.

Bell. I have now no time to railly with you, I'le to my dear *Theodora*, and hope to get her into ſo good a humour, that we ſhall not be long after you in Marriage: adieu.

[*Ex. Bellamour.*]

Theodore. What ever you are in that, I am ſure you are before hand with me in the death of a Father. How now Bullies, are you up ſo early? ſure you have lain rough, or have not ſlept to night.

[*Enter Rant* and *Hazard.*]

Rant. How now Lover that are, and Whore-Maſter that was, you are full of your bobs.

Hazard. What I warrant you, you are got up early to Write a faſhionable *Sonnet*, without ſenſe, upon the Divine *Iſabella.*

Rant. How many Stars, Moons, Suns, Alabaſters, Roſes, Pearls, and Rubies, have you made uſe of for ſimilies?

Hazard. Come prethee communicate, let's ſee the labour of thy Muſe.

Theodore. As I live, drunk ſtill: but Gentlemen I hate the name of a Muſe, as I do that of a Baud; were I a Poet I would invoke *Creſwell* or *Gifford* before any Muſe in *Chriſtendom.*

Hazard. Faith thou art in the right, for they two can ſupply our neceſſities better than all the nine Muſes.

Rant. But this is not our buſineſs, here is a young Gentleman at the door call'd Mr. *Timothy Squeeze*, that comes to wait on you.

Theodore. Hang him Raſcal, keep him to your ſelves, he's fitter for your purpoſe; have you fleec'd him ſoundly?

Hazard. Very ſufficiently I aſſure you, but he is come upon a pleaſant occaſion; he ſays he has done you, and your Family ſuch an injury.

Theodore. Pox on him, I will forgive him any but the trouble of his company.

Rant. Thou ſhalt ſee him, and when he tells thee his condition, thou wilt find we have Reveng'd thee to the full; I'le fetch him in. [*Ex. Rant.*]

Theodore.

Theodore. How have you us'd the Rogue? you have won all his money.

Hazard. That's not all, but I'le not forſtall you, you ſhall be ſurpriſed into your pleaſure; he beg'd of us to make him friends with you for fear you ſhould kill him, he fears not your Father.

[*Enter Rant* and *Timothy.*]

Tim. Are you ſure he will do me no hurt?

Rant. I am, ſpeak to him.

Tim. Sir, your Servant.

Theodore. Sir, Yours.

Tim. I beg your pardon from the bottom of my heart, for an injury I have done you, and your Family.

Theodore. What's that?

Tim. Pray Sir be not in paſſion, and I'le tell you, you know Sir I ſhould have have been your Brother-in-Law Sir; and laſt-night it ſeems I was overtaken in *Campaigne*, and as theſe Gentlemen tell me (for I vow I remember not a word on't) I married one Mrs. *Joyce*, Mr. *Hazards* Couſin Sir: But your Siſter ſent me word ſhe would have me kick'd out of the houſe Sir laſt-night, or I ſhould not have done it on my cnoſcience Sir; I find I did it in paſſion really.

Theodore. Oh brave Bullies, now you have Revenged me ſufficiently.

Tim. Now Sir, I hope in God you will pleaſe to forgive me ſince I married in drink; and I vow to God Sir, as I am an honeſt man, I meant no more hurt in't Sir, than I do at this preſent; for I wak'd this morning Sir, and found my ſelf in Bed with the ſaid Mrs. *Joyce*, de' underſtand me, (and I vow ſhe's a pure Bed-fellow that's the truth on't) but at firſt I was frighted, and wondr'd what a dickens was the matter, when theſe Gentlemen came up with a Cawdle to me, and fac'd me down I was married Sir, and at laſt ſhew'd me the Ring, the Licence, and the Parſons Certificate Sir.

Theodore. No more Sir, I forgive you freely Sir.

Tim. Sir I am beholding to you; but if there be an offence you muſt blame thoſe Gentlemen; for I proteſt and vow I intended to marry Mrs. *Thea*, or would I might ne're ſtir out of this

this place alive. But I tell you in private, if I had not married the aforesaid Mrs. *Joyce*, I believe they would have forc'd me to it: for my part Sir, I don't like 'em; for between you and I, they won above forty Pound on me. But to give the Devil his due, the Gentlewoman is a Pretty Gentlewoman, and they say has a good Portion.

Theodore To Hazard and Rant. } This relation pleases me, but pray take away your Fool, for I have business of great concernment.

Rant. This was all we had to say to you. Fare you well.

Hazard. Tim come along, dear soul.

Tim. Ay come Cousin [To *Theodore.*] Sir your Servant to command. [*Exeunt all but Theodore.*]

[*Enter Robin.*]

Robin. Sir, I have a Present for you, but let us begon Sir, and take it in another place; pray follow me, I am weary with carrying it.

Theodore. What means the fellow?

Robin. Here is a Chest of money of your Fathers that was hid in the Garden.

Theodore. Of my Fathers! how camest thou by it?

Robin. Not very honestly Sir, but this is no place to ask questions in, now I am Reveng'd on him for calling me theif; follow me Sir.

Theodore. This is a lucky supply.

[*Exeunt Robin* and *Theodore.*]

Enter at another door William, Cheatly, *and* Bridget, *with a* Page.

Cheatly. Is Madam *Theodora* within?

Will. She is gone out with Mr. *Bellamour.*

Cheatly. Is not your Master within?

Will. We expect him every minute Madam. [*Ex. Will.*]

Cheatly. Now Mrs. *Bridget*, can you represent a Stately Countess.

Bridget. Never fear me; *Page* hold up my Train Sirrah, I can beare my head as high as any Lady in *Christendom.*

Cheatly. Remember when any body Salutes you, to turne your Cheek to him, as great Ladies use; that's very convenient too, for concealing a tainted breath.

Bridget.

Bridget. Mine is not so, but I'le not forget it.

Cheatly. But thou hast so used to offer thy mouth, that thou wilt forget it. [*Enter Gold.*]

Gold. Oh Sir, your Servant, the Countess of *Puddle Dock* is come to seeMrs. *Theodora.*

Gold. [*Aside.*] Countess of *Puddle-Dock*! I never heard of that Title, it may be 'tis some *Scotch* or *Irish* Title.

To Bridget. Madam I kiss your Honour's hand: where is my Daughter that she comes not to wait on her Honour.

Cheatly. Not within. This is the Countess I spoke of [*Softly.*]

Gold. Let me see; if this be a Countess, and has such a Fortune, no more then of *Isabella*; but I must into the Garden to my dear Gold. Madam I'le wait on your Honour presently. [*Ex. Goldingham.*]

Cheatly. Is not this an amiable old Gentleman?

Bridget. As bad as he is, I am not so nice, but I could make shift with him.

Golding within.] Murder, murder, Oh Theeves, theives.

Cheat. What's the meaning of this, is the man mad.

Enter Goldingham.

Golding. Thieves, thieves, murder, murder, death, devils, damnation, Hell and furies, thieves, thieves, I am undone, undone, they have cut my throat, they have murder'd me, they have stole my money, where is it? what's become on't? where are the Thieves? where have they hid themselves? whither shall I go to find 'em? what shall I do? shall I run? shall I stay? are they here? are they there? where are they?

Cheatly. What is it transports you thus?

Golding. Oh are you here, give me my money, [*He tugs and hales Cheatly.*] where's my Gold, confess, or I'le rack you, where is my dear Gold, my poor Gold, give it me, conceale it no longer.

Cheatly. Help, help, will you murder me?

Bridg. Are you Mad, 'tis Mrs *Cheatly.*

Golding. Another, is there more of your number, I will hang ye all, where is my money, Money, Money?

James. What's the Matter Sir,

[*Enter James, Roger, Will.*]

Cheatly. Come Countess, 'tis time to shift for our selves.

Golding.

Golding falls on 'em with his Caine. Oh you thieves, my Gold, my Gold, give me my Gold, I'le hang ye, I'le drown ye, I'le murder ye all; oh my Gold, must I lose thee?

James. He raves help to hold him. [*He breaks from them, they run away.*

Golding. I have lost my money, my life, my blood, my entrals, my heart, my vitalls, I dye, I am dead, I am buried, will no body save my life, and help me to it, oh I am mad, what say you, will you, hum; alas I am mad, there's no body: Oh my money, my soule, Justice, Justice, I will hang all the Towne, if *Isabella* has a hand in't I will hang her, I will beg the help of Constables, Beadles, Churchwardens, Baylies, Sergeants, Justices, Aldermen, Judge, Gibbet, Gallowes, and Hangmen: I will hang my son and daughter if they be guilty: and if I find not my Money I will hang my self.

Iames. My master Sir is Mad, be pleased to command him in his Majesties name to keep his worships wits.

Golding. Oh neighbour Justice, you are come in season, I am rob'd, undone, make me a Mittimus.

Justice. For whom neighbour *Goldingham.*

Gold. For all *Covengarden*, I will hang every body, oh my Gold.

Justice. You'l spoyl all, if you be thus outragious, we must examine such things privately, or you will never have notice of your Money.

Golding. Oh my money, I cannot containe my selfe, but if you will assist me, I'le endeavour.

James. Ha, is my Master Rob'd? now I may be fully revenged of our *dominus factotum* for my beating, and other things. [*To Gold.*] I am mistaken, or I can give you some light into this business.

Golding. Speake what can you say, if you do not discover it, I will hang you.

James. I do certainly believe that Mr *Bellamour* has it.

Golding. What he that appear'd so true, and faithfull to me?

James. The same Sir, I believe 'tis he that has rob'd you.

Golding. Pray Sir make his Mittimus, I'le hang him if there were no more of the race of all mankind.

Justice.

Justice. But why do you believe it Sir!

James. Why do I believe it Sir?

Just. Yes.

James. Why, why, why, becauſe I do believe it.

Justice. But I muſt have ſome proofs.

Gold. Did you ſee him dig where my money was hidden?

James. Oh yes Sir, why ſhould I ſay ſo elſe? Where did you lay your money?

Gold. In the Garden.

James. Ay there I ſaw him digging: What was your money in?

Gold. In a Cheſt.

James. Why there's the buſineſs, now I ſaw him have a Cheſt, and the very ſame Cheſt you mean.

Justice. What manner of Cheſt is it?

James. What manner of one: 'Sdeath I ſhall be ſnap'd! [*Aſide.*

Justice. How is it made?

James. Why 'tis made----'tis made very like a kind of a Cheſt, extraordinary like a Cheſt.

Justice. But how?

James. Why 'tis a great Cheſt.

Gold. Mine is a little one. Oh my Gold!

James. Ay ſo was this in it ſelf, but for what it contained it was a great one, and was ſo heavy that I am ſure it made him puffe and blow to carry it.

Gold. It muſt be the ſame, mine is very heavy.

Justice. Hold a little pray, what Colour is it of?

James. Of what Colour.

Justice. Yes.

James. Why it is of a colour, a certain Colour, I know not what a deus they call it, but really it is a very pretty Colour, for a cheſt, that's the truth on't.

James. Was it not a red?

Gold. No, no, mine's a green one.

James. Lord, you are ſo haſty, a reddiſh green I was going to ſay.

Gold. The ſame Sir; pray make his mittimus, and let him be hang'd.

[*Enter Bellamour.*]

James. Here he comes, let him not discover this of me; perhaps hee'l confess it.

Gold. Come you Villain, come near and confess your wickedness, your abominable action.

Bell. What do you mean Sir?

Gold. Oh horrid traytor, do you not blush?

Bell. Has he heard any thing of his daughter and me; for what should I blush Sir?

Gold. Oh impudence, as if he knew not what I meant; but all your villany is discover'd: oh wretch, to come into my house to betray me, and abuse my goodness with so infamous an action!

Bell. Sir, since you have discover'd me, I'le make no more excuses. [*Aside.*]

James. That I should gues so right when I swear at a venture: I told you Sir, hee'd confesse. [*To the Justice.*]

Justice. He ha's confes'd in part, but we must have more yet.

Bell. It was my designe to tell you of this, but I stay'd for a happier opportunity, and I beseech you be not angry 'till I give my reasons.

Golding. Oh abominable insolence, he would be giving me reasons for his infamous theft, like an impudent Thiefe.

Bell. These Titles are none of mine, and you'l find, if you examine it, that my crime is pardonable.

Golding. Oh devill, pardonable, to take away my soul, my life, my blood!

Bell. I am in a condition to do your blood no wrong, and to make full reparation for this pretended injury.

Golding. Oh you overjoy me, will you make restitution.

Bell. Your honour shall be fully satisfyed.

Golding. Pox on my honour, I don't talk of my honour. But what could incite you to such action?

Bell. Love.

Golding. A pox on your love, admirable love indeed, love of my broad pieces.

Bell. No sir, it is not your Gold that I care for, let me but enjoy

joy what I have already, and I care for nothing in the world beside.

Gold. Oh intollerable insolence, he justifies his theft, and would keep what he has stollen. He distracts me, Sir you shall be hang'd, drawn and quarter'd, before you shall keep the least part of it.

Just. No Sir, you must not keep what you have got, by your favour.

Bell. With your favour Sir, but I must; we have mutually engaged our faiths, and are now married, and nothing but death shall part us.

Golding. Ingaged his faith, and married to my Chest: [*aside.*] 'tis enough, make his Mittimus, that he may be hang'd, and so be divorced from it.

Just. Here is some mystery: where is this Treasure you have taken?

Bell. Here in the house.

Just. Have you not broke it up?

Bell. Broke her up; better words Sir, or I shall forget my respect to you; I assure you shee's too honest.

Golding. How my Chest of money too honest. [*aside.*]

Bell. Her fair eyes have inspired in me a more refined passion.

Golding. The Faire eyes of my chest. [*aside.*]

Bell. I see Sir 'tis in vaine to conceale the truth any longer. 'Tis not a quarter of an Houre since your daughter, and I were married in *Covengarden*; and without a Portion.

Gold. Oh devil, is that affront added to my losse?

Bell. Without portion, consider that Sir.

Gold. Make his Mittimus, you shall be hang'd you Villaine, send him to the Gatehouse quickly.

Bell. How be hang'd! I assure you, though I stole your daughter, 'twas with her own consent.

Just. But you have confest a more capital theft; or if you had not, 'tis sworn against you, and I must send you to the *Gaol.*

[*Enter Theodora.*]

Theodora. Oh Heaven! what do I hear? Sir, if ever you had any affection for me, hear me now; this Gentleman is a man of Quality and Fortune.

Gold. A curſe on him, he has rais'd his Fortune on my ruines, and for his Quality 'twill bring him to the Gallows.

Theodora. For Heaven's ſake Sir uſe no extremity on him, I conſented to all he did; if there be a fault committed againſt you, I am equally guilty, and will ſuffer with him.

Gold. Heaven! my own Daughter guilty of ſuch an action, ſhe ſhall be hang'd, ſend her to the Gaol immediately; no leſs then ſix thouſand broad pieces at a time.

Theodora. Sir, I underſtand you not.

Gold. Oh cunning Baggage! look you Mr. *Juſtice*, ſhe underſtands me not; I'le have her hang'd, my own Daughter Rob me.

Theodora. Rob you! I am amaz'd.

Bell. Sure Sir, you are not *compos mentis*.

Juſtice. I am ſorry to find ye guilty of ſo great a Fellony, I muſt ſend ye both to the Goal without Bail or Mainprize.

[*Enter Theodore.*]

Theodore. Brother, I heard you were in this condition, and came to reſcue you.

Gold. Oh Villian! are you come to heighten my affliction with the ſight of you?

Theodore. Sir, I come about a little buſineſs that concerns you.

Gold. Buſineſs with me? you inſolent Rebel, what can that be.

Theodore. Sir, the money is right.

Gold. What money you impertinent Aſs?

Theodore. The broad pieces that were in the Garden, they are juſt ſix thouſand; and I'le give you an acquittance under my hand for them.

Gold. O Devil, had you them?

Theodore. They were received by my order, to my own proper uſe and behooſe; *I ſay Received per me Theodore.*

Golding. ſtrikes at Theodore. O Barbarous inſolence, I will cut your throat.

Juſtice. Nay, good Neighbour keep the peace.

Gold. I cannot keep the peace, I will not keep the peace, let

let the peace keep its self; 'tis impossible to keep the peace.

Justice. By your leave Sir, you must keep the peace, and not be Judge in your own case.

Gold. Send him to Gaol then presently.

Justice. Be patient, and I will.

Theodore. Why would you have the Conscience to hang your Son?

Gold. Give me my Gold, and I'le spare your life.

Theodore. No Sir, your Gold is in sure hands, 'tis held in Mortmain.

Gold. Then I will hang you Rogue, make his *Mittimus.*

Theodore. You may please to remember, that there is a *Colledge* Lease of 4 hundred Pounds a year, that you hold only by my life; you will lose that (if you hang me) besides your broad pieces, of which you shall never have one by Heaven.

Gold. Nay then, I cannot be in a worse condition than I am; make hast Sir with his *Mittimus.*

Justice. 'Tis a making.

Theodore. Hold Sir, you must not make it, I did not Steal the Gold; I did but Sieze upon't for the Kings use.

Gold. By Heaven, I owe the King not a farthing, I paid the last assessment, it went to my heart I am sure; and yet, to say truth, the Assessors have stretch'd their consciences against the King all over *England*, God bless them: Have you the impudence to say I owe the King money?

Theodore. Assist me Brother. [*To Bellamour.*]

[*To Gold.*] Do you think Sir the King will let you commit [*Softly.*] Treason for nothing?

Gold. Treason.

Theodore. There are Arms and Ammunition in the Vault Sir, if you be pleas'd to remember.

Bell. Have a care what you do Sir, Treason will fall heavy upon a rich man; you will be an excellent morsel for a Courtier.

Gold. Have ye the impudence to speak of a Plot ye drew me into, ye brace of Traitors and Villains?

Theodore. Sir I know nothing of a Plot, not I, but my Brother and I can swear we saw Arms and Ammunition put in a Vault;

Vault; and we know from whom they were Receiv'd, and the conſideration too. We ſhall find friends Sir.

Bell. Sir Releaſe the Gold, and make no more ado; if it ſhould be found out that we know of the Plot, we ſhould be pardon'd, for bringing in ſo rich and Capital an offender; but you would find no more mercy, than ever you ſhew'd to one that forfeited a Morgage.

Gold. A curſe on theſe Villains, I am caught in my own ſnare; they are in the right, I ſhall be ſure to be hang'd, but if I were ſure they were to be hang'd with me, it were no matter: But Son, are you in earneſt? will you not give me ſome of my Gold again?

Theodore. Not one piece by heaven, and pray Sir believe I deal fairly with you, that I ask no more; you know, I have not had a ſhilling of you theſe dozen years, 'tis time now to gather my Arrears.

Gold. What will become of me? I muſt either loſe my money or my life, I know not which is beſt; I think I muſt go hang my ſelf, for fear of being hang'd.

Juſtice. What ſhall I ſend him to Goal?

Gold. No, let it alone, I muſt forgive the Rogue for this time.

Theodore. And do you releaſe me of the money, before all theſe witneſſes?

Gold. Yes yes, but you curſed Villain I will be reveng'd on you, I'le marry *Iſabella*, get Children and disinherit you of all the reſt of my Eſtate.

Theodore. Now ſince you have Releaſt me, look in your Cheſts in the Vault, and you will find nothing but Lumber.

Gold. And was it no Plot you drew me into?

Theodore. No by heaven, I but pretended it, and your hard uſage forced me to theſe extreamities.

Gold. Oh unheard of Villain, I will go marry *Iſabella* inſtantly, and I hope you will hang your ſelf.

Theodore. Stay Sir, I have one thing more to ask of you. This Lady and I are Married; and beg your pardon, and your bleſſing.

Enter

[*Enter Isabella.*]

Isabella. Sir I beg your blessing and your pardon: Heaven would have it thus, and I could not help it.

Gold. 'Sdeath and Hell! Married! you two Married!

Theodore. 'Tis now too late to perplex your self.

Gold. Oh Treacherous wretches! Oh this Engine of the Devil, *Cheatly* with her damn'd Countess of *Puddle-Dock.*

Theodore. Will you give us your blessing Sir? we kneel for it. [*They kneel.*]

Gold. Yes, I will give you my blessing.

Isabella. I shall receive it joyfully.

Gold. May all the curses e're attended Marriage fall on you.

Isabella. Oh impious wish.

Theodore. We are obliged to you Sir.

Gold. May invincible impotence possess you, raging Lust her, and tormenting jealousie both of ye.

Justice. For shame Neighbour be not so wicked.

Gold. May the perpetual spirit of contention wait on ye, may ye never in your lives agree in one thing; may the name of quiet ne're be heard betwixt ye; and to compleat all, may ye never be assunder: and so Farewel. [*Ex. Gold.*]

Justice. I'le after him, and try if I can mollifie him.

Theodora. Dear Sister, I am infinitely happy in my relation to you.

Bellamour To himself.] It must be so. Oh heaven! it is my Sister (though I have not seen her these nine years) yet she has so much of her former Countenance remaining, that I am sure 'tis she.

Theodore. Dear *Isabella*, here is a worthy Gentleman you must call Brother.

Bell. I have a neerer Title to her than what you can give me, she's my own Sister *Isabella.*

Theodore. This is wonderful.

Isabella. Indeed I had an Elder Brother beyond Sea, but we (having not seen him in nine years, nor heard from him these fifteen months) concluded him dead.

Bell. (To his great grief) my younger Brother will find it otherwise.

Isabella.

Isabella. But is it possible! are you my Brother? indeed you have some resemblance of my Father, when he was living.

Bell. If you be Sir *William Raines* his Daughter of the *North* (as I am sure you are) I am your Brother; but thou wert too young when I left *England*; to have any impressions left of me now.

Isabella. My dear Brother, I am convinced, this is a happy hour, this will revive my dear Mother, who has kept her Chamber ever since my Fathers death.

Theodore. My dear Brother, now you are doubly so, but friendship yet shall be the stricter tye.

Theodora. This is a wonderful and happy union of our Families.

Bell. To shew you more clearly I am your Brother, (though my Father died without a Will) I know it was his intention to give you five thousand Pounds, which upon my honour you shall have.

Theodore. This is generosity in the highest point; but I was rich in the possession of my *Isabella*, beyond the thoughts of Dowry; but if I live to have my Fathers Estate, faith I'le be even with you.

Isabella. This noble offer confirms me, you are my Brother; but why did you so long conceal your self?

Bell. That my dear *Theodora* can best tell you. But let us hast to see my afflicted Mother.

[*Enter Constable* and *Watch*, with *Squeeze.*]

Constable. They say the Justices Worship is here Gentlemen.

Theodore. The *Constable* with *Squeeze*! pray lets stay a moment after our Comedy, that ends so pleasantly, in hopes to see a Farse.

Squeeze. Heaven! what confusion am I in, and besides my bones are all loose with the fall last night.

Theodore. What's the matter Mr *Constable*?

Constable. Why Sir, this old Gentleman (not having the fear of God before his eyes) by the malice and instigation of the Devil, did yesternight *vi & armis*, contrary to the Peace of our Soveraign Lord the King, his Crown and Dignity; commit carnal copulation with one Mris *Lettice.*

Bell.

Bell. The Stile of an *Inditement.*

Theodore. How now Mr. *Squeeze*, is the ſnare fallen upon you? can you help a man to three or four hundred Pound at fifty in the hundred, with good ſecurity?

Squeeze. You are very merry Sir, 'tis well if you have cauſe. Oh! Mrs. *Cheatly* what ſhall I do? my reputation is ruin'd, I am undone for ever.

[*Enter* Mrs. *Cheatly.*]

Cheatly. Oh Sir, there is more affliction for you yet, your Son loſt fifty Pound laſt night, and Married a wench, one Mrs. *Joyce*, that was kept by Alderman *Do-Little.*

Squeeze. Oh Heaven! all my misfortunes come together; this added to the other, will diſtract me.

Theodore. This is for your damn'd Brokeage and Uſe.

Cheatly. Could you not have brib'd the *Conſtable*?

Squeeze. He durſt not let me go for fear of the *Bullies*? what ſhall I do; what ſhall I do?

Cheatly. I would be loath to put you to inconvenience, but if you would own my Daughter for your wife, it would ſoon preſerve or at leaſt repair your credit.

Squeeze. She ſays true. [*Aſide.*]

Cheatly. And if you would really make her your wife, you would be fully reveng'd on your Son for his raſh Marriage.

Squeeze. Ha, that's true again directly. [*Aſide.*]

Cheatly. If you do it not, the poor Girle will be ruin'd for ever in her reputation; which you know is her ſupport at preſent.

Squeeze. She is in the right, there is no way to ſave my reputation but this; if my diſgrace ſhould be publiſhed, no Godly Citizen will truſt me; old men in this Town had as good marry their wenches, for they ſtand 'em in more money, and they keep 'em as long as if they were their wives.

[*Enter Hazard* and *Lettice.*]

Hazard. Mr. *Squeeze.* here's your Lady, pray reſtore her Red Stocking, and take your own Black one; Oh! thou art gone the way of all fleſh, I hear thou'lt Marry

Theodore. I am Sir, for all your inſtructions to the contrary.

Hazard. Then thou art a loſt man; yet ſith

Girle for a fortnights, uſe or ſo, as a man could wiſh.

Bell. I find this *Bully* has the common place wit of all the young Fops in this Town; in Railing againſt Marriage.

Hazard. Now art thou, *Theodore*, for a year condemn'd to eat and drink, go to Playes, to Church, and lie with thy own wife moſt unreaſonable; But 'tis but having a little patience, and we ſhall have you amongſt us again, as honeſt a ſinner as the beſt of us.

[*Enter Rant, Timothy* and *Joyce.*]

Tim. O Lord, here's my Father, I am ſo affraid of him.

Rant. Bear up to him, you ſay you have two hundred Pound a year left by an Aunt, which he can't touch.

Tim. Ay, I have ſo.

Rant. Stand up and own your wife to him; then beſides 'twill vex the heart of *Theodora* to ſee how you have bob'd her.

Tim. Ay, I think ſo, (do you underſtand me?) I hope 'twill break her heart, de' ſee?

Rant. Sir, here's your Son and his Lady, come to ask your bleſſing.

Squeeze. Oh you infinite Raſcal!

Tim. Raſcal Sir, I am the Son of a Scrivener, and they ſay I take mightily like my Father too.

Squeeze. Oh Villain! marry a Whore, out of my ſight.

Tim. A Whore Sir, I vow to God I ſcorn your words, do you mark me, ſhe's as Pretty a civil young Lady, and I am ſure I had her Maiden-Head, had I not my dear?

Joyce. Yes indeed my dear, the beſt I had for you. [*Aſide.*]

Squeeze. Oh infamous Villain! marry a Strumpet?

Joyce. Sir, I'd have you kick'd if you were not my Father-in-Law.

Hazard. Dare to ſpeak one ill word more of my Couſin, and I'le cut your Throat, old Sot.

Squeeze. I am horrible affraid of this Hector; but I will be Reveng'd of the Rogue my Son.

Joyce. Now Madam *Lettice* I hope you'l own me to be equal at leaſt with your Ladyſhip, Mr. *Tim.* has made me an honeſt woman; ther's more that you are.

Rant.

Rant. Farewel *Theodore*, thou art no more a man of this world; Marriage alters ſome men, and makes them forget their friends, as much as Perferment does

Hazard. But I hope he has more grace.

Theodore. No more of your ſenſeleſs Railing againſt Marriage, 'tis dull and common.

[*Enter Juſtice.*]

Juſtice. There is no mollifying of your Father, he's run out in a rage; he has ſhut himſelf in his Cloſſet, and will not be ſpoke to; *Conſtable* what makes you here?

Conſtable. Sir we have brought an old Gentleman here before you, upon ſuſpition of Fornication, an pleaſe your Worſhip.

Juſtice. Whom, Mr. *Squeeze*! can a man of your years be guilty of Fornica tion?

Conſtable. Sir, we took him leaping out of a Window half undreſs'd, and for haſte he had puton a Red Silk-ſtocking of the Gentlewomans from whom he roſe:

Juſtice. Is this true?

Squeeze. 'Tis true, I was in bed with this Gentlewoman, but ſhe's my wife; and I hope that's no offence.

Juſtice. Your wife.

Squeeze. Yes, and before all this company I avow her to be ſo.

Tim. O fie for ſhame Sir, marry a Strumpet

Squeeze. Peace you inſolent Raſcal.

Theodore. Lettice, I wiſh thee joy of thy old Raſcal.

Lettice. I thank you Mr. *Theodore*. Now Mrs. *Joyce* I hope you think not your ſelf my equal: Down on your knees huſwife and ask me bleſſing.

Joyce. I ſcorn your words, I ſhall never endure to call you Mother-in-Law while I live.

Cheatly. Madam *Iſabella*, I wiſh you much joy with this Gentleman, and he is young enough, and handſom enough to give you good ſtore on't.

Theodore. Mrs. *Cheatly*, to ſhew my gratitude to you, I have a hundred pieces ready for you; and *Robin*, you I will make my particular care.

Robin.

Robin. Sir, to shew you that I have taken some care of you, I have provided Fiddles for you.

Theodore. Let 'em enter, wee'l borrow my Fathers house for a Dance; for perhaps we shall never come in it again.

[*Enter Fiddles.*]

Robin. What say you Mrs. *Cheatly*, shall you and I marry, or continue to love on as we did?

Cheatly. I am very indifferent *Robin*, take thy own choice.

Robin. Why then as you were.

Cheatly. Content.

Bell. Strike up. [*They Dance.*]

Theodore. Now we have done, I must confess I have transgress'd in my duty to my Father, which I could not help; unless I would have neglected a greater, which I ought to your Beauty my dear *Isabella*, and my Love; and I hope

My passion will a just excuse be thought:
What is urg'd on by love, can be no fault.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

WHen Sieges now by Poets are prepar'd,
And Love and War 'gainſt Nations is declar'd;
When *Affrica* and *Aſia* are not ſpar'd,
By ſome who in Rime will all the World o'rerun,
Who in their Conqueſts will no Country ſhun,
Not ſcaping the *Mogul*, nor *Preſter John*,
No *American* Prince is in his Throne ſecure,
Not *Totty Potty Moy* himſelf is ſure:
But may the fury of their Rime endure,
Nay in time each Prince in *Guinny* will be ſought,
And under theſe Poetick Fetters brought;
And we ſhall ſee how th' black Rogues lov'd and fought.
When ſuch great things are for the Stage deſign'd,
We fear this trifle will no favour find.
But as a fop that's dreſs'd in Maſquerade,
Will any place with impudence invade,
And little rambling Punks dare be ſo rude,
Among the beſt of Ladies ro intrude:
So Poets ſure, though ill, may be allow'd
Among the beſt in Maſquerade to crowd.
Our Poet who wrote this *Incognito*,
Does boldly claim this priviledge as his due;
He preſſes in, and will not be kept out,
Though he deſerves to ſtand amongſt the rout,
Thoſe fifteen hundred Poets who have writ,
And never could have one Play acted yet.
But now hee's in, pray uſe him civilly,
Let him, what e're he ſayes, unqueſtion'd be,
According to the Laws of Maſquerade,
Thoſe ſacred Laws by dancing Nations made,
Which the young Gallants ſure will ne're invade.
If ye reſolve that yee'l be angry now,
Ye vent your ſpleen upon an unknown Foe;
Or if he be not, yet yee'l make him ſo:
But if a kindneſs to him ye intend,
And though 't deſerves it not, the Play commend:
Each man for ought he knows is kind to's friend.

FINIS.

THE

REHEARSAL,

As it is now Acted at the

Theatre-Royal.

The third Edition with Amendments and large Additions by the Author.

LONDON,

Printed for *Thomas Dring*, at the *Harrow* at the Corner of *Chancery-lane* in *Fleet-street*. 1675.

DERBY-DAY;

A Comic Piece of Action,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal,

LONDON,

Printed for J. Barker, at the Crown and Anchor,
Corner of Clare Court, Drury Lane.
1791.

PROLOGUE.

WE might well call this short Mock-play of ours
A Posie made of Weeds instead of Flowers;
Yet such have been presented to your noses,
And there are such, I fear, who thought 'em Roses.
Would some of 'em were here, to see this night,
What stuff it is in which they took delight.
Here brisk insipid Rogues, for wit, let fall
Sometimes dull sence, but oft'ner none at all:
There strutting Heroes, with a grim fac'd train,
Shall brave the Gods, in King Cambyses *vein.*
For (changing Rules, of late, as if men writ
In spite of Reason, Nature, Art and Wit)
Our Poets make us laugh at Tragœdy,
And with their Comedies they make us cry.
Now, Critiques, do your worst, that here are met;
For, like a Rook, I have hedg'd in my Bet.
If you approve; I shall assume the state
Of those high-flyers whom I imitate:
And justly too, for I will teach you more
Than ever they would let you know before:
I will not only shew the feats they do,
But give you all their reasons for 'em too.
Some honour may to me from hence arise.
But if, by my endeavours, you grow wise,
And what you once so prais'd, shall now despise;
Then I'll cry out, swell'd with Poetic rage,
'Tis I, John Lacy, *have reform'd your* Stage.

THE

The Actors Names.

Bayes.
Johnson.
Smith.
Two Kings of *Brentford.*
Prince *Pretty-man.*
Prince Volscius.
Gentleman Usher.
Physician.
Drawcansir.
General.
Lieutenant General.
Cordelie.
Tom Thimble.
Fisherman.
Sun.
Thunder.
Players.
Souldiers.
Two Heralds.
Four Cardinals
Mayor. } Mutes.
Judges.
Serjeants at Arms.

Women.

Amaryllis.
Cloris.
Parthenope.
Pallas.
Lightning.
Moon.
Earth.

Attendants of Men and Women.

Scene *Brentford.*

THE

THE Rehearſal.

ACTUS I. SCÆNA I.

Johnſon *and* Smith.

Johnſ. HOneſt *Frank!* I'm glad to ſee thee with all my heart: how long haſt thou been in Town?

Smi. Faith, not above an hour: and, if I had not met you here, I had gone to look you out; for I long to talk with you freely, of all the ſtrange new things we have heard in the Country.

Johnſ. And, by my troth, I have long'd as much to laugh with you, at all the impertinent, dull, fantaſtical things, we are tir'd out with here.

Smi. Dull, and fantaſtical! that's an excellent compoſition. Pray, what are our men of buſineſs doing?

Johnſ. I ne'er enquire after 'em. Thou knoweſt my humour lyes another way. I love to pleaſe my ſelf as much, and to trouble others as little as I can: and therefore do naturally avoid the company of thoſe ſolemn Fops; who, being incapable of Reaſon, and inſenſible of Wit and Pleaſure, are always looking grave, and troubling one another, in hopes to be thought men of Buſineſs.

Smi. Indeed, I have ever observed, that your grave lookers are the dullest of men.

Johns. I, and of Birds, and Beasts too: your gravest Bird is and Owl, and your gravest Beast is an Ass.

Smi. Well; but how dost thou pass thy time?

Johns. Why, as I use to do; eat and drink as well as I can, have a she-friend to be private with in the afternoon, and sometimes see a Play: where there are such things (*Frank*) such hideous, monstrous things, that it has almost made me forswear the Stage, and resolve to apply my self to the solid nonsence of your Men of Business, as the more ingenio us pastime.

Smi. I have heard, indeed, you have had lately many new Plays; and our Country-wits commend 'em.

Johns. I, so do some of our City-wits toob; but they are of the new kind of Wits.

Smi. New kind! what kind is that?

Johns. Why, your Virtuosi, your civil persons, your Drolls: fellows that scorns to imitate Nature; but are given altogether to elevate and surprise.

Smi. Elevate, and surprise! pr'ythee make me understand the meaning of that.

Johns. Nay, by my troth, that's a hard matter: I don't understand that my self. 'Tis a phrase they have got among them, to express their no-meaning by. I'l tell you, as near as I can, what it is. Let me see: 'tis Fighting, Loving, Sleeping, Rhyming, Dying, Dancing, Singing, Crying; and every thing, but thinking and Sence.

Mr. Bayes *passes o'er the Stage.*

Bayes. Your most obsequious, and most observant, very servant, Sir.

Johns. God so, this is an Author: I'l fetch him to you.

Smi. No, pr'ythee let him alone.

Johns. Nay, by the Lord, I'l have him. [*Goes after him.* Here he is. I have caught him. Pray, Sir, now for my sake, will you do a favour to this friend of mine?

Bayes. Sir, it is not within my small capacity to do favours, but

but receive 'em; especially from a person that does wear the honourable Title you are pleas'd to impose, Sir, upon this. — Sweet Sir, your servant.

Smi. Your humble servant, Sir.

Johns. But wilt thou do me a favour, now?

Bayes. I, Sir: what is't?

Johns. Why, to tell him the meaning of thy last Play.

Bayes. How, Sir, the meaning? do you mean the Plot?

Johns. I, I; any thing.

Bayes. Faith, Sir, the Intrigo's now quite out of my head; but I have a new one, in my pocket, that I may say is a Virgin; 't has never yet been blown upon. I must tell you one thing. 'Tis all new Wit; and tho I say it, a better than my last: and you know well enough how that took. In fine, it shall read, and write, and act, and plot, and shew, ay, and pit, box and gallery, I gad, with any Play in *Europe*. This morning is its last Rehearsal, in their habits, and all that, as it is to be acted; and if you, and your friend will do it but the honour to see it in its Virgin attire; though, perhaps, it may blush, I shall not be asham'd to discover its nakedness unto you.—, I think it is in this pocket [*Puts his hand in his pocket.*

Johns. Sir, I confess, I am not able to answer you in this new way; but if you please to lead, I shall be glad to follow you; and I hope my friend will do so too.

Smi. Sir, I have no business so considerable, as should keep me from your company.

Bayes. Yes, here it is. No, cry you mercy: this is my book of *Drama Common places*; the Mother of many other Plays.

Johns. Drama Common places! pray what's that?

Bayes. Why, Sir, some certain helps, that we men of Art have found it convenient to make use of.

Smi. How, Sir, helps for Wit?

Bayes. I, Sir, that's my position. And I do here averr, That no man yet the Sun e'er shone upon, has parts sufficient to furnish out a Stage, except it were by the help of these my Rules.

Johnſ. What are thoſe Rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my firſt Rule is the Rule of Tranſverſion, or *Regula Duplex*: changing Verſe into Proſe, or Proſe into verſe, *alternative* as you pleaſe.

Smi. Well; but how is this done by a Rule, Sir?

Bayes. Why, thus, Sir; nothing ſo eaſie when underſtood: I take a book in my hand, either at home or elſewhere, for that's all one, if there be any Wit in't, as there is no book but has ſome, I Tranſverſe it; that is, if it be Proſe put it into Verſe, (but that takes up ſome time) and if it be Verſe, put it into Proſe.

Johnſ. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, that putting Verſe into Proſe ſhould be call'd Tranſproſing.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, 'tis a very good Notion, and hereafter it ſhall be ſo.

Smi. Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes. Make it my own. 'tis ſo chang'd that no man can know it. My next Rule is the Rule of Record, by way of Table Book. Pray obſerve.

Johnſ. We hear you Sir: go on.

Bayes. As thus. I come into a Coffee-houſe, or ſome other place where witty men reſort, I make as if I minded nothing; (do you mark?) but as ſoon as any one ſpeaks, pop I ſlap it down, and make that, too, my own,

Johnſ. But, Mr. *Bayes*, are you not ſometimes in danger of their making you reſtore, by force, what you have gotten thus by Art?

Bayes. No, Sir; the world's unmindful: they never take notice of theſe things.

Smi. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, among all your other Rules, have you no one Rule for invention?

Bayes. Yes, Sir; that's my third Rule that I have here in my pocket.

Smi. What Rule can that be, I wonder?

Bayes. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do; but preſently turn over this Book, and there I have, at one view, all that *Perſeus*,

Mon-

Montaigne, Seneca's Tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's lives, and the rest, have ever thought upon this subject: and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the business is done.

Johns. Indeed, Mr. *Bayes*, this is as sure, and compendious a way of Wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sirs, if you make the least scruple of the efficacy of these my Rules, do but come to the Play-house, and you shall judge of 'em by the effects.

Smi. We'l follow you, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter three Players upon the Stage.

1 *Play.* Have you your part perfect?

2 *Play.* Yes, I have it without book; but I don't understand how it is to be spoken.

3 *Play.* And mine is such a one, as I can't guess for my life what humour I'm to be in: whether angry, melancholy, merry, or in love. I don't know what to make on't.

1 *Play.* Phoo! the Author will be here presently, and he'l tell us all. You must know, this is the new way of writing; and these hard things please forty times better then the old plain way. For, look you, Sir, the grand design upon the Stage is to keep the Auditors in suspence; for to guess presently at the plot, and the sence, tires 'em before the end of the first Act: now, here, every line surprises you, and brings in new matter. And, then, for Scenes, Cloaths and Dances we put 'em quiet down, all that ever went before us: and those are the things, you know, that are essential to a Play.

2 *Play.* Well, I am not of thy mind; but, so it gets us money, 'tis no great matter.

Enter Bayes, Johnson *and* Smith.

Bayes. Come, come in Gentlemen. Y'are very welcome Mr.——a——Ha' you your part ready?

1 *Play.* Yes Sir.

Bayes. But do you understand the true humor of it?

1 *Play.* I, Sir, pretty well.

Bayes. And *Amarillis*, how does she do? Does not her Armor become her?

3 *Play.*

3 Play. O, admirably!

Bayes. I'll tell you, now, a pretty conceipt. What do you think I'll make 'em call her anon, in this Play?

Smi. What, I pray?

Bayes. Why, I make 'em call her *Armarillis*, because of her Armor: ha, ha, ha.

Johns. That will be very well, indeed,

Bayes Ay, it's a pretty little rogue; I knew her face would set off Armor extreamly: and, to tell you true, I write that Part only for her. You must know she is my Mistress.

Johns. Then, I know another thing, little *Bayes*, that thou hast had her, I gad.

Bayes. No, I gad, not yet; but I'm sure I shall: for I have talkt bawdy to her already.

Johns. Hast thou, faith? Pr'ythee how was that?

Bayes. Why, Sir, there is, in the French Tongue, a certain Criticism, which, by the variation of the Masculine Adjective instead of the Fœminine, makes a quite different signification of the word: as, for example, *Ma vie* is my life; but if, before *vie* you put *Mon* instead of *Ma*, you make it bawdy.

Johns. Very true.

Bayes. Now, Sir, I, having observ'd this, set a Trap for her, the other day in the Tyring-Room; for this said I, *Adieu bel Esperansa de mavie*; (which I gad, is very pretty) to which she answer'd, I vow, almost as prettily, every jot; for said she, *Songes a mavie Mounsieur*; whereupon I presently snapt this upon her; *Non, non, Madam*— *Songes vous a mon*, by gad, and nam'd the thing directly to her.

Smi. This is one of the richest Stories, Mr. *Bayes*, that ever I I heard of.

Bayes. I, let me alone, I gad, when I get to 'em; I'll nick 'em, I warrant you: But I'm a little nice; for you must know, at this time, I am kept by another woman, in the City.

Smi. How kept? for what?

Bayes. Why, for a *Beau Gerson*: I am, ifackins.

Smi. Nay, then we shall never have done.

Bayes. And the Rogue is so fond of me, Mr. *Johnson*, that I vow to gad, I know not what to do with my self.

Johns.

Johns. Do with thy self! no; I wonder how thou canst make a shift to hold out, at this rate.

Bayes. O Devil, I can toil like a Horse; only, sometimes, it makes me melancholy: and then I vow to gad, for a whole day together, I am not able to say you one good thing if it were to save my life.

Smi. That we do verily believe, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. And that's the only thing, I gad, which mads me, in my Amours; for I'l tell you, as a friend, Mr. *Johnson*, my acquaintances, I hear, begin to give it out that I am dull: now I am the fartheſt from it in the whole World, I gad; but only, forsooth, they think I am so, because I can say nothing.

Johns. Phoo pox, That's ill natur'dly done of 'em.

Bayes. Ay gad, there's no trusting o' these Rogues; but — a —— Come, let's sit down. Look you, Sirs, the chief hinge of this Play, upon which the whole Plot moves and turns, and that causes the variety of all the several accidents, which, you know, are the things in Nature that make up the grand refinement of a Play, is, that I suppose two Kings to be of the same place: as, for example, at *Brentford*; for I love to write familiarly. Now the people having the same relations to 'em both, the same affections, the same duty, the same obedience, and all that; are divided among themselves in point of devoir and interest, how to behave themselves equally between 'em: these Kings differing sometimes in particular; though, in the main, they agree. (I know not whether I make my self well understood,)

Johns. I did not observe you, Sir: pray say that again.

Bayes. Why, look you, Sir, (nay, I beseech you, be a little curious in taking notice of this, or else you'l never understand my notion of the thing) the people being embarrast by their equal tyes to both, and the Soveraigns concern'd in a reciprocal regard, as well to their own interest, as the good of the people; may make a certain kind of a —— you understand me —— upon which, there does arise several disputes, turmoils, heart-burnings, and all that —— In fine, you'l apprehend it better when you see it.

[*Exit, to call the Players.*

Smi.

Smi. I find the Author will be very much oblig'd to the Players, if they can make any sence out of this.

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. Now, Gentlemen, I would fain ask your opinion of one thing. I have made a Prologue and an Epilogue, which may both serve for either: [that is, the Prologue for the Epilogue, or the Epilogue for the Prologue]: (do you mark?) nay, they may both serve too, I gad, for any other Play as well as this.

Smi. Very well. That's, indeed, Artificial.

Bayes. And I would fain ask your judgements, now, which of them would do best for the Prologue? For, you must know there is, in nature, but two ways of making very good Prologues. The one is by civility, by insinuation, good language, and all that, to —— a —— in a manner, steal your plaudit from the courtesie of the Auditors: the other, by making use of some certain personal things, which may keep a hank upon such censuring persons, as cannot otherways, A gad, in nature, be hindred from being too free with their tongues. To which end, my first Prologue is, that I come out in a long black Veil, and a great Huge Hang-man behind me, with a Furr'd-cap, and his Sword drawn; and there tell 'm plainly, That if, out of good nature, they will not like my Play, I gad, I'l e'en kneel down, and he shall cut my head off. Whereupon they all clapping —— a ——

Smi. I, But suppose they don't.

Bayes. Suppose! Sir, you may suppose what you please, I have nothing to do with your suppose, Sir; nor am not at all mortifi'd at it; not at all, Sir; I gad, not one jot, Sir. Suppose quoth a! —— ha, ha, ha. [*Walks away.*

Johns. Phoo! prythee, *Bayes*, don't mind what he says: he is a fellow newly come out of the Country, he knows nothing of what's the relish, here, of the Town.

Bayes. If I writ, Sir, to please the Country, I should have follow'd the old plain way; but I write for some persons of Quality, and peculiar friends of mine, that understand what Flame and Power in writing is: and they do me the right, Sir, to approve of what I do.

Johns.

Johns. I, I, they will clap, I warrant you; never fear it.

Bayes. I'm sure the design's good: that cannot be deny'd And then, for language, I gad, I defie 'em all, in nature, to mend it. Besides, Sir, I have printed above a hundred sheets of papyr, to insinuate the Plot into the Boxes: and, withal, have appointed two or three dozen of my friends, to be ready in the Pit, who, I'm sure, will clap, and so the rest, you know, must follow; and then, pray, Sir, what becomes of your suppose? ha, ha, ha.

Johns. Nay, if the business be so well laid, it cannot miss.

Bayes. I think so, Sir: and therefore would chuse this to be the Prologue. For, if I could engage 'em to clap, before they see the Play, you know 'twould be so much the better; because then they were engag'd: for let a man write never so well, there are, now-a-days, a sort of persons, they call Critiques, that, I gad, have no more wit in them than so many Hobby-horses; but they'll laugh you, Sir, and find fault, and censure things, that, I gad, I'm sure, they are not able to do themselves. A sort of envious persons, that emulate the glories of persons of parts, and think to build their fame, by calumniating of persons, that, I gad, to my knowledge, of all persons in the world are, in nature, the persons that do as much despise all that as —— a — In fine, I'll say no more of 'em.

Johns. Nay, you have said enough of 'em, in all conscience: I'm sure more than they'll e're be able to answer.

Bayes. Why, I'll tell you, Sir, sincerely, and *bona fide*; were it not for the sake of some ingenious persons, and choice female spirits, that have a value for me, I would see 'em all hang'd, I gad, before I would e'er more set pen to papyr; but let 'em live in ignorance like ingrates.

Johns. I marry! that were a way to be reveng'd of 'em indeed: and, if I were in your place, now, I would do so.

Bayes. No, Sir; there are certain tyes upon me, that I cannot be disingag'd from: otherwise, I would. But pray, Sir, how do you like my hangman?

Smi. By my troth, Sir, I should like him very well.

Bayes. But how do you like it Sir? (for, I see, you can judge)

Would you have it for a Prologue, or the Epilogue?

Johns. Faith, Sir, 'tis so good, let it e'en serve for both.

Bayes. No, no; that wont do. Besides I have made another.

Johns. What other, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my other is *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

Johns. That's greater: I'd rather stick to that.

Bayes. Do you think so? I'll tell you then; tho there have been many witty Prologues written of late, yet, I think, you'l say this is a *non pareillo*: I'm sure no body has hit upon it yet. For here, Sir, I make my Prologue to be Dialogue; and as, in my first, you see I strive to oblige the Auditors by civility, by good nature, good language, and all that; so, in this, by the other way, *in Terrorem*, I chuse for the persons *Thunder* and *Lightning*. Do you apprehend the conceipt?

Johns. Phoo, Pox! then you have it cock-sure. They'l be hang'd before they'l dare to affront an Author, that has 'em at that lock.

Bayes. I have made, too, one of the most delicate dainty *Simile's* in the whole world, I gad, if I knew but how to applie it.

Smi. Lets hear it, I pray you.

Bayes. 'Tis an allusion to love,

So Boar and Sow, when any storm is nigh,
Snuff up, and smell it gath'ring in the Sky;
Boar beckons Sow to trot in Chestnut Groves,
And there consummate their unfinish'd Loves:
Pensive in mud they wallow all alone,
And snore and gruntle to each others moan.

How do you like it now, ha?

Johns. Faith, 'tis extraordinary fine: and very applicable to *Thunder* and *Lightning*, methinks, because it speaks of a storm.

Bayes. I gad, and so it does, now I think on't Mr. *Johnson*, I thank you; and I'l put it in *profecto*. Come out, *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

Enter

Enter Thunder *and* Lightning.

Thun. I am the bold *Thunder*.

Bayes. Mr. *Cartwright*, pr'ythee speak that a little louder, and with a hoarse voice. I am the bold *Thunder*! Pshaw! speak it me in a voice that thunders it out indeed: I am the bold *Thunder*.

Thun. I am the bold *Thunder*.

Light. The brisk *Lightning*, I.

Bayes. Nay, you must be quick and nimble. The brisk *Lightning*, I. That's my meaning.

Thun. I am the bravest *Hector* of the Sky.

Light. And I fair *Helen* that made *Hector* die.

Thun. I strike men down.

Light. I fire the Town.

Thun Let the Critiques take heed how they grumble,
For then begin I for to rumble.

Light. Let the Ladies allow us their Graces.
Or I'l blast all the paint on their faces,
And dry up their Peter to Soot.

Thun. Let the Critiques look to't.

Light. Let the Ladies look to't.

Thun. For *Thunder* will do't.

Light. For *Lightning* will shoot.

Thun. I'l give you dash for dash.

Light. I'l give you flash for flash.
Gallants I'l singe your Feather.

Thun. I'l *Thunder* you together.

Both. Look to't, look to't; we'l do't, we'l do't: look to't, we'l do't. [*Twice or thrice repeated.*

[*Exeunt ambo.*

Bayes. There's no more. 'Tis but a flash of a Prologue: a Droll.

Smi. Yes, 'Tis short, indeed; but very terrible.

Bayes. Ay, when the *similes* in, it will do to a Miracle, I gad. Come, come begin the Play.

Enter first Player.

1 *Play.* Sir, Mr. *Ivory* is not come yet; but hee'l be here presently, he's but two doors off.

Bayes. Come then, Gentlemen, let's go out and take a pipe of Tobacco. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Primi.

ACTUS II. SCÆNA I.

Bayes, Johnson *and* Smith.

Bayes. NOw, Sir, because I'll do nothing here that ever was done before, instead of beginning with a Scene that discovers something of the Plot, I begin this Play with a whisper.

Smi. Umph! very new, indeed.

Bayes. Come, take your seats. Begin, Sirs.

Enter Gentleman-Usher and Physician.

Phys. Sir, by your habit, I should ghess you to be the Gentleman-Usher of this sumptuous place.

Ush. And, by your gait and fashion, I should almost suspect you rule the healths of both our noble Kings, under the notion of Physician.

Phys. You hit my Function right.

Ush. And you, mine.

Phys. Then let's embrace.

Ush. Come.

Phys. Come.

Johns. Pray, Sir, who are those so very civil persons?

Bayes. Why, Sir, the Gentleman-Usher, and Physician of the two Kings of *Brentford.*

Johns. But, pray then, how comes it to pass, that they know one another no better?

Bayes.

Bayes. Phoo! that's for the better carrying on of the Plot?

Johns. Very well.

Phys. Sir, to conclude.

Smi. What, before he begins?

Bayes. No, Sir; you must know, they had been talking of this a pretty while without.

Smi. Where? in the Tyring-room?

Bayes. Why ay, Sir. He's so dull! Come, speak again.

Phys. Sir, to conclude, the place you fill, has more than amply exacted the Talents of a wary Pilot, and all these threatning storms, which, like impregnate Clouds, hover o'er our heads, will (when they once are grasp'd but by the eye of reason) melt into fruitful showers of blessings on the people.

Bayes. Pray mark that Allegory. Is not that good?

Johns. Yes; that grasping of a storm, with the eye, is admirable.

Phys. But yet some rumors great are stirring; and if *Lorenzo* should prove false-which none but the great Gods can tell) you then perhaps would find that —— [*Whispers.*

Bayes. Now he whispers.

Vsh. Alone, do you say?

Phys. No; attended with the noble —— [*Whispers.*

Bayes. Again.

Vsh. Who, he in gray?

Phys. Yes; and at the head of —— [*Whispers.*

Bayes. Pray mark.

Vsh. Then, Sir, most certain, 'twill in time appear.
These are the reasons that have mov'd him to't;
First, he —— [*Whispers.*

Bayes. Now the other whispers.

Vsh. Secondly, they — [*Whispers.*

Bayes. at it still.

Vsh. Thirdly, and lastly, both he, and they — [*Whispers.*

Bayes. Now they both whisper. [*Exeunt Whispering.*
Now, Gentlemen, pray tell me true, and without flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a Play?

Johns.

Johns. In troth, I think it is, Sir. But why two Kings of the same place?

Bayes. Why? because it's new; and that's it I aim at. I despise your *Johnson* and *Beaumont*, that borrow'd all they writ from Nature: I am for fetching it purely out of my own fancy, I.

Smi. But what think you, Sir, of Sir *John Suckling*.

Bayes. By gad, I am a better Poet than he.

Smi. Well, Sir, but pray why all this whispering?

Bayes. Why, Sir, (besides that it is new, 'as *I* told you before) because they are suppos'd to be Politicians; and matters of State ought not to be divulg'd.

Smi. But then, Sir, why —

Bayes. Sir, if you'l but respite your curiosity till the end of the fifth Act, you'l find it a piece of patience not ill recompenc'd. [*Goes to the door.*

Johns. How dost thou like this, *Frank*? Is it not just as I told thee?

Smi. Why, I did never, before this, see any thing in Nature, and all that, (as Mr *Bayes* says) so foolish, but I could give some ghess at what mov'd the Fop to do it; but this, I confess, does go beyond my reach.

Johns. It is all a like: Mr. *Wintershul* has inform'd me of this Play already. And I'l tell thee, *Franck*, thou shalt not see one Scene here worth one farthing, or like any thing thou canst imagine has ever been the practice of the World. And then, when he comes to what he calls good language, it is, as I told thee, very fantastical, most abominably dull, and not one word to the purpose.

Smi. It does surprise me, I'm sure, very much.

John. I, but it won't do so long: by that time thou hast seen a Play or two, that I'l shew thee, thou wilt be pretty well acquainted with this new kind of Foppery.

Smi. Pox on't but there's no Pleasure in him: he's too gross a fool to be laugh'd at.

Enter Bayes.

Johns. I'l swear, Mr. *Bayes* you have done this Scene most admi-

admirably; tho, I must tell you, Sir; it is a very difficult matter to pen a Whisper well.

Bayes. I, Gentlemen, when you come to write your selves, O' my word, you'l find it so.

Johns. Have a care of what you say, Mr. *Bayes*, for Mr. *Smith* there; I assure you, has written a great many fine things already.

Bayes. Has he, ifackins? Why then Pray, Sir, how do you do, when you write?

Smi. Faith, Sir, for the most part, I am in pretty good health.

Bayes. I but I mean, what do you do, when you write?

Smi. I take Pen, Ink, and Paper, and Sit down.

Bayes. Now, I write standing; that's one thing: and then, another thing is, with what do you prepare your self?

Smi. Prepare my self! what, the Devil, does the fool mean?

Bayes. Why, I'l tell you, now, what I do. If I am to write familiar things, as Sonnets to *Armida*, and the like, I make use of Stew'd Prunes only; but, when I have a grand design in hand, I ever take Phisic, and let blood: for, when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part. In fine, you must purge the Belly.

Smi. By my troth, Sir, this is a most admirable Receipt, for writing.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis my Secret; and, in good earnest, I think, one of the best I have.

Smi. In good faith, Sir, and that may very well be.

Bayes. May be, Sir? I gad, I'm sure on't: *Experto crede Roberto.* But I must give you this caution by the way, be sure you never take snuff, when you write.

Smi. Why so Sir?

Bayes. Why, it spoil'd me once, I gad, one of the sparkishest Playes in all *England*. But a friend of mine, at *Gresham Colledge*, has promis'd to help me to some spirit of Brains, and, I gad, that shall do my business.

SCÆNA

SCÆNA II.

Enter the two Kings, hand in hand.

Bayes. OH, These now are the two Kings of *Brentford*; take notice of their stile: 'twas never yet upon the Stage; but, if you like it, I could make a shift, perhaps, to shew you a whole Play, writ all just so.

1. *King.* Did you observe their whisper, Brother King?

2. *King.* I did; and heard, besides, a grave bird sing.
That they intend, sweet-heart, to play us pranks.

Bayes. This is now, familiar, because they are both persons of the same Quality.

Smi. 'Sdeath, this would make a man spew.

1. *King.* If that design appears,
I'l lug 'em by the ears
Until I make 'em crack.

2. *King.* And so will I, i'fack.

1. *King.* You must begin, *Monsoy.*

2. *King.* Sweet, Sir, *Pardonnes moy.*

Bayes. Mark that: I makes 'em both speak *French*, to shew their breeding.

Johns. O, 'tis extraordinary fine!

2 *King.* Then, spite of Fate, we'll thus combined stand;
And like true brothers, walk stil hand in hand.

[*Exeunt Reges.*

Johns. This is a very Majestic Scene indeed.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis a crust, a lasting crust for your Rogue Critiques, I gad: I would fain see the proudest of 'em all but dare to nibble at this; I gad, if they do, this shall rub their gums for 'em, I promise you. It was I, you must know, that have written a whole Play just in this very same stile; but it was never Acted yet.

Johns. How so?

I gad

Bayes. I gad, I can hardly tell you, for laughing (ha, ha, ha) it is so pleasant a story: ha, ha, ha.

Smi. What is't?

Bayes. I gad, the Players refus'd to act it, Ha, ha, ha.

Smi. That's impossible.

Bayes. I gad they did it, Sir, point blank refus'd it, I gad, Ha, ha, ha.

Johns. Fie, that was rude.

Bayes. Rude! Ay, I gad, they are the rudest, uncivilest persons, and all that, in the whole world, I gad: I gad, there's no living with 'em, I have written, Mr. *Johnson*, I do verily believe, a whole cart-load of things, every whit as good as this, and yet, I vow to gad, these insolent Raskals have turned 'em all back upon my hands again.

Johns. Strange fellows indeed!

Smi. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, how came these two Kings to know of this whisper? for, as I remember, they were not present at it.

Bayes. No, but that's the Actors fault, and not mine; for the two Kings should (a pox take 'em) have pop'd both their heads in at the door, just as the other went off.

Smi. That, indeed, would ha' done it.

Bayes. Done it! Ay, I gad, these fellows are able to spoil the best things in Christendome. I'll tell you, Mr. *Johnson*, I vow to gad I have been so highly disoblig'd by the peremptorines of these fellows, that I'm resolv'd hereafter, to bend my thoughts wholly for the service of the *Nursery*, and mump your proud Players, I gad. So; now Prince Pretty-man comes in, and falls a sleep, making love to his Mistress, which, you know, was a grand Intrigue in a late Play, written by a very honest Gentleman: a Knight.

SCÆNA III.

Enter Prince Pretty-man

Pret. HOw ſtrange a captive am I grown of late!
Shall I accuſe my Love, or blame my Fate?
My Love, I cannot; that is too Divine:
And, againſt Fate, what mortal dares repine?

Enter Cloris.

But here ſhe comes.
Sure 'tis ſome blazing Comet is it not? [*Lyes down.*

Bayes. Blazing Comet! mark that, I gad, very fine!

Pret. But I am ſo ſurpris'd with ſleep, I cannot ſpeak the reſt. [*ſleeps.*

Bayes. Does not that, now, ſurpriſe you, to fall a ſleep in the nick? His ſpirits exhale with the heat of his paſſion, and all that, and ſwop falls a ſleep, as you ſee. Now, here, ſhe muſt make a *ſimile*.

Smi. Where's the neceſſity of that Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. Becauſe ſhe's ſurpris'd. That's a general Rule, you muſt ever make a *ſimile*, when you are ſurpris'd; 'tis the new way of writing.

Cloris. As ſome tall Pine, which we, on *Ætna*, find
T' have ſtood the rage of many a boiſt'rous wind,
Feeling without, that flames within do play,
Which would conſume his Root and Sap away;
He ſpreads his woorſted Arms unto the Skies,
Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies:
So, ſhrowded up, your bright eye diſappears.
Break forth, bright ſcorching Sun, and dry my tears
[*Exit.*

Johnſ. Mr. *Bayes*, Methinks, this *ſimile* wants a little application too.

Bayes. No, faith; for it alludes to paſſion, to conſuming, to dying, and all that; which, you know, are the natural effects of an Amour. But I'm afraid, this Scene has made you

you sad; for, I must confess, when I writ it, I wept my self.

Smi. No, truly, Sir, my spirits are almost exhal'd to, and I am likelier to fall a sleep.

Prince Pretty-man *starts up, and says* ——

Pret. It is resolv'd. [*Exit.*

Bayes. That's all.

Smi. Mr. *Bayes*, may one be so bold as to ask you a question, now, and you not be angry?

Bayes. O Lord, Sir, you may ask me any thing; what you please, I vow to gad, you do me a great deal of honour: you do not know me, if you say that, Sir.

Smi. Then, pray, Sir, what is it that this Prince here has resolv'd in his sleep.

Bayes. Why, I must confess, that question is well enough ask'd, for one that is not acquainted with this new way of writing. But you must know, Sir, that, to out-do all my fellow-Writers, whereas they keep their *Intrigo* secret, till the very last Scene before the Dance; I now, Sir, (do you mark me) — a —

Smi. Begin the Play, and end it, without ever opening the Plot at all?

Bayes. I do so, that's the very plain troth on't; ha, ha, ha; I do, I gad. If they cannot find it out themselves, e'en let 'em alone for *Bayes*, I warrant you. But here, now, is a Scene of business: pray observe it; for I dare say you'l think it no unwise discourse this, nor ill argu'd. To tell you true, 'tis a Discourse I over-heard once betwixt two grand, sober, governing persons.

SCÆNA IV.

Enter Gentleman-Usher and Physician,

Ush. COme, Sir; let's state the matter of Fact, and lay our heads together.

Phys. Right: lay our heads together. I love to be merry sometimes; but when a knotty point comes I lay my head close to it, with a snuff box in my hand, and then I fegue it away, i'faith.

Bayes. I do just so, I gad, alwayes.

Vsh. The grand question is, whether they heard us whisper? which I divide thus.

Phys. Yes, it must be divided so indeed.

Smi. That's very complaisant, I swear, Mr. *Bayes*, to be of another man's opinion, before he knowes what it is.

Bayes Nay, I bring in none, here, but wel-bred persons, I assure you.

Vsh. I divided the question into when they heard, what they heard, and whether they heard or no.

Johns. Most admirably divided, I swear!

Vsh. As to the when; you say, just now: So that is answer'd. Then, as for what; why, what answers it self: for what could they hear, but what we talk'd of? So that, naturally, and of necessity, we come to the last question, *Videlicet*, whether they heard or no.

Smi. This is a very wise Scene, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. Ay, you have it right: they are both Politicians.

Vsh. Pray then to proceed in method, let me ask you that question.

Phys. No, you'l answer better, pray let me ask it you.

Vsh. Your will must be a Law.

Phys. Come then, what is it I must ask?

Smi. This Politician, I perceive, Mr. *Bayes*, has somewhat a short memory.

Bayes. Why, Sir, you must know, that t'other is the main Politician, and this is but his pupil.

Vsh. You must ask me whether they heard us whisper.

Phy. Well, I do so.

Vsh. Say it then.

Smi. Hey day! here's the bravest work that ever I saw.

Johns. This is mighty methodical!

Bayes. Ay, Sir; that's the way: 'tis the way of Art; there is no other way, I gad, in business.

Phys. Did they here us whisper?

Vsh. Why, truly, I can't tell; there's much to be said upon the word Whisper: to whisper, in Latin is *Susurrare*, which is as much as to say, to speak softly; now, if they heard us speak

soft'y

softly, they heard us whisper: but then comes in the *Quomodo*, the how; how did they hear us whisper? Why, as to that, there are two wayes; the one, by chance, or accident: the other, on purpose; that is, with design to hear us whisper.

Phys. Nay, if they heard us that way, I'll never give 'em Physic more.

Ush. Nor I e'er more will walk abroad before 'em.

Bayes pray mark this; for a great deal depend upon it, towards the latter end of the Play.

Smi. I suppose, that's the reason why you brought in this Scene Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. Partly, it was, Sir; but, I confess, I was not unwilling, besides, to shew the world a pattern, here, how men should talk of business.

Johns. You have done it exceeding well indeed.

Bayes. Yes, I think, this will do.

Phys. Well, if they heard us whisper, they'l turn us out, and no body else will take us.

Smi. Not for Politicians, I dare answer for it.

Phys. Let's then no more our selves in vain bemoan;
We are not safe until we them unthrone,

Ush. 'Tis right:
And, since occasion now seems debonair,
I'l seize on this, and you shall take that Chair.

They draw their Swords, and sit down in the two great Chairs upon the Stage.

Bayes. There's now an odd surprize; the whole State's turn'd quite topsie-turvy, without any puther or stir in the whole world, I gad.

Johns. A very silent change of a Government, truly, as ever I heard of.

Bayes. It is so. And yet you shall see me bring 'em in again, by and by, in as odd a way every jot.

The Usurpers march out flourishing their Swords.

Enter Shirly.

Shir. Hey ho, hey ho: what a change is here! Hey day, hey day! I know not what to do, nor what to say. [*Exit.*

Johns.

Johnſ. Mr. *Bayes*, in my opinion, now, that Gentleman might have ſaid a little more, upon this occaſion.

Bayes. No, Sir, not at all; for I under writ his Part, on purpoſe to ſet off the reſt.

Johnſ. Cry you mercy, Sir.

Smi. But, pray, Sir, how came they to depoſe the Kings ſo eaſily?

Bayes. Why, Sir, you muſt know, they long had a deſign to do it before; but never could put it in practice till now: and, to tell you true, that's one reaſon why I made 'em whiſper ſo at firſt.

Smi. O very well: now I'm fully ſatisfi'd.

Bayes. And then to ſhew you, Sir, it was not done ſo very eaſily neither; in this next Scene you ſhall ſee ſome fighting.

Smi. O, ho: ſo then you make the ſtruggle to be after the buſineſs is done?

Bayes. Aye.

Smi. O, I conceive you: that, I ſwear, is very natural.

SCÆNA V.

Enter four men at one door, and four at another, with their Swords drawn.

1 *Soldier.* STand. Who goes there?

2. *Sol.* A Friend.

1 *Sol.* What Friend?

2 *Sol.* A Friend to the Houſe.

2 *Sol.* Fall on. [*They all kill one another. Muſic ſtrikes.*

Bayes. Hold, hold. [*To the Muſic. It ceaſeth.*
Now here's an odd ſurprize: all theſe dead men you ſhall ſee riſe up preſently, at a certain Note that I have made, in *Effaut flat*, and fall a Dancing. Do you hear, dead men? remember your note in *Effaut flat*. Play on. [*To the Muſic.*
Now, now, now. | *The muſic play his Note, and the dead men*
O Lord, O Lord! | *riſe; but cannot get in order.*
Out, out, out! Did ever men ſpoil a good thing ſo? no figure, no ear, no time, no thing? Udzookers, you dance worſe than the

he Angels in *Harry* the Eight, or the fat Spirits in *The Tempest*, I gad.

1. *Sol.* Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to do any thing in time, to this Tune.

Bayes. O Lord, O Lord! impossible? why, Gentlemen, if there be any faith in a person that's a Christian, I sate up two whole nights in composing this Air, and apting it for the business: for, if you observe, there are two several Designs in this Tune; it begins swift, and ends slow. You talk of time, and time; you shall see me do't. Look you now. Here I am dead. [*Lies down flat on his face.* Now mark my Note *Effaut flat.* Strike up Music. Now. [*As he rises up hastily, he falls down again.* Ah, gadsookers, I have broke my Nose.

Johns. By my troth, Mr. *Bayes*, this is a very unfortunate Note of yours, in *Effaut*.

Bayes. A plague of this damn'd Stage, with your nails, and your tenter-hooks, that a Gentleman cannot come to teach you to Act, but he must break his nose, and his face, and the devil and all. Pray, Sir, can you help me to a wet piece of brown paper?

Smi. No indeed, Sir; I don't usually carry any about me.

2 *Sol.* Sir, I'l go get you some within presently.

Bayes. Go, go then; I follow you. Pray dance out the dance and I'l be with you in a moment. Remember you dance like Horsmen. [*Exit* Bayes.

Smi. Like Horsemen! what, a plague, can that be?

They dance the Dance, but can make nothing of it.

1 *Sol.* A Devil! let's try this no longer: play my Dance that Mr. *Bayes* found fault with so. [*Dance & exeunt.*

Smi. What can this fool be doing all this while about his Nose?

Johns. Pr'y the lets go see. [*exeunt.*

Finis Actus secundi.

ACTUS.

ACTUS III. SCÆNA I.

Bayes *with a Papyr on his Nose, and the two Gentlemen.*

Bayes. NOw, Sirs, this I do, becaúse my Fancy, in this Play, is to end every Act with a Dance.

Smi. Faith, that Fancy is very good, but I should hardly have broke my Nose for it, tho.

Johns. That Fancy, I suppose, is new too.

Bayes. Sir, all my Fancies are so. I tread upon no mans heels: but make my flight upon my own wings, I assure you. Now, here comes in a Scene of sheer Wit, without any mixture in the whole World, I gad, between Prince Pretty-man and his Taylor: it might properly enough becall'd a prize of Wit; for you shall see 'em come in upon one another snip snap, hit for hit, as fast as can be. First one speaks, then presently t'others upon him, slap, with a Repartee; then he at him again, dash with a new conceipt: and so eternally, eternally, I gad, till they go quite off the Stage.

Goes to call the Players.

Smi. What a plague, does this Fop mean by his snip snap, hit for hit, and dash?

Johns. Mean! why, he never meant any thing in's life: what dost talk of meaning for?

Enter Bayes.

Bayes Why don't you come in?

Enter Prince Pretty man *and* Tom Thimble.

This Scene will make you dye with laughing, if it be well Acted; for 'tis as full of Drollery as ever it can hold: 'tis like an Orange stuff'd with Cloves, as for conceit.

Pret. But pr'ythee, *Tom Thimble*, why wilt thou needs mar-

marry? If nine Taylors make but one man; and one woman cannot be satisfied with nine men: what work art thou cutting out here for thy self, trow?

Bayes. Good.

Thim. Why, an't please your Highness, if I can't make up all the work I cut out, I shan't want Journey-men enough to help me, I warrant you.

Bayes. Good again.

Pret. I am afraid thy Journey-men, tho, *Tom*, wont work by the day, but by the night.

Bayes. Good still.

Thim. However if my wife sits but cross-leg'd, as I do, there will be no great danger: not half so much as when I trusted you, Sir, for your Coronation-suit.

Bayes. Very good, i'faith.

Pret. Why, the times then liv'd upon trust; it was the fashion. You would not be out of time, at such a time as that, sure: a Taylor, you know, must never be out of fashion.

Bayes. Right.

Thim. I'm sure, Sir, I made your Cloaths, in the Court-fashion, for you never paid me yet.

Bayes. There's a bob for the Court!

Pret. Why, *Tom*, thou art a sharp rogue when thou art angry, I see: thou pay'st me now, methinks.

Bayes. There's pay, upon pay! as good as ever was written, I gad!

Thim. I, Sir, in your own coyn: you give me nothing but words.

Bayes. Admirable, before gad!

Pret. Well, *Tom*, I hope shortly I shall have another coyn for thee; for now the Wars are coming on, I shall grow to be a man of mettal.

Bayes. O, you did not do that half enough.

Johns. Methinks he does it admirably.

Bayes. I, pretty well; but he does not hit me in't: he does not top his part.

Thim. That's the way to be stamp'd your self, Sir. I shall

see you come home, like an Angel for the Kings-Evil, with a hole bor'd through you. [*Exeunt.*

Bayes. Ha, there he has hit it up to the hilts, I gad! How do you like it now, Gentlemen? Is not this pure Wit?

Smi. 'Tis snip snap, Sir, as you say; but, methinks, not pleasant, nor to the purpose, for the Play does not go on.

Bayes. Play does not go on? I don't know what you mean: why, is not this part of the Play?

Smi. Yes, but the Plot stands still.

Bayes. Plot stand still! why, what a Devil is the Plot good for, but to bring in fine things?

Smi. O, I did not know that before.

Bayes. No, I think you did not: nor many things more, that I am Master of. Now, Sir, I gad, this is the bane of all us Writers: let us soar but never so little above the common pitch, I gad, all's spoil'd; for the vulgar never understand it, they can never conceive you, Sir, the excellency of these things.

Johns. 'Tis a sad fate, I must confess: but you write on still; for all that?

Bayes. Write on? I, I gad, I warrant you. 'Tis not their talk shall stop me: if they catch me at that lock, I'll give 'em leave to hang me. As long as I know my things are good, what care I, what they say? What, are they gone, without singing my last new Song? 'Sbud, would it were in their Bellies. I'll tell you, Mr. *Johnson*, if I have any skill in these matters, I vow to gad, this Song is peremtorily the very best that ever yet was written: you must know, it was made by *Tom Thimble's* first wife after she was dead.

Smi. How, Sir? after she was dead?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, after she was dead. Why, what have you to say to that?

Johns. Say? Why, nothing: he were a ~~that Devil~~ Rat had any thing to say to that?

Bayes. Right.

Smi. How did she come to dye, pray Sir?

Bayes. Phoo! that's no matter; by a fall: but here's the conceit, that upon his knowing she was kill'd by an accident, he

suppose,

supposes, with a Sigh, that she dy'd for love of him.

Johns. I, I, that's well enough: let's hear it, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. 'Tis to the Tune of Farewel, fair *Armida*, on Seas, and in battels, in Bullets, and all that.

SONG.

In swords, Pikes, and Bullets, 'tis safer to be,
Than in a Strong Castle, remoted from thee:
My deaths-bruise pray think you gave me, tho a fall
Did give it me more, from the top of a wall;
For then if the Moat on her mud would first lay,
And after before you my body convey:
The blew on my brest when you happen to see,
You'l say, with a Sigh, there's a True blew for me.

Ha, Rogues! when I am merry, I write these things as fast as hops, I gad; for, you must know, I am as pleasant a Debauchtee, as ever you saw: I am i faith.

Smi. But Mr. *Bayes*, how comes this song in here? for, methinks, there is no great occasion for it.

Bayes. Alack, Sir, you know nothing: you must ever interlard your Playes with Songs, Ghosts, and Dances, if you mean to — a —

Johns. Pit, Box, and Gallery, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. I gad, and you have nick'd it. Hark you, Mr. *Johnson*, you know I don't flatter, a gad, you have a great deal of Wit.

Johns. O Lord, Sir, you do me too much honour.

Bayes. Nay, nay, come, come, Mr. *Johnson*, I faith this must not be said, amongst us that have it. I know you have wit by the judgment you make of this Play; for that's the measure I go by: my Play is my Touchstone. When a man tells me such a one is a person of parts; is he so, say I? what do I do, but bring him presently to see this Play: If he likes it, I know what to think of him; if not, your most humble Servant, Sir, I'l no more of him upon my word, I thank you. I am *Clara voyant*, I gad. Now here we go on to our business.

SCÆNA II.

Enter the two Usurpers, hand in hand.

Usb. BUt what's become of *Volscius* the great?
His presence has not grac'd our Courts of late.
Phys. I fear some ill, from emulation sprung,
Has from us that Illustrious *Hero* wrung.
Bayes. Is not that Majestical?
Smi. Yes, but who a Devil is that *Volscius*?
Bayes. Why, that's a Prince I make in love with *Parthenope.*
Smi. I thank you Sir.

Enter Cordelio.

Cor. My Lieges, news from *Volscius* the Prince.
Usb. His news is welcome, whatsoe'er it be.
Smi. How, Sir, do you mean whether it be good or bad.
Bayes. Nay, pray, Sir, have a little patience: Godsookers you'l spoil all my Play. Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to answer every impertinent question you ask.
Smi. Cry you mercy, Sir.
Cor. His Highness Sirs, commanded me to tell you,
That the fair person whom you both do know,
Despairing of forgiveness for her fault,
In a deep sorrow, twice she did attemt
Upon her precious life; but by the care
Of Standersby prevented was.
Smi. 'Sheart, what stuff's here!
Cor. At last.
Volscius the great this dire resolve embrac'd:
His servants he into the Countrey sent,
And he himself to *Peccadille* went.
Where he's inform'd, by Letters that she's dead.
Usb. Dead! is that possible? Dead!
Phys. O ye Gods! [*Exeunt.*
Bayes. There's a smart expression of a passion; O ye Gods!

That's

That's one of my bold strokes, I gad.

Smi. Yes; but who is the fair person that's dead?

Bayes. That you shall know anon Sir.

Smi. Nay; if we know it at all, 'tis well enough:

Bayes. Perhaps you may find too, by and by, for all this that she's not dead neither.

Smi. Marry, that's good news indeed: I am glad of that with all my heart.

Bayes. Now here's the man brought in that is suppos'd to have kill'd her. [*a great shout within.*

SCÆNA III.

Enter Amarillis *with a Book in her hand, and Attendants.*

Ama. What shout triumphant's that?

Enter a Souldier.

Sol. Shie maid, upon the River brink, near *Twick'nam* Town, the false Assassinate is tane.

Ama. Thanks to the Powers above, for this deliverance. I hope its slow beginning will portend.
A forward *Exit* to all future end.

Bayes. Pish, there you are out; to all Future end? No, no; to all future End: you must lay the accent upon end, ore lse you lose the conceipt.

Smi. I see you are very perfect in these matters.

Bayes. I, Sir; I have been long enough at it, one would think, to know some thing.

Enter Souldiers dragging in an old Fisher-man.

Ama. Villain, what Monster did corrupt thy mind
T'attaque the noblest soul of humane kind?
Tell me who set thee on.

Fish. Prince *Pretty-man.*

Ama. To kill whom?

Fish. Prince *Pretty-man.*

Ama. What, did Prince *Pretty-man* hire you to kill Prince *Pretty man*?

Fish.

Fish. No; Prince *Volscius.*

Ama. To kill whom?

Fish. Prince *Volscius*,

Ama. What did Prince *Volscius* hire you to kill Prince *Volscius*?

Fish. No; Prince *Pretty-man.*

Ama. So drag him hence,

Till torture of the Rack produce his Sense. [*Exeunt.*

Bayes. Mark how I make the horrour of his guilt confound his intellects; for he's out at one and t'other: and that's the design of this Scene.

Smi. I see, Sir, you have a several design for every Scene.

Bayes. I, that's my way of writing; and so Sir, I can dispatch you a whole Play, before another man, I gad, can make an end of his Plot.

SCÆNA IV.

SO now enter Prince *Pretty-man* in a rage. Where the Devil is he? Why *Pretty-man?* why when, I say? O fie, fie, fie, fie! all's marr'd, I vow to gad, quite marr'd.

Enter Pretty-man.

Phoo, pox! you are come to late, Sir, now you may go out again, if you please. I vow to gad, Mr. ——a—— I would not give a button for my Play, now you have done this.

Pret. What Sir?

Bayes. What Sir! 'Slife, Sir, you should have come out in choler, rous upon the Stage, just as the other went off. Must a man be eternally telling you of these things?

Johns. Sure this must be some very notable matter that he's so angry at.

Smi. I am not of your opinion.

Bayes. Pish! come, let's hear your part, Sir,

Pret. Bring in my Father; why d'ye keep him from me?

Altho a Fisherman, he is my Father,

Was ever Son, yet brought to this distress,

To

To be, for being a Son, made fatherless?
Ah, you just Gods, rob me not of a Father:
The being of a Son take from me rather. [Exit.

Smi. Well, *Ned*, what think you now?

Johns. A Devil this is worst of all. Mr. *Bayes*, pray what's the meaning of this Scene?

Bayes. O, cry you mercy, Sir: I purtest I had forgot to tell you. Why, Sir, you must know, that long before the beginning of this Play, this Prince was taken by a Fisherman.

Smi. How, Sir, taken Prisoner?

Bayes. Taken Prisoner! O Lord, what a question's there! did ever any man ask such a question? Godsookers, he has put the Plot quite out of my head, with this damn'd question. What was I going to say?

Johns. Nay, the Lord knows: I cannot imagine.

Bayes. Stay, let me see; taken: O 'tis true. Why, Sir, as I was going to say, his Highness here, the Prince, was taken in a Cradle by a Fisherman, and brought up as his Child.

Smi. Indeed?

Bayes. Nay, pr'ythe hold thy peace. And so, Sir, this murder being committed by the River-side, the Fisherman, upon suspition, was seiz'd; and there upon the Prince grew angry.

Smi. So, so; now 'tis very plain.

Johns. But Mr. *Bayes*, is not this some disparagement to a Prince, to pass for a Fishermans Son? Have a care of that I pray.

Bayes. No, no; not at all; for 'tis but for a while: I shall fetch him off again, presently, you shall see.

Enter Pretty-man *and* Thimble.

Pret. By all the Gods, I'l set the world on fire
Rather than let 'em ravish hence my Sire.

Thim. Brave *Pretty-man*, it is at length reveal'd,
That he is not thy Sire who thee conceal'd.

Bayes. Lo you now; there he's off again.

Johns. Admirably done i'faith.

Bayes. Ay, now the Plot thickens very much upon us.

Pret.

Pret. What Oracle this darkness can evince?
Sometimes a Fishers Son, sometimes a Prince,
It is a secret, great as is the world;
In which, I like the Soul, am tos'd and hurl'd.
The blackest Ink of Fate, sure, was my Lot,
And, when she writ my Name, she made a blot.

[*Exit.*

Bayes. There's a blust'ring verse for you now.

Smi. Yes, Sir; but why is he so mightily troubled to find he is not a Fishermans Son?

Bayes. Phoo! that is not because he has a mind to be his Son, but for fear he should be thought to be no bodies Son at all.

Smi. Nay, that would trouble a man, indeed.

Bayes. So let me see.

SCÆNA V.

Enter Prince Volscius, *going out of Town.* [*Reads.*

Smi. I Thought he had been gone to *Peccadille.*

Bayes. Yes he gave it out so; but that was only to cover his design,

Johns. What design?

Bayes. Why, to head the Army, that lies conceal'd for him in *Knights-bridge.*

Johns. I see here's a great deal of Plot, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. Yes, now it begins to break; but we shall have a world of more business anon.

Enter Prince Volscius, Cloris, Amarillis, *and* Harry *with a Riding-Cloak and* Boots.

Ama. Sir, you are cruel, thus to leave the Town,
And to retire to Country solitude.

Clo. We hop'd this Summer that we should at least
Have held the honour of your Company.

Bayes. Held the honour of your Company! prettily exprest! Held the honour of your Company! Godsookers, these fellows will never take notice of any thing. *Johns.*

Johns. I assure you Sir, I admire it extreamly: I don't know what he does.

Bayes. I, I, he's a little envious; but 'tis no great matter. Come.

Ama. Pray let us two this single boon obtain,
That you will here, with poor us, still remain.
Before your Horses come pronounce our fate,
For then, alas! I fear, 'twill be too late,

Bayes. Sad!

Volf. *Harry*, my Boots; for I'l go rage among
My Blades encamp'd, and quit this *Urban* throng.

Smi. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, is not this a little difficult, that you were saying e'en now, to keep an army thus conceal'd in *Knights-bridge*.

Bayes. In *Knights-bridge*? stay.

Johns. No, not if the Inn-keepers be his friends.

Bayes. His Friends! Ay, Sir, his intimate acquaintance; or else, indeed, I grant it could not be.

Smi. Yes, faith, so it might be very easie.

Bayes. Nay, If I do not make all things easie, I gad, I'l give you leave to hang me. Now you would think that he is going out of Town; but you shall see how prettily I have contriv'd to stop him, presently.

Smi. By my troth, Sir, you have so amaz'd me, that I know not what to think.

Enter Parthenope.

Volf. Bless me! how frail are all my best resolves!
How, in a moment, is my purpose chang'd!
Too soon I thought my selfe secure from Love,
Fair, Madam, give me leave to ask her name
Who does so gently rob me of my fame?
For I should meet the Army out of town,
And, if I fail, must hazard my renown.

Par. My Mother, Sir, sells Ale by the Town-walls,
And me, her dear *Parthenope* she calls.

Bayes. Now that's the *Parthenope*, I told you of.

Johns. I, I: I gad you are very right.

Volf. Can vulgar vestments high-born beauty shroud?
Thou bring'st the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud,

Bayes. The Morning pictur'd in a Cloud! A, Gadsookers, what a conceipt is there!

Par. Give you good Ev'n, Sir. [*Exit.*

Volf. O inauspicious Stars! that I was born
To sudden love, and to more sudden scorn!

Ama. } How! Prince *Volscius* in love? Ha, ha, ha.
Clor. } [*Exeunt laughing.*

Smi. Sure, Mr. *Bayes*, we have lost some jest here, that they laugh at so.

Bayes. Why, did you not observe? He first resolves to go out of Town, and then, as he is pulling on his Boots falls in love with her. Ha, ha, ha.

Smi. Well, and where lyes the jest of that?

Bayes Ha? [*Turns to Johnson.*

Johns. Why; In the Boots: where should the jest lie?

Bayes. I Gad, you are in the right: it does [*Turns to Smith*
Lie in the Boots – Your friend, and I know where a good jest lies, tho you don't, Sir.

Smi. Much good do't you, Sir.

Bayes. Here, now, Mr. *Johnson*, you shall see a combat betwixt Love and Honour. An ancient Author has made a whole Play on't; but I have dispatch'd it all in this Scene.

Volscius *sits down to pull on his* Boots: Bayes *Stands by and over acts the Part as he speaks it.*

Volf. How has my passion Made me *Cupid's* scoff!
This hasty Boot is on, the other off,
And sullen lies, with amorous design
To quit loud fame, and make that Beauty mine.

Smi. Pr'ythee mark what pains Mr. *Bayes* takes to Act this speech himself!

Johns. Yes, the fool, I see, is mightily transported with it

Volf. My Legs, the Emblem of my various thought,
Shew to what sad distraction I am brought.
Sometimes with stubborn Honour, like this Boot,
My

My mind is guarded, and resolv'd: to do't:
Sometimes, again, that very mind, by Love
Disarmed, like this other Leg does prove.
Shall I to Honour or to Love give way?
Go on, cries Honour; tender Love saies, nay:
Honour, aloud, commands, pluck both Boots on;
But softer Love does whisper put on none.
What shall I do? what conduct shall I find
To lead me through this twy-light of my mind?
For as bright Day with black approach of Night
Contending, makes a doubtful puzling light;
So does my Honour and my Love together
Puzzle me so, I can resolve for neither, [*Goes out hopping with one Boot on, and the other off.*

Johns. By my troth, Sir, this is as difficult a Combat as ever I saw, and as equal; for 'tis determin'd on neither side.

Bayes. Ay, is't not now I gad, ha? For, to go off hip hop, hip hop, upon this occasion, is a thousand times better than any conclusion in the world, I gad.

Johns. Indeed, Mr. *Bayes*, that hip hop, in this place as you say, does a very great deal.

Bayes. O, all in all Sir; they are these little things that mar, or set you off a Play: as I remember once, in a Play of mine, I set off a Scene I gad, beyond expectation, only with a Petticoat, and the Belly ake.

Smi. Pray, how was that, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, I contriv'd a Petticoat to be brought in upon a Chair, (no body knew how) into a Prince's Chamber, whose Father was not to see it, that came in by chance.

Johns. God's my life, that was a notable Contrivance indeed.

Smi. I but, Mr. *Bayes*, how could you contrive the Belly-ake?

Bayes. The easiest ith' World, I Gad: I'l tell you how, I made the Prince sit down upon the Petticoat, no more than so, and pretended to his Father that he had just then got the Belly-ake; whereupon, his Father went out to call a Physician, and

his man ran away with the Petticoat.

Smi. Well and what follow'd upon that?

Bayes. Nothing, no Earthly thing, I vow to Gad.

Johns. O, my word, Mr. *Bayes*, there you hit it.

Bayes. Yes It gave a world of content. And then I paid 'em away besides, for I made 'em all talk baudy; ha, ha, ha: beastly, downright baudry upon the Stage, I gad; ha, ha, ha; but with an infinite deal of wit, that I must say.

Johns. That, I that, we know well enough, can never fail you.

Bayes. No, I Gad can't it come bring in the Dance [*Exit. to call 'em.*

Smi. Now, the Devil take thee for a silly, confident, unnatural, fulsom Rogue.

Enter Bayes *and* Players.

Bayes. Pray Dance well, before these Gentlemen: you are commonly so lazy; but you should be light and easie, tah, tah, tah.

All the while they Dance, Bayes *puts 'em out with teaching 'em.*

Well Gentlemen, you'l see this Dance, if I am not deceiv'd, take very well upon the Stage, when they are perfect in their motions, and all that.

Smi. I don't know how 'twill take, Sir; but I am sure you sweat hard for't.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, it costs me more pains and trouble, to do these things, than almost the things are worth.

Smi. By my troth, I think so, Sir,

Bayes. Not for the things themselves, for I could write you, Sir, forty of 'em in a day; but, I gad, these Players are such dull persons, that, if a man be not by 'em upon every point, and at every turn, I gad, they'l mistake you, Sir, and spoil all.

Enter a Player.

What, is the Funeral ready?

Play. Yes, Sir.

Bayes. And is the Lance fill'd with Wine?

Play. Sir, 'tis just now a doing.

Bayes.

Bayes. Stay then, I'l do it my self.

Smi. Come, let's go with him.

Bayes. A Match. But Mr. *Johnson*, I gad, I am not like other persons; they care not what becomes of their things, so they can but get mony for 'em, now, I gad, when I write, if it be not just as it should be in every circumstance, to every particular, I gad; I am no more able to endure it, I am not my self, I'm out of my wits, and all that, I'm the strangest person in the whole world. For what care I for mony? I write for Reputation. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus tertii.

ACTUS IV. SCÆNA I.

Bayes, *and the two Gentlemen.*

Bayes. GEntlemen, because I would not have any two things alike in this Play, the last Act beginning with a witty Scene of Mirth, I make this to begin with a Funeral.

Smi. And is that all your reason for it, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. No, Sir, I have a Precedent for it besides. A person of Honour, and a *Scholar*, brought in his Funeral just so: and he was one (let me tell you) that knew as well what belong'd to a Funeral, as any man in *England*, I gad.

Johns. Nay if that be so, you are safe.

Bayes. I gad, but I have another device, a frolick, which I think yet better than all this; not for the Plot or Characters, (for in my heroic Plays, I make no difference, as to those matters) but for another contrivance.

Smi. what is that, I pray?

Bayes. Why, I have design'd a Conquest, that Cannot possibly, I gad, be acted in less than a whole week: and I'l speak a bold

bold word, it ſhall Drum, Trumpet, Shout, and Battle, I gad with any the moſt warlike Tragœdy we have, either ancient or modern.

Johnſ. I, marry, Sir, there you ſay ſomething.

Smi. And pray, Sir, how have you order'd this ſame frolic of yours?

Bayes. Faith, Sir, by the Rule of Romance. For example: they divided their things into three, four, five, ſix, ſeven, eight, or as many Tomes as they pleaſe: now, I would very fain know what ſhould hinder me, from doing the ſame with my things, if I pleaſe?

Johnſ. Nay, if you ſhould not be Maſter of your own works, 'tis very hard.

Bayes. That is my ſence. And then, Sir, this contrivance of mine has ſomething of the reaſon of a Play in it too; for as every one makes you five Acts to one Play, what do me I, but make five Playes to one Plot: by which means the Auditors have every day a new thing.

Johnſ. Moſt admirably good, i'faith! and muſt certainly take, becauſe it is not tedious.

Bayes. I, Sir, I know that, there's the main point. And then, upon *Saturday*, to make a cloſe of all, (for I ever begin upon a *Monday*) I make you, Sir, a ſixth Play, that ſums up the whole matter to 'em, and all that, for fear they ſhould have forgot it.

Johnſ. That conſideration, Mr. *Bayes*, indeed, I think, will be very neceſſary.

Smi. And when comes in your ſhare, pray Sir?

Bayes. The third week.

Johnſ. I vow you'l get a world of money.

Bayes. Why, faith, a man muſt live: and if you don't, thus, pitch upon ſome new device, I gad, you'l never do it, for this Age (take it o'my word) is ſomewhat hard to pleaſe. But There's one pretty odd paſſage, in the laſt of theſe Plays which may be executed two ſeveral ways, wherein I'd have your opinion, Gentlemen.

Johnſ. What is't, Sir?

Bayes.

Bayes. Why, Sir, I make a Male person to be in Love with a Female.

Smi. Do you mean that, Mr. *Bayes*, for a new thing?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, as I have order'd it. You shall here. He having passionately lov'd her through my five whole Playes, finding at last that she consents to his love, just after that his Mother had appear'd to him like a Ghost, he kills himself. That's one way. The other is that she coming at last to love him, with as violent a passion as he lov'd her, she kills her self. Now my question is, which of these two persons should suffer upon this occasion?

Johns. By my troth, it is a very hard case to decide.

Bayes. The hardest in the World, I gad, and has puzled this pate very much. What say you Mr. *Smith*?

Smi. Why truly Mr. *Bayes*, if it might stand with your justice now, I would spare 'em both.

Bayes. I gad, and I think —— ha —— why then, I'l make him hinder her from killing her selfe. Ay, it shall be so. Come, come, bring in the Funeral.

Enter a Funeral, with the two Usurpers and Attendants.

Lay it down there; no, no, here, Sir. So now speak.

K. Ush. Set down the Funeral Pile, and let our grief
Receive, from its imbraces, some relief.

K. Phys. Was't not unjust to ravish hence her breath,
And, in life's stead, to leave us nought but death,
The World discovers now its emptiness,
And, by her loss, demonstrates we have less.

Bayes. Is not this good language now? is not that elevate? 'Tis my *non ultra*, I gad. You must know they were both in love with her.

Smi. With her? with whom?

Bayes. Why, this is *Lardella's* Funeral.

Smi. *Lardella*! I, who is she?

Bayes. Why, Sir, the Sister of *Drawcansir*. A Lady that was drown'd at Sea, and had a wave for her Winding sheet.

K. Ush. *Lardella*, O *Lardella*, from above;

Be-

Behold the Tragic issues of our Love.
Pity us, sinking under grief and pain,
For thy being cast away upon the Main.

Bayes. Look you now, you see I told you true,

Smi. I, Sir, and I thank you for it, very kindly.

Bayes. Ay, I gad, but you will not have patience; honest M.——a—— you will not have patience.

Johns. Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, who is that *Drawcansir*?

Bayes. Why, Sir, a fierce *Hero*, that frights his Mistress, snubs up Kings, baffles Armies, and does what he will, without regard to numbers, good manners, or justice.

Johns. A very pretty Character.

Smi. But, Mr. *Bayes*, I thought your *Heroes* had ever been men of great humanity and justice.

Bayes. Yes, they have been so; but for my part, I prefer that one quality of singly beating of whole Armies above all your moral virtues put together, I gad. You shall see him come in presently. Zookers, why don't you read the paper?

[*To the Players.*

K. Phys. O, cry you mercy. [*Goes to take the paper.*

Bayes. Pish! nay you are such a fumbler. Come I'll read it my self. [*Takes a paper from off the Coffin.*
Stay, it's an ill hand, I must use my Spectacles. This, now, is a Copy of Verses, which I make *Lardella* compose, just as she is dying, with design to have it pin'd upon her Coffin, and so read by one of the Usurpers, who is her Cousin.

Smi. A very shrewd design that, upon my word, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. And what do you think now I fancy her to make Love like, here, in the paper?

Smi. Like a Woman: what should she make Love like?

Bayes. O my word you are out tho, Sir; I gad, you are.

Smi. What then? like a man?

Bayes. No, Sir; like a Humble Bee.

Smi. I confess, that I should not have fancy'd.

Bayes. It may be so, Sir. But it is, tho, in order to the opinion of some of your ancient Philosophers, who held the transmigration of the soul.

Smi.

Smi. Very fine.

Bayes. I'll read the Title. *To my dear Couz, King* Phys.

Smi. That's a little too familiar with a King, tho, Sir, by your favor, for a Humble Bee.

Bayes. Mr. *Smith*, in other things, I grant your knowledge may be above me; but, as for Poetry, give me leave to say, I understand that better: it has been longer my practice; it has indeed, Sir.

Smi. Your servant, Sir.

Bayes. Pray mark it.

Since death my earthly part will thus remove [*Reads.*
I'll come a Humble Bee to your chaste love.
With silent wings I'll follow you, dear Couz;
Or else, before you, in the Sun-beams, buz.
And when to Melancholy Groves you come,
An Airy Ghost, you'l know me by my Hum;
For sound, being Air, a Ghost does well become.

Smi. (*After a pause.*) Admirable!

Bayes. At night, into your bosom I will creep,
And buz but softly if you chance to sleep:
Yet in your Dreams, I will pass sweeping by,
And then, both Hum an Buz before your eye.

Johns. By my troth, that's a very great promise.

Smi. Yes, and a most extraordinary comfort to boot.

Bayes. Your bed of love from dangers I will free;
But most from love of any future Bee.
And when with pity your heart-strings shall crack,
With empty arms I'l bear you on my back.

Smi. A pick-a-pack, a pick-a-pack.

Bayes. Ay, I gad, but is not that *tuant* now, ha? is it not *tuant*? Here's the end.

Then at your birth of immortality,
Like any winged Archer, hence I'l fly,
And teach you your first flutt'ring in the Sky.

Johns. O rare! This is the most natural, refin'd fancy that ever I heard, I'l swear.

Bayes. Yes, I Think, for a dead person, it is a good enough

way of making love: for being divested of her Terrestrial part, and all that, she is only capable of these little, pretty, amorous designs that are innocent, and yet passionate. Come, draw you swords.

K. Phys. Come sword, come sheath thy self within this breast.
Which only in *Lardella's* Tomb can rest.

K. Ush. Come, dagger, come, and penetrate this heart,
Which cannot from *Lardella's* Love depart.

Enter Pallas.

Pal. Hold, stop your murd'ring hands
At *Pallas's* commands:
For the supposed dead, O Kings,
Forbear to act such deadly things.
Lardella lives; I did but try
If Princes for their Loves could dye.
Such Celestial constancy
Shall, by the Gods, rewarded be:
And from these Funeral Obsequies
A Nuptial Banquet shall arise.

[*The Coffin opens, and a Banquet is discover'd.*

Bayes. So, take away the Coffin. Now it's out. This is the very Funeral of the fair person which *Volscius* sent word was dead, and *Pallas*, you see, has turn'd it into a Banquet.

Smi. Well, but where is this Banquet?

Bayes. Nay, look you, Sir, we must first have a Dance, for joy that *Lardella* is not dead. Pray, Sir, give me leave to bring in my things properly at least.

Smi. That, indeed, I had forgot: I ask your pardon.

Bayes. O, d'ye so, Sir? I am glad you will confess your selfe once in an error, Mr. *Smith*.

Dance.

K. Ush. Resplendent *Pallas*, we in thee do find
The fiercest Beauty, and a fiercer mind:
And since to thee *Lardella's* life we owe,
We'll supple Statues in thy Temple grow.

K. Phys.

K. Phys. Well, since alive *Lardella's* found,
Let, in full Boles, her Health go round.
[*The two Usurpers take each of them a Bole in their hands.*
K. Ush. but where's the Wine?
Pal. That shall be mine.
Lo, from this conquering Lance,
Does flow the purest Wine of *France:* } *Fills the Boles*
And, to appease your hunger, I } *out of her Lance.*
Have, in my Helmet, brought a Pye:
Lastly, to bear a part with these,
Behold a Buckler made of Cheese. [*vanish* Pallas.

Bayes. There's the Banquet. Are you satisfi'd now, Sir?

Johns. By my troth, now, that is new, and more than I expected.

Bayes. Yes, I knew this would please you: for the chief Art in Poetry is to elevate your expectation, and then bring you off some extraordinary way.

Enter Drawcansir.

K. Phys. What man is this, that dares disturb our Feast?

Draw. He that dares drink, and for that drink dares dye,
And, knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I.

Johns. That is, Mr. *Bayes*, as much as to say, that tho he would rather die than not drink, yet he would fain drink for all that too.

Bayes. Right; that's the conceipt on't.

Johns. 'Tis a marvellous good one, I swear.

Bayes. Now there are some Critics that have advis'd me to put out the Second *Dare*, and print *Must* in the place on't; but, I gad, I think 'tis better thus a great deal.

Johns. Whoo! a thousand times.

Bayes. Go on then.

K. Ush. Sir, if you please, we should be glad to know,
How long you here will stay, how soon you'l go?

Bayes. Is not that now like a well bred person, I gad? So modest, so gent!

Smi. O, very like.

Draw. You shall not know how long I here will stay;
But you shall know I'll take your Bowles away.

{ *Snatches the Boles out of the Kings hands, and drinks 'em off.*

Smi. But, Mr. *Bayes*, is that (too) modest and gent?

Bayes. No, I gad, Sir, but it's great.

K. Ush. Tho, Brother, this grum stanger be a Clown,
He'l leave us, sure, a little to gulp down.

Draw. Who e'er to gulp one drop of this dares think
I'l stare away his very pow'r to drink.

{ *The two Kings sneak off the Stage, with their Attendants.*

I drink I huff, I strut, look big and stare;
And all this I can do, because I dare. [*Exit*

Smi. I suppose, Mr. *Bayes*, this is the fierce *Hero* you spoke of.

Bayes. Yes; but this is nothing: you shall see him, in the last Act, win above a dozen Battles, one after another, I gad, as fast as they can possible come upon the Stage.

Johns. That will be a sight worth the seeing indeed.

Smi. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, why do you make the Kings let him use 'em so scurvily?

Bayes. Phoo! that is to raise the character of *Drawcansir*.

Johns. O' my word, that was well thought on.

Bayes. Now, Sirs I'l shew you a Scene indeed; or rather, indeed, the Scene of Scenes. 'Tis an Heroic Scene.

Smi. And pray, Sir, what's your design in this Scene?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my design is guilded Truncheons, forc'd conceipt, smooth Verse, and a Rant: In fine, if this Scene do not take, I gad, I'l write no more. Come, come in, Mr.—a—nay, come in as many as you can. Gentlemen, I must desire you to remove a little, for I must fill the Stage.

Smi. Why fill the Stage?

Bayes. O, Sir, because your Heroic Verse never sounds well, but when the Stage is full.

SCÆNA.

SCÆNA II.

Enter Prince Pretty-man, *and Prince* Volscius.

NAy, hold, hold; pray by your leave a little. Look you, Sir, the drift of this Scene is somwhat more than ordinary: for I make 'em both fall out because they are not in love with the same Woman.

Smi. Not in love? you mean, I suppose, because they are in love, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. No, Sir; I say not in love: there's a new conceipt for you. Now speak.

Pret. Since fate, Prince *Volscius*, now has found the way
For our so long'd for meeting here this day,
Lend thy attention to my grand concern,

Volsc. I gladly would that story from thee learn;
But thou to love dost *Pretty-man*, incline:
Yet love in thy breast is not love in mine?

Bayes. Antithesis! Thine and mine.

Pret. Since love it self's the same, why should it be
Differing in you from what it is in me?

Bayes. Reasoning! I gad, I love reasoning in verse.

Volsc. Love takes *Cameleon*-like, a various dye
From every Plant on which it self does lye.

Bayes. Simile!

Pret. Let not thy love the course of Nature fright:
Nature does most in harmony delight.

Volsc. How weak a *Deity* would nature prove
Contending with the pow'rful God of Love?

Bayes. There's a great Verse!

Volsc. If Incense thou wilt offer at the Shrine
Of mighty Love, burn it to none but mine.
Her Rosie-lips eternal sweets exhale;
And her bright flames make all flames else look pale.

Bayes. I gad that is right.

Pret.

Pret. Perhaps dull Incense may thy love suffice;
But mine must be ador'd with Sacrifice.
All hearts turn ashes which her eyes controul:
The Body they consume as well as Soul.
Volf. My love has yet a power more Divine;
Victims her Altars burn not, but refine:
Amidst the flames they ne're give up the Ghost,
But, with her looks, revive still as they roast.
In spite of pain and death, they're, kept alive:
Her fiery eyes makes 'em in fire survive,
Bayes. That is as well, I gad, as I can do.
Volf. Let my *Parthenope* at length prevail.
Bayes. Civil, I gad,
Pret. I'l sooner have a passion for a Whale:
In whose vast bulk, tho store of Oyl doth lye,
We find more shape, more beauty in a Fly,
Smi. That's uncivil, I gad.
Bayes. Yes; but as far a fetch'd fancy, tho, I gad, as e're you saw.
Volf. Soft, *Pretty-man*, let not thy vain pretence
Of perfect love, defame loves excellence.
Parthenope is sure, as far above
All other loves, as above all is Love.
Bayes. Ah! I gad, that strikes me.
Pret. To blame my *Cloris*, Gods would not pretend.
Bayes. Now mark.
Volf. Were all Gods join'd, they could not hope to mend
My better choice: for fair *Parthenope*,
Gods would, themselves, un-god themselves to see.
Bayes. Now the Rant's a coming.
Pret. Durst any of the Gods be so uncivil,
I'd make that God subscribe himself a Devil.
Bayes. Ah, Godsookers, that's well writ!
[*Scratching his head, his Perruke falls off.*
Volf. Could'st thou that God from Heav'n to Earth translate,
He could not fear to want a Heav'nly State
Parthenope, on Earth, can Heav'n create.

Pret.

Pret. *Cloris* does Heav'n it self so far excel,
She can transcend the joys of Heav'n in Hell.

Bayes. There's a bold flight for you now! 'Sdeath, I have lost my Perruke. Well, Gentlemen, this is that I never yet saw any one could write, but my self. Here's true spirit and flame all through, I gad. So, So; pray clear the Stage.

[*He puts 'em off the Stage.*

Johns. I wonder how the coxcomb has got the knack of writing smooth Verse thus.

Smi. Why there's no need of brain for this: 'tis but scaning the labour's in the finger; but where's the sence of it?

Johns. O', for that, he desires to be excus'd: he is too proud a man to creep servily after Sense, I assure you. But pray, Mr' *Bayes*, why is this Scene all in Verse?

Bayes. O, Sir, the subject is too great for Prose.

Smi. Well said, i'faith; I'll give thee a pot of Ale for that answer: 'tis well worth it.

Bayes. Come, with all my heart.
I'll make that God subscribe himself a Devil.
That single line, I gad, is worth all that my brother Poets ever writ. Let down the Curtain. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACTUS V. SCÆNA I.

Bayes, *and the two Gentlemen.*

Bayes. NOW, Gentlemen, I will be bold to say, I'l shew you the greatest Scene that ever *England* saw: I mean not for words, for those I do not value; but for state, shew, and magnificence. In fine I'll justifie it to be as grand to the eye every whit, I gad, as that great Scene in *Harry* the Eight, and grander too, I gad; for instead

of

of two Bishops, I bring in here four Cardinals.

The Curtain is drawn up, the two usurping Kings appear in State, with the four Cardinals, Prince Pretty-man, *Prince* Volscius, Amarillis, Cloris, Parthenope, *&c. before them, Heralds and Serjeants at Arms with Maces.*

Smi. Mr. *Bayes*, pray what is the reason that two of the Cardinals are in Hats, and the other in Caps?

Bayes. Why, Sir, because —— By gad, I won't tell you. Your Country friend, Sir, grows so troublesome.

K. Ush. Now, Sir, to the business of the day.

K. Phys. Speak *Volscius.*

Volsc. Dread Soveraign Lords, my zeal to you, must not invade my duty to your Son; let me intreat that great Prince *Pretty-man* first do speak: whose high preheminence, in all things that do bear the name of good, may justly claim that priviledge.

Bayes. Here it begins to unfold: you may perceive, now, that he is his Son.

Johns. Yes, Sir; and we are very much beholding to you for that discovery.

Pret. Royal Father, upon my knees I beg,
That the Illustrious *Volscius* first be heard

Volsc. That preference is only due to *Amarillis*, Sir.

Bayes. I'l make her speak very well, by and by, you shall see.

Ama. Invincible Soveraigns —— [*Soft Music.*

K. Ush. But stay, what sound is this invades our ears?

K. Phys. Sure 'tis the Musick of the moving Spheres.

Pret. Behold, with wonder, yonder comes from far
A God like-Cloud, and a triumphant Carr:
In which, our two right Kings sit one by one,
With Virgin Vests, and Laurel Garlands on.

K. Ush. Then, Brother *Phy's* 'tis time we should begon.

The two Usurpers steal out of the Throne, and go away.

Bayes.

Bayes. Look you now, did not I tell you that this would be as easie a change as the other?

Smi. Yes, faith, you did so; tho I confess, I could not believe you; but you have brought it about, I see.

The two right Kings of Brentford *descend in the Clouds, singing in white garments; and three Fidlers sitting before them, in green.*

Bayes. Now, because the two right Kings descend from above, I make 'em sing to the Tune and Stile of our modern Spirits.

1 *King.* Haste, Brother King, we are sent from above.
2 *King.* Let us move, let us move:
Move to remove the Fate
Of *Brentfords* long united State.
1 *King.* Tarra, tan tara, full East and by South,
2 *King.* We sail with Thunder in our mouth,
In scorching noon day, whil'st the traveller 'stayes,
Busie, busie, busie, busie, we bustle a long.
Mounted upon warm *Phœbus* his Rayes,
Through the Heavenly throng,
Hasting to those
Who will feast us, at night, with a Pigs Petty-toes.
1 *King.* And we'l fall with our pate
In an *Ollio* of hate.
2 *King.* But now supper's done, the Servitors try,
Like Souldiers, to storm a whole half-moon-pye.
1 *King.* They gather, they gather hot Custard in spoons,
But Alas, I must, leave these half-moons,
And repair to my trusty Dragoons.
2 *King.* O stay, for you need not as yet go astray;
The Tyde, like a friend, has brought ships in our way,
And on their high ropes we will play.
Like Maggots in Filberds, we'l snug in our shell,
We'l frisk in our shell
We'l firk in our shell,
And farewel,

1 *King.* But the Ladies have all inclination to dance,
And the green Frogs croak out a Coranto of *France.*

Bayes. Is not that pretty, now? The Fiddlers are all in green.

Smi. I, but they play no Coranto.

Johns. No, but they play a Tune, that's a great deal better.

Bayes. No Coranto, quoth a! that's a good one, with all my heart. Come, sing on,

2 *King.* Now Mortals that hear
How we Tilt and Carreer,
With wonder will fear
The event of such things as shall never appear.

1 *King.* Stay you to fulfil what the Gods have decreed.

2 *King.* Then call me to help you, if there shall be need.

1 *King.* So firmly resolv'd is a true *Brentford* King
To save the distressed, and help to 'em bring,
That ere a Full-pot of good Ale you can swallow,
He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla.

[Bayes *phillips his finger, and sings after 'em.*

Bayes. He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla. This, Sir, you must know, I thought once to have brought in with a Conjurer.

Johns. I, that would have been better.

Bayes. No, faith, not when you consider it: for thus 'tis more compendious, and does the thing every whit as well.

Smi. Thing! what thing?

Bayes. Why, bring 'em down again into the Throne, Sir; what thing would you have?

Smi. Well; but, methinks the Sence of this Song is not very plain.

Bayes. Plain? why did you ever hear any people in Clouds speak plain? They must be all for flight of fancie, at its full range, without the least check, or controul upon it. When once you tye up sprits, and people in Clouds to speak plain, you spoil all.

Smi. Bless me, what a Monster's this!

The two Kings light out of the Clouds, and step into the Throne.

1 *King.*

1 *King.* Come, now to serious counsel we'l advance;
2 *King.* I do agree; but first, let's have a Dance.
Bayes. Right. You did that very well, Mr. *Cartwright.* But first, let's have a Dance. Pray remember that; be sure you do it always just so: for it must be done as if it were the effect of thought, and premeditation. But first, let's have a Dance. Pray remember that.
Smi. Well, I can hold no longer, I must gag this rogue; there's no induring of him
Johns. No, pr'thee make use of thy patience a little longer: let's see the end of him now.

[*Dance a grand Dance.*

Bayes. This, now, is an ancient Dance, of right belonging to the Kings of *Brentford*; but since deriv'd, with a little alteration, to the Inns of Court.

An Alarm. Enter two Herlads.

1 *King.* What sawcie Groom molests our privacies?
1 *Her.* The Army's at the door, and in disguise,
Desires a word with both your Majesties:
2 *Her.* Having from, *Knights-Bridge* hither march'd by stealth.
2 *King* Bid 'em attend a while, and drink our health.
Smi. How, Mr, *Bayes*? the Army in disguise?
Bayes. Ay, Sir, for fear the Usurpers might discover them that went out but just now.
Smi. Why, what if they had discover'd them?
Bayes. Why, then they had broke the design.
1 *King.* Here, take five Guineys for those warlike men.
2 *King.* And here's five more; that makes the sum just ten
1 *Her.* We have not seen so much the Lord knowes when.

[*Exeunt Heralds.*

1 *King.* Speak on, brave *Amarillis.*
Ama. Invincible Soveraigns, blame not my modesty,
If at this grand conjuncture ——

[*Drum beat behind the Stage.*

1 *King.* What dreadful noise is this that comes and goes?

Enter a Souldier with his Sword drawn.

Sould. Haste hence, great Sirs, your Royal persons save,

For the event of war no mortal knowes:
The Army, wrangling for the gold you gave,
First fell to words and then to handy-blows. [*Exit.*

Bayes. Is not that now a pretty kind of a Stanza, and a handsome come off?

2 *King.* O dangerous estate of Soveraign pow'r!
Obnoxious to the change of every hour.

1 *King.* Let us for shelter in our Cabinet stay:
Perhaps these threat'ning storms may pass away.
[*Exeunt.*

Johns. But Mr, *Bayes*, did not you promise us, just now, to make *Amarillis* speak very well.

Bayes. Ay, and so she would have done, but that they hinder'd her.

Smi. How, Sir, whether you would or no?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, the Plot lay so that, I vow to gad, it was not to be avoided.

Smi. Marry, that was hard.

Johns. But, pray, who hindr'd her?

Bayes. Why, the battel, Sir, that's just coming in at door: And I'll tell you now a strange thing, tho I don't pretend to do more than other men, I gad, I'll give you both a whole week to ghess how I'll represent this Battel.

Smi. I had rather be bound to fight your Battle, I assure you, Sir.

Bayes. Whoo! there's it now: fight a Battle? there's the common error. I knew presently where I should have you. Why pray, Sir, do but tell me this one thing, Can you think it a decent thing, in a Battle before Ladies, to have men run their Swords through one a nother, and all that?

Johns. No, faith, 'tis not civil.

Bayes. Right on the other side; to have a long relation of Squadrons here, and Squadrons there: what is it but dull prolixity?

Johns. Excellently reason'd by my troth!

Bayes. Wherefore, Sir, to avoid both those Indicorums, I sum up my whole Battle in the representation of two persons only,

only, no more: and yet so lively, that, I vow to gad, you would swear ten thousand men were at it really engag'd. Do yo mark me?

Smi. Yes, Sir; but I think I should hardly swear tho, for all that.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, but you would, tho, when you see it: for I make 'em both come out in Armor *Cap-a-pea*, with their Swords drawn, and hung, with a scarlet Ribbon at their wrists, (which you know, represents fighting enough.)

Johns. I, I; so much, that, if I were in your place I would mak 'em go out again without ever speaking one word.

Bayes. No; there you are out; for I make each of 'em hold a Lute in his hand.

Smi. How Sir? instead of a Buckler?

Bayes. O Lord, O Lord! instead of a Buckler? Pray Sir do you ask no more questions. I make 'em, Sir, play the battel in *Recitativo*. And here's the conceipt. Just at the very same instant that one sings, the other, Sir, recovers you his Sword, and puts himself in a warlike posture: so that you have at once your ear entertained with Music and good Language; and your eye satisfied with the garb, and accoutrements of war.

Smi. I confess Sir, you stupifie me.

Bayes. You shall see.

Johns. But Mr. *Bayes*, might not we have a little fighting? for I love those playes, where they cut and slash one another upon the Stage, for a whole hour together.

Bayes. Why, then, to tell you true I have contriv'd it both wayes. But you shall have my *Recitativo* first.

Johns. I, now you are right: there is nothing then can be objected against it.

Bayes. True: and so, I gad, I'll make it, too, a Tragedy, in a trice.

Enter, at several doors, the General, and Lieutenant General, arm'd Cap-a-pe, *with each of them a Lute in his hand, and his sword drawn, and hung with a scarlet Ribbon at his wrist.*

Lieut. Gen. Villain, thou lyest,

Gen. Arm, arm, *Gonsalvo*, arm; what ho?

The lye no flesh can brook I trow,

Lieut.

Lieut. Gen. Advance, from *Acton*, with the Muſquetiers.
Gen. Draw down the *Chelſey* Curiaſiers.
Lieut. Gen. The Band you boaſt of, *Chelſey* Curiaſiers,
Shall, in my *Putney* Pikes, now meet their Peers.
Gen. *Chiſwickians*, aged, and renown'd in fight,
Join with the *Hammerſmith* Brigade.
Lieut. Gent. You'l find my *Mortlake* Boys will do them right,
Unleſs by *Fulham* numbers over-laid.
Gen. Let the left-wing of *Twickenam* Foot advance,
And line that Eaſtern hedge.
Lieut. Gen. The Horſe I raiſ'd in *Petty-France*
Shall try their chance.
And ſcour the Meadows, over grown with Sedge.
Gent. Stand: give the word.
Lieut. Gen. Bright Sword.
Gent. That may be thine.
But 'tis not mine.
Lieut. Gen. Give fire, give fire, at once give fire,
And let thoſe recreant Troops perceive mine ire.
Gen Purſue, purſue; they fly
That firſt did give the lie. [*Exeunt*

Bayes. This, now, is not improper, I think, becauſe the Spectators know all theſe Towns, and may eaſily conceive them to be within the Dominions of the two Kings of *Brentford*.

Johnſ. Moſt exceeding well deſign'd!

Bayes. How do you think I have contriv'd to give a ſtop to this battle?

Smi. How?

Bayes. By an Eclipſe: Which, let me tell you, is a kind of fancy that was yet never ſo much as thought of, but by my ſelf, and one perſon more, that ſhall be nameleſs.

Enter Lieutenant General.

Lieut. Gen. What mid-night darkneſs does invade the day
And ſnatch the Victor from his conquer'd prey?
Is the Sun weary of this bloody fight,
And winks upon us with the eye of light? 'Tis

'Tis an Eclipse. This was unkind, O Moon,
To clap between me, and the Sun so soon.
Foolish Eclipse: thou this in vain hast done;
My brighter honour had Eclips'd the Sun:
But now behold Eclipses two in one. [*Exit.*

Johns. This is an admirable representation of a Battel, as ever I saw.

Bayes. I, Sir. But how would you fancy now to represent an Eclipse?

Smi. Why, that's to be suppos'd.

Bayes. Suppos'd! Ay, you are ever at your suppose: ha, ha, ha. Why you may as well suppose the whole Play. No, it must come in upon the Stage, that's certain; but in some odd way, that may delight, amuse, and all that. I have a conceipt for't, that I am sure is new, and, I believe to the purpose.

Johns. How's that?

Bayes. Why, the truth is, I took the first hint of this out of a Dialogue, between *Phœbus* and *Aurora* in the *Slighted Maid*: which by my troth, was very pretty; but I think, you'l confess this is a little better.

Johns. No doubt on't, Mr. *Bayes*. A great deal better.

[*Bayes, hugs* Johnson, *then turns to* Smith.

Bayes. Ah dear Rogue: but—a—Sir, you have heard I suppose, that your Eclipse of the Moon, is nothing else, but an interposition of the Earth, between the Sun and Moon: as likewise your Eclipse of the Sun is caus'd by an interlocation of the Moon, betwixt the Earth and Sun?

Smi. I have heard some such thing indeed.

Bayes. Well, Sir, then what do me I, but make the *Earth*, Sun, and Moon, come out upon the Stage, and dance the Hey: hum; And, of necessity, by the very nature of this Dance, the Earth must be sometimes between the Sun and the Moon, and the Moon between the Earth and Sun; and there you have both your Eclipses, by demonstration.

Johns. That must needs be very fine truly.

Bayes. Yes, it has fancy in't. And then, Sir, that there may

may be ſomething in't too of a Joque, I bring 'em in all ſinging, and make the Moon ſell the Earth a bargain. Come, come out Eclipſe to the Tune of *Tom Tyler*.

Enter Luna.

Luna. Orbis, O *Orbis*.
Come to me thou little rogue *Orbis*.

Enter the Earth.

Orb. Who calls *Terra firma*, pray?
Luna. Luna that ne'r ſhines by day.
Orb. What means *Luna* in a veil?
Luna. Luna means to ſhew her tail.
Bayes. There's the bargain,

Enter Sol, *to the Tune of* Robin Hood.

Sol. Fie, Siſter, fie; thou mak'ſt me muſe,
Derry, derry down.
To ſee the *Orb* abuſe.
Luna. I hope his anger 'twill not move;
Since I ſhew'd it out of love,
Hey down derry down.
Orb. Where ſhall I thy true love know,
Thou pretty, pretty Moon?
Luna. To morrow ſoon, ere it be noon,
On Mount *Veſuvio*. [*Bis.*
Sol. Then I will ſhine. [*To the Tune of* Trenchmore.
Orb. And I will be fine.
Luna. And I will drink nothing but Lippary wine.
Omnes, And we, *&c.*

[*As they Dance the Hey*, Bayes *ſpeaks.*

Bayes. Now the earth's before the Moon; now the Moon's before the Sun: there's the Eclipſe again.
Smi. He's mightily taken with this I ſee.
Johnſ. I, 'tis ſo extraordinary, how can he chuſe?
Bayes. So, now, vaniſh Eclipſe, and enter t'other Battle, and fight. Here now, if I am not miſtaken, you will ſee fighting enough.

A bat-

A battel is fought between foot and great Hobby horses. At last, Drawcansir *comes in and kills 'em all on both sides. All this while the* Battel *is fighting* Bayes *is telling them when to shout, and shouts with em.*

Draw. Others may boast a single man to kill;
But I, the blood of thousands daily spill.
Let petty Kings the names of Parties know:
Where e'er I come, I slay both friend and foe.
The swiftest Horsmen my swift rage controuls,
And from their Bodies drives their trembling souls.
If they had wings, and to the Gods could flie,
I would pursue and beat 'em through the skie:
And moke proud *Jove*, with all his Thunder, see
This single Arm more dreadful is, than he. [*Exit.*

Bayes. There's a brave fellow for you now, Sirs. You may talk of your *Hector*, and *Achilles*, and I know not who; but I defie all your Histories, and your Romances too, to shew me one such Conqueror, as this *Drawcansir*.

Johns. I swear, I think you may.

Smi. But Mr. *Bayes*, how shall all these dead men go off? for I see none alive to help 'em.

Bayes. go off! why, as they came on; upon their legs: how should they go off? Why do you think the people here don't know they are not dead? He is mighty ignorant, poor man; you friend here is very silly, Mr. *Johnson*, I gad, he is. ha, ha, ha. Come, Sir, I'l shew you how they shall go off. Rise, rise, Sirs, and go about your business. There's go off for you now. Ha, ha, ha. Mr. *Ivory*, a word. Gentlemen, I'l be with you presently. [*Exit.*

Johns. Will you so? then we'l be gone.

Smi. I, pr'ythee let's go, that we may preserve our hearing. One Battel more will take mine quite away.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Bayes *and Players.*

Bayes. Where are the Gentlemen?

1 *Play.* They are gone, Sir.

Bayes. Gone! 'Sdeath, this last Act is best of all. I'l go fetch 'em again. [*Exit.*

1 *Play.* What shall we do, now he is gone away?

2 *Play.* Why, so much the better; then let's go to dinner.

3 *Play.* Stay, here's a foul piece of papyr of his. Let's see what 'tis.

3 or 4 *Play.* I, I; come let's hear it.

Reads. *The Argument of the Fifth Act,*

3 *Play.* *Cloris* at length, being sensible of Prince *Pretty-man*'s passion, consents to marry him; but, just as they are going to Church, Prince *Pretty-man* meeting, by chance, with old *Joan* the Chandlers widdow, and remembring it was she that first brought him acquainted with *Cloris*: out of a high point of honour, brake off his match with *Cloris*, and marries old *Joan*. Upon which, *Cloris*, in despair, drowns her self: and Prince *Pretty-man*, discontentedly, walkes by the River side. This will never do: 'tis just like the rest. Come, let's begone.

[*Exeunt.*

Most of the Play. Ay, pox on't, let's go away.

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. A plague on 'em both for me, they have made me sweat, to run after 'em. A couple of senceless raskals, that had rather go to dinner then see this play out, with a pox to 'em. What comfort has a man to write for such dull rogues? Come Mr. ——a —— Where are you, Sir? come a way quick, quick.

Enter Stage-keeper.

Stage. Sir, they are gone to dinner.

Bayes. Yes, I know the Gentlemen are gone; but I ask for the Players.

Stage. Why, an't please your worship, Sir, the Players are gone to dinner too.

Bayes. How! are the Players gone to Dinner? 'Tis impossible:

possible : the Players gone to dinner! I gad, if they are, I'l make 'em know what it is to injure a person that does 'em the honour to write for 'em, and all that. A company of proud, conceited, humorous, cross-grain'd persons, and all that. I gad, I'l make 'em the most contemptible, despicable, inconsiderable persons, and all that, in the whole world for this trick. I gad I'l be reveng'd on 'em; I'l sell this play to the other House.

Stage. Nay, good, Sir, don't take a way the Book; you'l disappoint the company that comes to see it acted here, this after noon.

Bayes. That's all one. I must reserve this comfort to my self, my Play and I shall go together, we will not part indeed, Sir.

Stag. But what will the Town say, Sir?

Bayes. The Town! why, what care I for the Town? I gad, the Town has us'd me as scurvily, as the Players have done: but I'l be reveng'd on them too; for I'l Lampoon 'em all And Since they will not admit of my Plays, they shall know what a Satyrist I am. And so farewel to this Stage, I gad, for ever. [*Exit Bayes.*

Enter Players.

1 *Play.* Come then, let's set up Bills for another Play:

2 *Play.* I, I; we shall lose nothing by this I warrant you.

1 *Play.* I am of your opinion. But before we go, let's see *Haynes* and *Shirley* practise the last dance; for that may serve us another time.

2 *Play.* I'l call 'em in: I think they are but in the Tiring-room.

The Dance done.

1 *Play.* Come, come; let's go away to dinner.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

THe Play is at an end, but where's the Plot?
That circumſtance our Poet Bayes *forgot.*
And we can boaſt, tho 'tis a plotting Age,
No place is freer from it than the Stage.
The Ancients plotted, tho, and ſtrove to pleaſe
With ſence that might be underſtood with eaſe;
They every Scene with ſo much wit did ſtore,
That who brought any in, went out with more:
But this new way of wit does ſo ſurpriſe,
Men loſe their wits in wondring where it lyes.
If it be true, that Monſtrous births preſage
The following miſchiefs that afflict the Age,
And ſad diſaſters to the State proclaim;
Plays without head or tail, may do the ſame.
Wherefore, for ours, and for the Kingdomes peace,
May this prodigious way of writing ceaſe.
Let's have, at leaſt, once in our lives, a time
When we may hear ſome reaſon, not all Rhyme:
We have theſe ten years felt it's Influence;
Pray let this prove a year of Proſe and Scence.

FINIS.

DON SEBASTIAN, King of Portugal:

A

TRAGEDY

Acted at the

Theatre Royal.

Written by Mr. *DRYDEN*.

——*Nec tarda Senectus*
Debilitat vires animi, mutatque vigorem. Virgil.

LONDON:

Printed for *Jo. Hindmarsh*, at the *Golden Ball* in *Cornhil*. M DC XC.

Don Sebastian King of Portugal.

A Tragedy.

Persons Represented.

1 Don Sebastian King of Portugal,—By Mr. *Williams.*
2 Muley-Moluch Emperor of Barbary,—Mr. *Kynaston.*
3 Dorax, a Noble Portuguese now a Renegade, formerly Don Alonzo de Sylvera Alcalde, or Governor of Alcazar,———————Mr. *Betterton.*
4 Benducar, Chief Minister and Favourite to the Emperor,———————Mr. *Sandford.*
5 The Mufti Abdalla,———————Mr. *Underhill.*
6 Muley-Zeydan Brother to the Emperor,-Mr. *Powell*, Jun.
7 Don Antonio, a Young Noble amorous Portuguese, now a Slave,———————Mr. *Betterton.*
8 Don Alvarez, an old Counsellor to Don Sebastian, now a Slave also,———————Mr. *Bowman.*
9 Mustapha Captain of the Rabble.———Mr. *Leigh.*
10 Almeyda a Captive Queen of Barbary,—Mrs. *Barry.*
11 Morayma, Daughter to the Mufti,—Mrs. *Montfort.*
12 Johayma, Chief Wife to the Mufti,—Mrs. *Leigh.*

Two Merchants.
Rabble.
A Servant to Benducar.
A Servant to the Mufti.
Scene in the Castle of Alcazar.

TO THE

Right Honourable

Philip Earl of *Leyceſter*, &c.

FAR be it from me, (My moſt Noble Lord) to think, that any thing which my meanneſs can produce, ſhou'd be worthy to be offer'd to your Patronage; or that ought which I can ſay of you ſhou'd recommend you farther, to the eſteem of good men in this preſent Age, or to the veneration which will certainly be paid you by Poſterity. On the other ſide, I muſt acknowledg it a great preſumption in me, to make you this Addreſs; and ſo much the greater, becauſe by the common ſuffrage even of contrary parties, you have been always regarded, as one of the firſt Perſons of the Age, and yet no one Writer has dar'd to tell you ſo: Whether we have been all conſcious to our ſelves that it was a needleſs labour to give this notice to Mankind, as all men are aſham'd to tell ſtale news, or that we were juſtly diffident of our own performances, as even *Cicero* is obſerv'd to be in awe when he writes to *Atticus*; where knowing himſelf overmatch'd in good ſenſe, and truth of knowledg, he drops the gawdy train of words, and is no longer the vain-glorious Orator. From whatever reaſon it may be, I am the firſt bold offender of this kind: I have broken down the fence, and ventur'd into the Holy Grove; how I may be puniſh'd for my profane attempt, I know not; but I wiſh it may not be of ill Omen to your Lordſhip; and that a crowd of bad Writers, do not ruſh into the quiet of your receſſes after me. Every man in all changes of Government, which have been, or may poſſibly arrive, will agree, that I cou'd not have offer'd my Incenſe, where it cou'd be ſo well deſerv'd. For you, My Lord, are ſecure in your own merit; and all Parties, as they riſe uppermoſt, are ſure to court you in their turns; 'tis a tribute which has ever been paid your vertue: The leading men ſtill bring their bullion to your mint, to receive the ſtamp of their intrinſick value, that they may afterwards hope to paſs with human kind. They

rise and fall in the variety of Revolutions; and are sometimes great, and therefore wise in mens opinions, who must court them for their interest: But the reputation of their parts most commonly follows their success; few of 'em are wise, but as they are in power: Because indeed, they have no sphere of their own, but like the Moon in the Copernican Systeme of the World, are whirl'd about by the motion of a greater Planet. This it is to be ever busie; neither to give rest to their Fellow creatures, nor, which is more wretchedly ridiculous, to themselves: Tho truly, the latter is a kind of justice, and giving Mankind a due revenge, that they will not permit their own hearts to be at quiet, who disturb the repose of all beside them. Ambitious Meteors! how willing they are to set themselves upon the Wing; and taking every occasion of drawing upward to the Sun: Not considering that they have no more time allow'd them for their mounting, than the short revolution of a day: and that when the light goes from them, they are of necessity to fall. How much happier is he, (and who he is I need not say, for there is but one Phœnix in an Age,) who centring on himself, remains immovable, and smiles at the madness of the dance about him. He possesses the midst, which is the portion of safety and content: He will not be higher, because he needs it not; but by the prudence of that choice, he puts it out of Fortunes power to throw him down. 'Tis confest, that if he had not so been born, he might have been too high for happiness; but not endeavoring to ascend, he secures the native height of his station from envy; and cannot descend from what he is, because he depends not on another. What a glorious Character was this once in *Rome*; I shou'd say in *Athens*, when in the disturbances of a State as mad as ours, the wise *Pomponius* transported all the remaining wisdom and vertue of his Country, into the Sanctuary of Peace and Learning. But, I wou'd ask the World, (for you, My Lord, are too nearly concern'd to judge this Cause) whether there may not yet be found, a Character of a Noble Englishman, equally shining with that illustrious *Roman*? Whether I need to name a second *Atticus*; or whether the World has not already prevented me, and fix'd it there without my naming. Not a second with a *longo sed proximus intervallo*, not a Young

a Young *Marcellus*, flatter'd by a Poet, into a resemblance of the first, with a *frons læta parum, & dejecto lumina vultu*, and the rest that follows, *si qua fata aspera rumpas Tu Marcellus eris*: But a Person of the same stamp and magnitude; who owes nothing to the former, besides the Word *Roman*, and the Superstition of reverence, devolving on him by the precedency of eighteen hundred years. One who walks by him with equal paces, and shares the eyes of beholders with him: One, who had been first, had he first liv'd; and in spight of doating veneration is still his equal. Both of them born of Noble Families in unhappy Ages, of change and tumult; both of them retiring from Affairs of State: Yet, not leaving the Common-wealth, till it had left it self; but never returning to publick business, when they had once quitted it; tho courted by the Heads of either Party. But who wou'd trust the quiet of their lives, with the extravagancies of their Countrymen, when they were just in the giddiness of their turning; when the ground was tottering under them at every moment; and none cou'd guess whether the next heave of the Earthquake, wou'd settle them on the first Foundation, or swallow it? Both of them knew Mankind exactly well; for both of them began that study in themselves; and there they found the best part of humane composition, the worst they learn'd by long experience of the folly, ignorance, and immorality of most beside them. Their Philosophy on both sides, was not wholly speculative, for that is barren, and produces nothing but vain Ideas of things which cannot possibly be known; or if they cou'd, yet wou'd only terminate in the understanding; but it was a noble, vigorous, and practical Philosophy, which exerted it self in all the offices of pity, to those who were unfortunate, and deserv'd not so to be. The Friend was always more consider'd by them than the cause: And an *Octavius*, or an *Anthony* in distress, were reliev'd by them, as well as a *Brutus* or a *Cassius*. For the lowermost party to a noble mind, is ever the fittest object of good will. The eldest of them, I will suppose for his honour, to have been of the Academick Sect, neither Dogmatist nor Stoick; if he were not, I am sure he ought in common justice, to yield the precedency to his younger Brother. For stiffness of Opinion is the effect

of

of Pride, and not of Philosophy: 'Tis a miserable Presumption of that knowledg which humane Nature is too narrow to contain. And the ruggedness of a Stoick is only a silly affectation of being a God: To wind himself up by Pulleys, to an insensibility of suffering; and at the same time to give the lye to his own Experience, by saying he suffers not, what he knows he feels. True, Philosophy is certainly of a more pliant Nature, and more accommodated to human use; *Homo sum, humani à me nihil alienum puto.* A wise man will never attempt an impossibility; and such it is to strain himself beyond the nature of his Being; either to become a Deity, by being above suffering, or to debase himself into a Stock or Stone, by pretending not to feel it. To find in our selves the Weaknesses and Imperfections of our wretched Kind, is surely the most reasonable step we can make towards the Compassion of our fellow Creatures. I cou'd give Examples of this kind in the second *Atticus*. In every turn of State, without meddling on either side, he has always been favorable and assisting to oppress Merit. The Praises which were given by a great Poet to the late Queen Mother on her rebuilding *Somerset Palace*, one part of which was fronting to the mean Houses on the other side of the Water, are as justly his:

For, the distrest, and the afflicted lye
Most in his Thoughts, and always in his Eye.

Neither has he so far forgotten a poor Inhabitant of his Suburbs, whose best prospect is on the Garden of *Leicester-House*; but that more than once he has been offering him his Patronage, to reconcile him to a World, of which his Misfortunes have made him weary. There is another *Sidney* still remaining, tho there can never be another *Spencer* to deserve the Favor. But one *Sidney* gave his Patronage to the applications of a Poet; the other offer'd it unask'd. Thus, whether as a second *Atticus*, or a second Sir *Philip Sidney*, the latter, in all respects, will not have the worse of the comparison; and if he will take up with the second place, the World will not so far flatter his Modesty, as to seat him there, unless it be out of a deference of Manners, that he may place himself where he pleases at his own Table.

I may

I may therefore safely conclude, that he, who by the consent of all men, bears so eminent a Character, will out of his inborn Nobleness, forgive the Presumption of this Address. 'Tis an unfinish'd Picture, I confess, but the Lines and Features are so like, that it cannot be mistaken for any other; and without writing any name under it, every beholder must cry out, at the first sight, this was design'd for *Atticus*; but the bad Artist, has cast too much of him into shades. But I have this Excuse, that even the greater Masters commonly fall short of the best Faces. They may flatter an indifferent Beauty; but the excellencies of Nature, can have no right done to them: For there both the Pencil and the Pen are overcome by the Dignity of the Subject; as our admirable *Waller* has express'd it;

The Hero's Race transcends the Poet's Thought.

There are few in any Age who can bear the load of a Dedication; for where Praise is undeserv'd, 'tis Satyr: Tho Satyr on Folly is now no longer a Scandal to any one Person, where a whole Age is dipt together; yet I had rather undertake a Multitude one way, than a single *Atticus* the other; for 'tis easier to descend, than 'tis to climb. I shou'd have gone asham'd out of the World, if I had not at least attempted this Address, which I have long thought owing: And if I had never attempted, I might have been vain enough to think I might have succeeded in it: now I have made the Experiment, and have fail'd, through my Unworthiness. I may rest satisfi'd, that either the Adventure is not to be atchiev'd, or that it is reserv'd for some other hand.

Be pleas'd therefore, since the Family of the *Attici* is and ought to be above the common Forms of concluding Letters, that I may take my leave in the Words of *Cicero* to the first of them: *Me, O Pomponi, valdè pœnitet vivere: tantùm te oro, ut quoniam me ipse semper amâsti, ut eodem amore sis; ego nimirum, idem sum. Inimici mei mea mihi non meipsum ademerunt. Cura, Attice, ut valeas.*

THE

Dabam Cal.
Jan. 1690.

THE PREFACE.

Whether it happen'd through a long diſuſe of Writing, that I forgot the uſual compaſs of a Play; or that by crowding it, with Characters and Incidents, I put a neceſſity upon my ſelf of lengthning the main Action, I know not; but the firſt days Audience ſufficiently convinc d me of my error; and that the Poem was inſupportably too long. 'Tis an ill ambition of us Poets, to pleaſe an Audience with more than they can bear: And, ſuppoſing that we wrote as well, as vainly we imagin our ſelves to write; yet we ought to conſider, that no man can bear to be long tickled. There is a nauſeouſneſs in a City feaſt when we are to ſit four hours after we are cloy'd. I am, therefore, in the firſt place, to acknowledg with all manner of gratitude, their civility; who were pleas'd to endure it with ſo much patience, to be weary with ſo much good nature and ſilence, and not to explode an entertainment, which was deſign'd to pleaſe them; or diſcourage an Author, whoſe misfortunes have once more brought him againſt his will, upon the Stage. While I continue in theſe bad circumſtances, (and truly I ſee very little probability of coming out:) I muſt be oblig'd to write, and if I may ſtill hope for the ſame kind uſage, I ſhall the leſs repent of that hard neceſſity. I write not this out of any expectation to be pityed; for I have Enemies enow to wiſh me yet in a worſe condition; but give me leave to ſay, that if I can pleaſe by writing, as I ſhall endeavour it, the Town may be ſomewhat oblig'd to my misfortunes, for a part of their diverſion. Having been longer acquainted with the Stage, than any Poet now living, and having obſerv'd how difficult it was to pleaſe; that the humours of Comedy were almoſt ſpent, that Love and Honour (the miſtaken Topicks of Tragedy) were quite worn out, that the Theaters cou'd not ſupport their charges, that the Audience forſook them, that young men without Learning ſet up for Judges, and that they talk'd loudeſt, who underſtood the leaſt: all theſe diſcouragements had not only wean'd me from the Stage, but had alſo given me a loathing of it. But enough of this: the difficulties

culties continue; they increase, and I am still condemn'd to dig in those exhausted Mines. Whatever fault I next commit, rest assur'd it shall not be that of too much length: Above twelve hunder'd lines have been cut off from this Tragedy, since it was first deliver'd to the Actors. They were indeed so judiciously lopt by Mr. Betterton, *to whose care and excellent action, I am equally oblig'd, that the connexion of the story was not lost; but on the other side, it was impossible to prevent some part of the action from being precipitated, and coming on without that due preparation, which is requir'd to all great events: as in particular, that of raising the Mobile, in the beginning of the Fourth Act; which a Man of* Benducar's *cool Character, cou'd not naturally attempt, without taking all those precautions, which he foresaw wou'd be necessary to render his design successful. On this consideration, I have replac'd those lines, through the whole Poem; and thereby restor'd it, to that clearness of conception, and (if I may dare to say it) that lustre, and masculine vigour, in which it was first written. 'Tis obvious to every understanding Reader, that the most poetical parts, which are Descriptions, Images, Similitudes, and Moral Sentences; are those, which of necessity were to be par'd away, when the body was swoln into too large a bulk for the representation of the Stage. But there is a vast difference betwixt a publick entertainment on the Theatre, and a private reading in the Closet: In the first we are confin'd to time, and though we talk not by the hour-glass, yet the Watch often drawn out of the pocket, warns the Actors, that their Audience is weary; in the last, every Reader is judge of his own convenience; he can take up the book, and lay it down at his pleasure; and find out those beauties of propriety, in thought and writing, which escap'd him in the tumult and hurry of representing. And I dare boldly promise for this Play, that in the roughness of the numbers and cadences, (which I assure was not casual, but so design'd) you will see somewhat more masterly arising to your view, than in most, if not any of my former Tragedies. There is a more noble daring in the Figures and more suitable to the loftiness of the Subject; and besides this some newness of* English, *translated from the Beauties of Modern Tongues, as well as from the elegancies of the Latin; and here and there some old words are sprinkled, which for their significance and sound, deserv'd not to be antiquated; such as we often find in Salust amongst the*

Roman Authors, and in Milton's *Paradise amongst ours; though perhaps the latter instead of sprinkling, has dealt them with too free a hand, even sometimes to the obscuring of his sense.*

As for the story or plot of the Tragedy, 'tis purely fiction; for I take it up where the History has laid it down. We are assur'd by all Writers of those times, that Sebastian *a young Prince of great courage and expectation, undertook that War partly upon a religious account, partly at the sollicitation of* Muley-Mahumet, *who had been driven out of his Dominions by* Abdelmelech, *or as others call him* Muley-Moluch *his nigh Kinsman, who descended from the same Family of the* Xeriff's; *whose Fathers* Hamet *and* Mahomet *had conquer'd that Empire with joint Forces; and shar'd it betwixt them after their victory: That the body of* Don Sebastian *was never found in the Field of Battel; which gave occasion for many to believe, that he was not slain; that some years after, when the* Spaniards *with a pretended title, by force of Arms had Usurp'd the Crown of* Portugal, *from the House of* Braganza, *a certain Person who call'd himself* Don Sebastian, *and had all the marks of his body and features of his face, appear'd at* Venice, *where he was own'd by some of his Country-men; but being seiz'd by the* Spaniards *was first Imprison'd, then sent to the Gallies, and at last put to Death in private. 'Tis most certain, that the* Portugueses *expected his return for almost an Age together after that Battel; which is at least a proof of their extream love to his Memory; and the usage which they had from their new Conquerors, might possibly make them so extravagant in their hopes and wishes for their old Master.*

This ground work the History afforded me, and I desire no better to build a Play upon it: For where the event of a great action is left doubtful, there the Poet is left Master: He may raise what he pleases on that foundation, provided he makes it of a piece, and according to the rule of probability. From hence I was only oblig'd, that Sebastian *shou'd return to* Portugal *no more; but at the same time I had him at my own disposal, whether to bestow him in* Affrick, *or in any other corner of the World, or to have clos'd the Tragedy with his death; and the last of these was certainly the most easie, but for the same reason, the least artful; because as I have somewhere said, the poyson and the dagger are still at hand, to butcher a Heroe, when a Poet wants the brains to save him. It being therefore only necessary*

according

according to the Laws of the Drama, *that* Sebastian *shou'd no more be seen upon the Throne, I leave it for the World to judge, whether or no I have disposed of him according to art, or have bungled up the conclusion of his adventure. In the drawing of his character I forgot not piety, which any one may observe to be one principal ingredient of it; even so far as to be a habit in him; though I show him once to be transported from it by the violence of a sudden passion, to endeavor a self murther. This being presuppos'd, that he was Religious, the horror of his incest, tho innocently committed, was the best reason which the Stage cou'd give for hind'ring his return. 'Tis true I have no right to blast his Memory, with such a crime: but declaring it to be fiction, I desire my Audience to think it no longer true, than while they are seeing it represented: For that once ended, he may be a Saint for ought I know; and we have reason to presume he is. On this supposition, it was unreasonable to have kill'd him; for the Learned Mr.* Rymer *has well observ'd, that in all punishments we are to regulate our selves by Poetical justice; and according to those measures an involuntary sin deserves not death; from whence it follows, that to divorce himself from the beloved object, to retire into a desart, and deprive himself of a Throne, was the utmost punishment, which a Poet cou'd inflict, as it was also the utmost reparation, which* Sebastian *cou'd make. For what relates to* Almeyda, *her part is wholly fictitious: I know it is the surname of a noble Family in* Portugal, *which was very instrumental in the Restoration of* Don John de Braganza, *Father to the most Illustrious and most Pious Princess our Queen* Dowager. *The* French *Author of a Novel, call'd* Don Sebastian, *has given that name to an* African *Lady of his own invention, and makes her Sister to* Muley-Mahumet. *But I have wholly chang'd the accidents, and borrow'd nothing but the supposition, that she was belov'd by the King of* Portugal. *Tho, if I had taken the whole story, and wrought it up into a Play, I might have done it exactly according to the practice of almost all the Ancients; who were never accus'd of being Plagiaries, for building their Tragedies on known Fables. Thus* Augustus Cæsar *wrote an* Ajax, *which was not the less his own, because* Euripides *had written a Play before him on that Subject. Thus of late years* Corneille *writ an* Oedipus *after* Sophocles; *and I have design'd one after him, which I wrote with Mr.* Lee, *yet neither the* French *Poet stole from the*

Greek, *nor we from the* French man. *'Tis the contrivance, the new turn, and new characters, which alter the property and make it ours. The* Materia Poetica *is as common to all Writers, as the* Materia Medica *to all Physicians. Thus in our* Chronicles, Daniels *History is still his own, though* Matthew Paris, Stow *and* Hollingshed *writ before him, otherwise we must have been content with their dull relations, if a better Pen had not been allow'd to come after them, and write his own account after a new and better manner.*

I must farther declare freely, that I have not exactly kept to the three Mechanick rules of unity: I knew them and had them in my eye, but follow'd them only at a distance; for the Genius *of the* English *cannot bear too regular a Play; we are given to variety, even to a debauchery of Pleasure. My Scenes are therefore sometimes broken, because my Under-plot requir'd them so to be; though the General Scene remains of the same Castle; and I have taken the time of two days, because the variety of accidents, which are here represented, cou'd not naturally be suppos'd to arrive in one: But to gain a greater Beauty, 'tis lawful for a Poet to supersede a less.*

I must likewise own, that I have somewhat deviated from the known History, in the death of Muley-Moluch, *who, by all relations dyed of a feaver in the Battel, before his Army had wholly won the Field; but if I have allow'd him another day of life, it was because I stood in need of so shining a Character of brutality, as I have given him; which is indeed the same, with that of the present Emperor* Muley Ishmael, *as some of our* English *Officers, who have been in his Court, have credibly inform'd me.*

I have been listning what objections had been made, against the conduct of the Play, but found them all so trivial, that if I shou'd name them, a true critick wou'd imagin that I play'd booty, and only rais'd up fantoms for my self to conquer. Some are pleas'd to say the Writing is dull; but ætatem habet de se loquatur. *Others that the double poyson is unnatural; let the common received opinion, and* Ausonius *his famous Epigram answer that. Lastly a more ignorant sort of Creatures than either of the former, maintain that the Character of* Dorax, *is not only unnatural, but inconsistent with it self; let them read the Play and think again, and if yet they are not satisfied, cast their eyes on that Chapter of the Wise*

Montaigne,

Montaigne, *which is intituled* de l'Inconſtançe des actions humaines. *A longer reply, is what thoſe Cavillers deſerve not; but I will give them and their fellows to underſtand, that the Earl of* Dorſet, *was pleas'd to read the Tragedy twice over before it was Acted; and did me the favour to ſend me word, that I had written beyond any of my former Plays; and that he was diſpleas'd any thing ſhou'd be cut away. If I have not reaſon to prefer his ſingle judgment to a whole Faction, let the World be judge; for the oppoſition is the ſame with that of* Lucan's *Heroe againſt an Army;* concurrere bellum, atque virum. *I think I may modeſtly conclude, that whatever errors there may be, either in the deſign, or writing of this Play, they are not thoſe which have been objected to it. I think alſo, that I am not yet arriv'd to the Age of doating; and that I have given ſo much application to this Poem, that I cou'd not probably let it run into many groſs abſurdities; which may caution my Enemies from too raſh a cenſure; and may alſo encourage my friends, who are many more than I cou'd reaſonably have expected, to believe their kindneſs has not been very undeſervedly beſtowed on me. This is not a Play that was huddled up in haſt; and to ſhew it was not, I will own, that beſide the general Moral of it, which is given in the four laſt lines, there is alſo another Moral, couch'd under every one of the principal Parts and Characters, which a judicious Critick will obſerve, though I point not to it in this Preface. And there may be alſo ſome ſecret Beauties in the decorum of parts, and uniformity of deſign, which my puny judges will not eaſily find out; let them conſider in the laſt Scene of the fourth Act, whether I have not preſerv'd the rule of decency, in giving all the advantage to the Royal Character; and in making* Dorax *firſt ſubmit: Perhaps too they may have thought, that it was through indigence of Characters, that I have given the ſame to* Sebaſtian *and* Almeyda; *and conſequently made them alike in all things but their Sex. But let them look a little deeper into the matter, and they will find that this identity of Character in the greatneſs of their Souls; was intended for a preparation of the final diſcovery, and that the likeneſs of their nature, was a fair hint to the proximity of their blood.*

To avoid the imputation of too much vanity (for all Writers, and eſpecially Poets will have ſome) I will give but one other inſtance, in relation to the Uniformity of the deſign. I have obſerv'd, that

the

the English *will not bear a thorough Tragedy; but are pleas'd, that it shou'd be lightned with underparts of mirth. It had been easie for me to have given my Audience a better course of Comedy, I mean a more diverting, than that of* Antonio *and* Morayma. *But I dare appeal even to my Enemies, if I or any man cou'd have invented one, which had been more of a piece, and more depending, on the serious part of the design. For what cou'd be more uniform, than to draw from out of the members of a Captive Court, the Subject of a Comical entertainment? To prepare this Episode, you see* Dorax *giving the Character of* Antonio, *in the beginning of the Play, upon his first sight of him at the Lottery; and to make the dependence,* Antonio *is ingag'd in the Fourth Act, for the deliverance of* Almeyda; *which is also prepar'd, by his being first made a Slave to the Captain of the Rabble.*

I shou'd beg pardon for these instances; but perhaps they may be of use to future Poets, in the conduct of their Plays: At least if I appear too positive; I am growing old, and thereby, in possession of some experience, which men in years will always assume for a right of talking. Certainly, if a Man can ever have reason to set a value on himself, 'tis when his ungenerous Enemies are taking the advantage of the Times upon him, to ruin him in his reputation. And therefore for once, I will make bold to take the Counsel of my Old Master Virgil.

Tu, ne cede malis; sed, contrà, audentior ito.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO

DON SEBASTIAN King of *Portugal.*

Spoken by a Woman.

THE Judge remov'd, tho he's no more My Lord,
May plead at Bar, or at the Council-Board:
So may cast Poets write; there's no Pretenſion,
To argue loſs of Wit from loſs of Penſion.
Your looks are cheerful; and in all this place
I ſee not one, that wears a damning face.
The Britiſh *Nation, is too brave to ſhow,*
Ignoble vengeance, on a vanquiſh'd foe,
At leaſt be civil to the Wretch imploring;
And lay your Paws upon him, without roaring:
Suppoſe our Poet was your foe before;
Yet now, the buſ'neſs of the Field is o'er;
'Tis time to let your Civil Wars alone,
When Troops are into Winter-quarters gone.
Jove *was alike to* Latian *and to* Phrygian;
And you well know, a Play's of no Religion.
Take good advice, and pleaſe your ſelves this day;
No matter from what hands you have the Play.
Among good Fellows ev'ry health will paſs,
That ſerves to carry round another glaſs:
When, with full bowls of Burgundy *you dine,*
Tho at the Mighty Monarch *you repine,*
You grant him ſtill moſt Chriſtian, in his Wine.

Thus far the Poet, but his brains grow Addle;
And all the reſt is purely from this Noddle.
You've ſeen young Ladies at the Senate door,
Preſer Petitions, and your grace implore;
How ever grave the Legiſlators were.

Their

Their Cauſe went ne'er the worſe for being fair,
Reaſons as weak as theirs, perhaps I bring;
But I cou'd bribe you, with as good a thing.
I heard him make advances of good Nature;
That he for once, wou'd ſheath his cutting Satyr:
Sign but his Peace, he vows he'll ne'er again
The ſacred Names of Fops and Beaus profane.
Strike up the Bargain quickly; for I ſwear,
As Times go now, he offers very fair.
Be not too hard on him, with Statutes neither,
Be kind; and do not ſet your Teeth together,
To ſtretch the Laws, as Coblers do their Leather.
Horſes, by Papiſts are not to be ridden;
But ſure the Muſes *Horſe was ne'er forbidden.*
For in no Rate-Book, *it was ever found*
That Pegaſus *was valued at Five-pound:*
Fine him to daily Drudging and Inditing;
And let him pay his Taxes out, in Writing.

Don

Don Sebaſtian,

King of Portugal.

Act I. Scene I.

The Scene at Alcazar, *repreſenting a Market-Place under the Caſtle.*

Muley-Zeydan, Benducar.

Muly-Zeyd. NOW *Affrica*'s long Wars are at an end;
And our parch'd earth is drench'd in Chriſtian Blood,
My conquering Brother will have Slaves enow,
To pay his cruel Vows for Victory.
What hear you of *Sebaſtian*, King of *Portugal?*

Benducar. He fell among a heap of ſlaughter'd Moors;
Though yet his mangled Carcaſe is not found.
The Rival of our threatned Empire, *Mahumet*,
Was hot purſued; and in the general rout,
Miſtook a ſwelling Current for a Foord;
And in *Mucazer*'s Flood was ſeen to riſe;
Thrice was he ſeen; at length his Courſer plung'd,
And threw him off; the Waves whelm'd over him,
And helpleſs in his heavy arms he drownd.

Mul. Zeyd. Thus, then, a doubtful Title is extinguiſh'd:
Thus, *Moluch*, ſtill the Favorite of Fate,

Swims in a ſanguine torrent to the Throne.
As if our Prophet only work'd for him:
The Heavens and all the Stars are his hir'd Servants.
As *Muley-Zeydan* were not worth their care,
And younger Brothers but the draff of Nature.
Bend. Be ſtill, and learn the ſoothing Arts of Court;
Adore his fortune, mix with flattering Crowds,
And when they praiſe him moſt, be you the loudeſt;
Your Brother is luxurious, cloſe, and cruel,
Generous by fits, but permanent in miſchief.
The ſhadow of a diſcontent wou'd ruin us;
We muſt be ſafe before we can be great:
Theſe things obſerv'd, leave me to ſhape the reſt.
Mul. Zeyd. You have the Key, he opens inward to you.
Bend. So often try'd, and ever found ſo true,
Has given me truſt, and truſt has given me means
Once to be falſe for all. I truſt not him:
For now his ends are ſerv'd, and he grown abſolute,
How am I ſure to ſtand who ſerv'd thoſe ends?
I know your nature open, mild, and grateful;
In ſuch a Prince the People may be bleſt,
And I be ſafe.
Mul. Zeyd. My Father! [*Embracing him.*
Bend. My future King! (auſpicious *Muley-Zeydan:*)
Shall I adore you? No, the place is publick;
I worſhip you within; the outward act
Shall be reſerv'd till Nations follow me,
And Heaven ſhall envy you the kneeling World.
You know th' Alcald of *Alcazar*, *Dorax*?
Mul. Zeyd. The gallant Renegade you mean? *Bend.* The ſame:
That gloomy outſide, like a ruſty Cheſt,
Contains the ſhining Treaſure of a Soul,
Reſolv'd and brave; he has the Souldiers hearts,
And time ſhall make him ours. *Mul.* He's juſt upon us.
Bend. I know him from a far,
By the long ſtride and by the ſullen port:
Retire my Lord.
Wait on your Brothers Triumph, yours is next,
His growth is but a wild and fruitleſs Plant, I'll

I'll cut his barren branches to the ſtock,
And graft you on to bear.
Mul. Zeyd. My Oracle! [*Exit* Muley-Zeyd.
Bend. Yes, to delude your hopes, poor credulous Fool,
To think that I wou'd give away the Fruit
Of ſo much toil, ſuch guilt, and ſuch damnation;
If I am damn'd, it ſhall be for my ſelf:
This eaſie Fool muſt be my Stale, ſet up
To catch the Peoples eyes; he's tame and merciful,
Him I can manage, till I make him odious
By ſome unpopular act, and then dethrone him.

Enter *Dorax.*

Now *Dorax!*
Dorax, Well *Bemboucar!*
Bend. Bare *Bemboucar!*
Dor. Thou wouldſt have Titles, take 'em then, Chief Miniſter,
Firſt Hangman of the State.
Bend. Some call me Favourite.
Dorax, What's that, his Minion?
Thou art too old to be a Catamite!
Now prithee tell me, and abate thy pride,
Is not *Benducar* Bare, a better Name
In a Friend's mouth, than all thoſe gawdy Titles,
Which I diſdain to give the Man I love?
Bend. But always out of humor,——
Dorax, I have cauſe:
Tho all mankind is cauſe enough for Satyr.
Bend. Why then thou haſt reveng'd thee on mankind,
They ſay in fight, thou hadſt a thirſty Sword,
And well 'twas glutted there.
Dorax, I ſpitted Frogs, I cruſh'd a heap of Emmets,
A hundred of 'em to a ſingle Soul,
And that but ſcanty weight too: the great Devil
Scarce thank'd me for my pains; he ſwallows Vulgar
Like whip'd Cream, feels 'em not in going down.
Bend. Brave Renegade! cou'dſt thou not meet *Sebaſtian?*
Thy Maſter had been worthy of thy Sword.
Dorax, My Maſter? By what title,

Becauſe I happen'd to be born where he
Happen'd to be a King? And yet I ſerv'd him,
Nay, I was fool enough to love him too.
You know my ſtory, how I was rewarded,
For Fifteen hard Campaigns, ſtill hoop'd in Iron,
And why I turn'd Mahometan: I'm grateful,
But whoſoever dares to injure me,
Let that man know, I dare to be reveng'd.

Bend. Still you run off from biaſs; ſay what moves
Your preſent ſpleen?

Dorax, You mark'd not what I told you:
I kill'd not one that was his Makers Image;
I met with none but vulgar two-leg'd Brutes.
Sebaſtian was my aim; he was a Man:
Nay, though he hated me, and I hate him,
Yet I muſt do him right; he was a Man,
Above man's height, ev'n towring to *Divinity*.
Brave, pious, generous, great, and liberal:
Juſt as the Scales of Heaven that weigh the Seaſons,
He lov'd his People, him they idoliz'd:
And thence proceeds my mortal hatred to him,
That thus unblameable to all beſides
He err'd to me alone:
His goodneſs was diffus'd to human kind,
And all his cruelty confin'd to me.

Bend. You cou'd not meet him then?

Dorax, No, though I fought
Where ranks fell thickeſt; 'twas indeed the place
To ſeek *Sebaſtian*: through a track of Death
I follow'd him, by Groans of dying Foes,
But ſtill I came too late, for he was flown
Like Ligtning, ſwift before me to new Slaughters,
I mow'd acroſs, and made irregular Harveſt,
Defac'd the pomp of Battel, but in vain,
For he was ſtill ſupplying Death elſewhere:
This mads me that perhaps ignoble hands
Have overlaid him, for they cou'd not conquer:
Murder'd by Multitudes, whom I alone

Had right to ſlay; I too wou'd have been ſlain,
That catching hold upon his flitting Ghoſt
I might have robb'd him of his opening Heav'n;
And drag'd him down with me, ſpight of Predeſtination.

Bend. 'Tis of as much import as *Affric*'s worth
To know what came of him, and of *Almeyda*
The Siſter of the Vanquiſh'd *Mahumet*,
Whoſe fatal Beauty to her Brother drew
The Lands third part, as *Lucifer* did Heav'n.

Dor. I hope ſhe dy'd in her own Female calling,
Choak'd up with Man, and gorg'd with Circumciſion.
As for *Sebaſtian* we muſt ſearch the Field,
And where we ſee a Mountain of the Slain,
Send one to climb, and looking down below
There he ſhall find him at his Manly length
With his face up to Heav'n, in the red Monument,
Which his true Sword has digg'd.

Bend. Yet we may poſſibly hear farther news;
For while our *Affricans* purſu'd the Chaſe,
The Captain of the Rabble iſſued out,
With a black ſhirt-leſs train to ſpoil the dead,
And ſeize the living.

Dor. Each of 'em an Hoaſt,
A Million ſtrong of Vermine ev'ry Villain:
No part of Government, but Lords of Anarchy,
Chaos of Power, and priviledg'd deſtruction.

Bend. Yet I muſt tell you Friend the Great muſt uſe 'em,
Sometimes as neceſſary tools of tumult.

Dor. I wou'd uſe 'em
Like Dogs in times of Plague, out-laws of Nature,
Fit to be ſhot and brain'd; without a proceſs,
To ſtop infection, that's their proper death.

Bend. No more,
Behold the Emperor coming to ſurvey
The Slaves, in order to perform his Vow.

Enter

Enter Muley-Moluch *the Emperor, with Attendants.*
The Mufty, *and* Muley-Zeydan.

Moluch. Our Armours now may ruſt, our idle ſcymitars
Hang by our ſides, for Ornament not uſe:
Children ſhall beat our Atabals and Drums,
And all the noiſie trades of War, no more
Shall wake the peaceful morn: the *Xeriffs* blood
No longer in divided Channels runs,
The younger Houſe took end in *Mahumet.*
Nor ſhall *Sebaſtian*'s formidable Name,
Be longer us'd to lull the crying babe!

Mufty. For this Victorious day our Mighty Prophet
Expects your gratitude, the Sacrifice
Of Chriſtian Slaves, devoted, if you won.

Mol. The purple preſent ſhall be richly paid:
That Vow perform'd, faſting ſhall be aboliſh'd:
None ever ſerv'd Heav'n well with a ſtarv'd face:
Preach Abſtinence no more; I tell thee *Mufty*
Good feaſting is devout: and thou our Head,
Haſt a Religious, ruddy Countenance:
We will have learned Luxury: our lean Faith
Gives ſcandal to the Chriſtians; they feed high:
Then look for ſhoals of Converts, when thou haſt
Reform'd us into feaſting.

Muf. Faſting is but the Letter of the Law:
Yet it ſhows well to Preach it to the Vulgar.
Wine is againſt our Law, thar's literal too,
But not deny'd to Kings and to their Guides,
Wine is a Holy Liquor, for the Great. [Dorax *aſide.*
This *Mufti* in my conſcience is ſome *Engliſh*
Renegade, he talks ſo ſavourly of toping.

Mol. Bring forth th' unhappy Relicks of the War.

Enter

Enter Muſtapha *Captain of the Rabble with his followers of the Black Guard*, &c. *and other Moors : with them a Company of* Portugueſe *Slaves without any of the chief Perſons.*

M. Mol. Theſe are not fit to pay an Emperors Vow ;
Our Bulls and Rams had been more noble Victims ;
Theſe are but garbidge not a Sacrifice.

Muf. The Prophet muſt not pick and chooſe his Offrings ;
Now he has giv'n the Day, 'tis paſt recalling :
And he muſt be content with ſuch as theſe.

M. Mol. But are theſe all ? Speak you who are their Maſters.

Muſta. All upon my Honour : If you'll take 'em as their Fathers got 'em, ſo. If not, you muſt ſtay till they get a better generation : Theſe Chriſtians are mere bunglers ; they procreate nothing but out of their own Wives ; And theſe have all the looks of Eldeſt Sons.

M. Mol. Pain of your lives let none conceal a Slave.

Muſt. Let every Man look to his own Conſcience, I am ſure mine ſhall never hang me.

Bend. Thou ſpeak'ſt as thou wert privy to concealments : Then thou art an Accomplice.

Muſt. Nay if Accomplices muſt ſuffer, it may go hard with me ; but here's the Devil on't, there's a Great Man and a Holy Man too, concern'd with me. Now if I confeſs, he'll be ſure to ſcape between his Greatneſs and his Holineſs, and I ſhall be murder'd, becauſe of my Poverty and Raſcality.

Mufti *winking at him.*

Then if thy ſilence ſave the Great and Holy,
'Tis ſure thou ſhalt go ſtraight to Paradiſe.

Muſt. 'Tis a fine place they ſay ; but Doctor I am not worthy on't : I am contented with this homely World, 'tis good enough for ſuch a poor raſcally Muſulman as I am : Beſides I have learnt ſo much good manners, Doctor, as to let my Betters be ſerv'd before me.

M. Mol. Thou talk'ſt as if the *Mufty* were concern'd :

Muſt. Your Majeſty may lay your Soul on't : but for my part,

part, though I am a plain Fellow, yet I ſcorn to be trick'd into Paradice, I wou'd he ſhou'd know it. The troth on't is an't like you, His reverence bought of me the flower of all the Market; theſe —— theſe are but Dogs meat to 'em, and a round price he pay'd me too I'll ſay that for him; but not enough for me to venture my neck for: If I get Paradice when my time comes I can't help my ſelf; but I'll venture nothing before-hand, upon a blind Bargain.

M. Mol. Where are thoſe Slaves? produce 'em.

Muſ. They are not what he ſays.

M. Mol. No more excuſes. [*One goes out to fetch them.*
Know thou may'ſt better dally
With a dead Prophet, than a living King.

Muſ. I but reſerv'd 'em to preſent thy Greatneſs
An Offring worthy thee.

Muſt. By the ſame token there was a dainty Virgin, (Virgin ſaid I! but I won't be too poſitive of that neither) with a roguiſh leering eye! he paid me down for her upon the nail a thouſand golden *Sultanins*; or he had never had her I can tell him that: Now is it very likely he would pay ſo dear for ſuch a delicious Morſel, and give it away out of his own mouth; when it had ſuch a farewel with it too?

Enter Sebaſtian *conducted in mean habit, with* Alvarez, Antonio, *and* Almeyda: *her face veil'd with a* Barnus.

M. Mol. Ay; Theſe look like the Workmanſhip of Heav'n:
This is the porcelain clay of human kind,
And therefore caſt into theſe noble moulds.

Dorax *aſide while the Emperor whiſpers* Benducar.

By all my wrongs
'Tis he; damnation ſeize me but 'tis he!
My heart heaves up and ſwells; he's poyſon to me;
My injur'd honour, and my raviſh'd love,
Bleed at their Murderers ſight.

Benducar

[Bend. *to* Dor. *aſide.*

The Emperor wou'd learn theſe Pris'ners names;
You know 'em.

Dor. Tell him, no.
And trouble me no more. —— I will not know 'em.
Shall I truſt Heav'n, that Heav'n which I renounc'd, [*Aſide.*
With my revenge? then, where's my ſatisfaction?
No, it muſt be my own; I ſcorn a Proxy.

M. Mol. 'Tis decreed,
Theſe of a better aſpect, with the reſt
Shall ſhare one common Doom, and Lots decide it.
For ev'ry number'd Captive put a ball
Into an Urn; three only black be there,
The reſt, all white, are ſafe.

Muf. Hold Sir, the Woman muſt not draw.

M. Mol. O *Muſti.*
We know your reaſon, let her ſhare the danger.

Muf. Our Law ſays plainly Women have no Souls:

M. Mol. 'Tis true; their Souls are mortal, ſet her by:
Yet were *Almeyda* here, though Fame reports her
The faireſt of her Sex, ſo much unſeen,
I hate the Siſter of our Rival Houſe,
Ten thouſand ſuch dry Notions of our *Alcoran*
Shou'd not protect her life; if not Immortal:
Dye as ſhe cou'd, all of a piece, the better,
That none of her remain.

Here an Urn is brought in: the Pris'ners approach with great concernment; and among the reſt Sebaſtian, Alvarez *and* Antonio; *who come more chearfully.*

Dor. Poor abject Creatures how they fear to dye! [*Aſide.*
Theſe never knew one happy hour in life,
Yet ſhake to lay it down: is load ſo pleaſant?
Or has Heav'n hid the happineſs of Death
That Men may bear to live? —— Now for our Heroes.

The three approach.

O, theſe come up with Spirits more reſolv'd!
Old venerable *Alvarez*, well I know him,
The Fav'rite once of this *Sebaſtian*'s Father;
Now Miniſter; (too honeſt for his Trade)
Religion bears him out, a thing taught young,
In Age ill practis'd, yet his prop in Death.
O, he has drawn a black; and ſmiles upon't,
As who ſhou'd ſay my Faith and Soul are white
Tho my Lot ſwarthy: Now if there be hereafter
He's bleſt; if not, well cheated, and dyes pleas'd.

Anton. *holding his Lot in his clench'd hand.*

Here I have thee,
Be what thou wilt: I will not look too ſoon.
Thou haſt a colour; if thou prov'ſt not right,
I have a minute good ere I behold thee.
Now, Let me rowl, and grubble thee,
Blind Men ſay white feels ſmooth, and black feels rough;
Thou haſt a rugged skin; I do not like thee.
Dor. There's th' Amorous airy ſpark, *Antonio*;
The wittieſt Womans toy in *Portugal.*
Lord what a loſs of Treats and Serenades!
The whole She Nation will b' in mourning for him.
Antonio. I've a moiſt ſweaty palm; the more's my Sin;
If it be black, yet only dy'd, not odious
Damn'd Natural Ebony, there's hope in rubbing
To waſh this Ethiope white.—— (Looks) Pox of the Proverb!
As black as Hell: another lucky ſaying!
I think the Devils in me: — good again,
I cannot ſpeak one ſyllable, but tends
To Death or to Damnation. [*Holds up his ball.*
Dor. He looks uneaſie at his future Journey: [*Aſide.*
And wiſhes his Boots off again; for fear
Of a bad Road, and a worſe Inn at night.

Go to bed fool, and take ſecure repoſe
For thou ſhalt wake no more.

(Sebaſtian *comes up to draw.*)

M. Mol. to *Ben.* Mark him who now approaches to the Lott'ry,
He looks ſecure of Death, ſuperior greatneſs,
Like *Jove* when he made Fate, and ſaid thou art
The Slave of my Creation; I admire him.

Bend. He looks as Man was made, with face erect,
That ſcorns his brittle Corps, and ſeems aſham'd
He's not all ſpirit, his eyes with a dumb Pride,
Accuſing Fortune that he fell not warm:
Yet now diſdains to live. (Sebaſt. *draws a black.*)

M. Mol. He has his wiſh;
And I have fail'd of mine!

Dor. Robb'd of my Vengeance, by a trivial chance! [*Aſide.*
Fine work above, that their anointed care
Shou'd dye ſuch little Death: or did his Genius
Know mine the ſtronger *Demon*, fear'd the grapple,
And looking round him, found this nook of fate
To skulk behind my Sword; ſhall I diſcover him?
Still he wou'd dye not mine: no thanks to my
Revenge: reſerv'd but to more royal ſhambles.
'Twere baſe too; and below thoſe Vulgar Souls,
That ſhar'd his danger, yet not one diſclos'd him:
But ſtruck with Rev'rence kept an awful ſilence.
I'll ſee no more of this: Dog of a Prophet! [*Exit* Dorax.

Mul. Mol. One of theſe Three is a whole Hecatomb;
And therefore only one of 'em ſhall dye.
The Reſt are but mute Cattle; and when Death
Comes, like a ruſhing Lion, couch like Spaniels,
With lolling tongues, and tremble at the paw,
Let Lots again decide it.

(*The Three draw again: and the Lot falls on* Sebaſtian.)

Sebaſt. Then there's no more to manage! if I fall
It ſhall be like my ſelf; a ſetting Sun
Shou'd leave a track of Glory in the Skies.

Behold *Sebaſtian* King of *Portugal*.

M. Mol. Sebaſtian! ha! it muſt be he; no other
Cou'd repreſent ſuch ſuff'ring Majeſty:
I ſaw him, as he terms himſelf, a Sun
Strugling in dark Eclipſe, and ſhooting day
On either ſide of the black Orb that veil'd him.

Sebaſt. Not leſs ev'n in this deſpicable now,
Than when my Name fill'd Affrick with affrights,
And froze your hearts beneath your torrid Zone.

Bend. to *M. Mol.* Extravagantly brave! ev'n to an Impudence
Of Greatneſs.

Sebaſt. Here ſatiate all your fury;
Let fortune empty her whole Quiver on me,
I have a Soul, that like an ample Shield
Can take in all; and verge enough for more.
I wou'd have conquer'd you; and ventur'd only
A narrow neck of Land for a third World;
To give my looſen'd Subjects room to play.
Fate was not mine,
Nor am I Fate's: Now I have pleas'd my longing,
And trod the ground which I beheld from far,
I beg no pity for this mouldring Clay:
For if you give it burial there it takes
Poſſeſſion of your Earth:
If burnt and ſcatter'd in the air: the Winds
That ſtrow my duſt, diffuſe my royalty,
And ſpread me o'er your Clime: for where one Atome
Of mine ſhall light; know there *Sebaſtian* Reigns.

M. Mol. What ſhall I do to conquer thee?

Seb. Impoſſible!
Souls know no Conquerors.

M. Mol. I'll ſhow thee for a Monſter through my Affrick.

Seb. No thou canſt only ſhow me for a Man:
Affrick is ſtor'd with Monſters; Man's a Prodigy,
Thy Subjects have not ſeen.

Mul. M. Thou talk'ſt as if

Still

Still at the head of Battel.
Seb. Thou miſtak'ſt,
For then I would not talk.
Bend. Sure he wou'd ſleep.
Sebaſt. Till Dooms-day; when the Trumpet ſounds to riſe;
For that's a Soldiers call,
M. Mol. Thou'rt brave too late:
Thou ſhou'dſt have dy'd in battel, like a Soldier,
Seb. I fought and fell like one, but Death deceiv'd me,
I wanted weight of feeble Moors upon me,
To cruſh my Soul out.
M. Mol. Still untameable!
In what a ruine has thy head-ſtrong Pride,
And boundleſs thirſt of Empire plung'd thy People.
Sebaſt. What ſay'ſt thou, ha! No more of that.
M. Mol. Behold,
What Carcaſes of thine thy Crimes has ſtrew'd,
And left our Affric Vultures to devour.
Bend. Thoſe Souls were thoſe thy God intruſted with thee,
To cheriſh not deſtroy.
Sebaſt. Witneſs, O Heaven, how much
This ſight concerns me! Wou'd I had a Soul
For each of theſe: How gladly wou'd I pay
The Ranſom down: But ſince I have but one,
'Tis a King's life, and freely 'tis beſtow'd.
Not your falſe Prophet, but eternal Juſtice
Has deſtin'd me the Lot, to dye for theſe:
'Tis fit a Sovereign ſo ſhou'd pay ſuch Subjects;
For Subjects ſuch as they are ſeldom ſeen,
Who not forſook me at my greateſt need;
Nor for baſe lucre ſold their Loyalty,
But ſhar'd my dangers to the laſt event,
And fenc'd 'em with their own: Theſe thanks I pay you:
[*Wipes his Eyes.*
And know, that when *Sebaſtian* weeps, his Tears
Come harder than his Blood.
M. Mol. They plead too ſtrongly
To be withſtood: My Clouds are gath'ring too,

In

In kindly mixture with this Royal ſhowr:
Be ſafe, and owe thy Life, not to my gift,
But to the greatneſs of thy mind, *Sebaſtian:*
Thy Subjects too ſhall live; a due reward
For their untainted Faith, in thy concealment.
Mufti, Remember, Sir, your Vow. [*A general ſhout.*
Mul. M. Do thou remember
Thy Function, Mercy, and provoke not blood.
Mul. Zeyd. One of his generous Fits, too ſtrong to laſt.
[*Aſide to* Benducar.
Bend. The *Mufti riſes*, mark that holy Cheek. [*To him.*
He frets within, froths Treaſon at his mouth,
And churns it through his teeth; leave me to work him.
Sebaſt. A mercy unexpected, undeſir'd,
Surprizes more: You've learnt the art to vanquiſh:
You cou'd not (give me leave to tell you Sir)
Have giv'n me life but in my Subjects ſafety:
Kings, who are Fathers, live but in their People.
M. Mol. Still great, and grateful, that's thy character.
Unveil the Woman; I wou'd view the Face
That warm'd our *Mufti*'s Zeal:
Theſe pious Parrots peck the faireſt Fruit:
Such Taſters are for Kings.
[*Officers go to* Almeyda *to unveil her.*
Almeyda, Stand off ye Slaves, I will not be unveil'd.
M. Mol. Slave is thy Title: Force her.
Seb. On your lives,
Approach her not.
M. Mol. How's this!
Seb. Sir pardon me,
And hear me ſpeak.——
Almeyda, Hear me; I will be heard:
I am no Slave; the nobleſt blood of *Affric*
Runs in my Veins; a purer ſtream than thine;
For, though deriv'd from the ſame Source, thy Current
Is puddl'd, and defil'd with Tyranny.
M. Mol. What Female Fury have we here!
Almeyda, I ſhou'd be one,

Becauſe

Becauſe of kin to thee: Wou'dſt thou be touch'd
By the preſuming hands of ſawcy Grooms?
The ſame reſpect, nay more, is due to me:
More for my Sex; the ſame for my deſcent.
Theſe hands are only fit to draw the Curtain.
Now, if thou dar'ſt behold *Almeydas* face. [*Unveils her ſelf.*
Bend. Wou'd I had never ſeen it! [*aſide.*
Almeyda, She whom thy *Muſti* tax'd to have no Soul;
Let *Affric* now be judg;
Perhaps thou think'ſt I meanly hope to 'ſcape,
As did *Sebaſtian* when he own'd his greatneſs.
But to remove that ſcruple know, baſe Man,
My murther'd Father, and my Brother's Ghoſt
Still haunt this Breſt, and prompt it to revenge.
Think not I cou'd forgive nor dare thou pardon.

M. Mol. Woud'ſt thou revenge thee, Trait'reſs, hadſt thou pow'r?

Alm. Traitor, I wou'd; the Name's more juſtly thine:
Thy Father was not more than mine, the Heir
Of this large Empire; but with arms united
They fought their way, and ſeiz'd the Crown by force:
And equal as their danger was their ſhare:
For where was Elderſhip, where none had right,
But that which Conqueſt gave? 'Twas thy ambition
Pull'd from my peaceful Father what his Sword
Help'd thine to gain: Surpriz'd him and his Kingdom,
No provocation given, no War declar'd.

M. Mol. I'll hear no more.

Alm. This is the living Coal that burning in me
Wou'd flame to vengeance, cou'd it find a vent.
My Brother too, that lies yet ſcarcely cold
In his deep watry bed: My wandring Mother,
Who in exile died.
O that I had the fruitful Heads of *Hydra,*
That one might bourgeon where another fell!
Still wou'd I give thee work; ſtill, ſtill, thou Tyrant,
And hiſs thee with the laſt.

M. Mol. Something, I know not what, comes over me:

Whether

Whether the Toyls of Battel, unrepaird
With due repoſe, or other ſudden qualm.
Benducar do the reſt. [*Goes off, the Court follows him.*
Bend. Strange; in full health! This pang is of the Soul;
The Body's unconcern'd: I'll think hereafter.
Conduct theſe Royal Captives to the Caſtle;
Bid *Dorax* uſe 'em well, till farther order. [*Going off, ſtops.*
The inferior Captives their firſt owners take,
To ſell, or to diſpoſe.—— You, *Muſtapha*,
Set ope the Market for the ſale of Slaves [*Exit* Benducar.

The Maſters and Slaves come forward, and Buyers of ſeveral Qualities come in and chaffer about the ſeveral Owners, who make their Slaves do Tricks.

Muſtapha, My Chattels are come into my hands again, and my Conſcience will ſerve me to ſell 'em twice over; any price now, before the *Muſti* comes to claim 'em.

Firſt Merchant to Muſtapha.

What do'ſt hold that old Fellow at? [*Pointing to* Alvarez.
He's tough, and has no ſervice in his limbs.

Muſt. I confeſs he's ſomewhat tough; but I ſuppoſe you wou'd not boyl him. I ask for him a thouſand Crowns.

1ſt. Mer. Thou mean'ſt a thouſand Marvedi's.

Muſt. Prithee Friend, give me leave to know my own meaning.

1ſt. Mer. What virtues has he to deſerve that price?

Muſt. Marry come up Sir! Virtues quoth ah! I took him in the King's Company; he's of a great Family, and rich, What other Virtues wou'dſt thou have in a Noble-man?

1ſt. Mer. I buy him with another man's Purſe, that's my comfort.
My Lord *Dorax*, the Governor, will have him at any rate:—
There's Handſel.
Come, old Fellow, to the Caſtle.

Alvar. To what is miſerable Age reſerv'd! [*Aſide.*
But oh the King! And oh the fatal Secret!
Which I have kept thus long, to time it better,

And

And now I wou'd diſcloſe, 'tis paſt my pow'r.

[*Exit with his Maſter.*

Muſt. Something of a Secret, and of the King I heard him mutter: A Pimp I warrant him, for I am ſure he is an old Courtier.

Now to put off t'other remnant of my Merchandize, ——
Stir up, Sirrah [*to* Antonio.

Anton. Dog, what wou'dſt thou have!

Muſt. Learn better manners, or I ſhall ſerve you a Dog-trick; come, down upon all four immediately;
I'll make you know your Rider.

Ant. Thou wilt not make a Horſe of me?

Muſt. Horſe or Aſs, that's as thy Mother made thee:——
But take earneſt in the firſt place for thy Sawcyneſs.

[*Laſhes him with his Whip.*

Be advis'd Friend, and buckle to thy Geers: Behold my Enſign of Royalty diſplay'd over thee.

Ant. I hope one day to uſe thee worſe in *Portugal.*

Muſt. Ay, and good reaſon, Friend, if thou catcheſt me a conquering on thy ſide of the water, lay me on luſtily, I'll take it as kindly as thou doſt this.——

[*Holds up his Whip.*

Antonio *lying down.*

Hold my dear Thrum-cap: I obey thee chearfully,
I ſee the Doctrine of Non-Reſiſtance is never practis'd thoroughly but when a Man can't help himſelf.

Enter a Second Merchant.

2*d. Merchant.* You, Friend, I wou'd ſee that Fellow do his Poſtures.

Muſtapha *bridling* Antonio.

Now Sirrah follow, for you have rope enough:
To your paces Villain, amble, trot, and gallop:——
Quick, about there.— Yeap, the more Money's bidden for you, the more your credit.

Antonio *follows at the end of the Bridle on his hands and feet, and does all his Poſtures.*

2d. *Merch.* He's well chin'd, and has a tolerable good back; that's half in half. [*To* Muſtapha.] I wou'd ſee him ſtrip, has he no Diſeaſes about him?

Muſt. He's the beſt piece of Man's fleſh in the Market, not an Eye-ſore in his whole body: Feel his Legs, Maſter, neither Splint, Spavin, nor Wind-gall. [*Claps him on the ſhoulder.*

Merchant *feeling about him, and then putting his hand to his ſide.*

Out upon him, how his flank heaves! The Whorſon's broken-winded.

Muſt. Thick breath'd a little: Nothing but a ſorry cold with lying out a nights in Trenches;— but ſound Wind and Limb, I warrant him.

Try him at a looſe trot a little.

Puts the Bridle into his hand, he ſtrokes him.

Anton. For Heaven's ſake Owner ſpare me; you know I am but new broken.

2d. *Merch.* 'Tis but a waſhy Jade, I ſee: What do you ask for this Bauble?

Muſt. Bauble do you call him; he's a ſubſtantial true-bred Beaſt; bravely forehanded; mark but the cleanneſs of his ſhapes too; his Dam may be a Spaniſh Gennet, but a true Barb by the Sire, or I have no skill in Horſe-fleſh. ——

Marry I ask Six Hundred Xeriffs for him.

Enter Mufti.

Mufti, What's that you are asking, Sirrah?

Muſt. Marry, I ask your Reverence Six Hundred Pardons; I was doing you a ſmall piece of ſervice here, putting off your Chattel for you.

Mufti, And putting the Mony into your own Pocket.

Muſt. Upon vulgar reputation, no my Lord, it was for your profit and emolument. What, wrong the Head of my Religion? I was ſenſible you wou'd have damn'd me, or any man that ſhou'd have injur'd you in a ſingle Farthing; for I knew that was Sacrifice.

Mufti,

Mufti, Sacriledge you mean, Sirrah,—and damning ſhall be the leaſt part of your puniſhment; I have taken you in the manner, and will have the Law upon you.

Muſt. Good my Lord, take pity upon a poor man in this World, and damn me in the next.

Mufti, No Sirrah, ſo you may repent, and ſcape puniſhment: Did not you ſell this very Slave amongſt the reſt to me, and take Mony for him. *Muſt.* Right my Lord.

Mufti, And ſelling him again? Take Mony twice for the ſame Commodity? Oh, Villain!

But did you not know him to be my Slave, Sirrah?

Muſt. Why ſhou'd I lye to your Honor, I did know him; and thereupon, ſeeing him wander about; I took him up for a ſtray, and impounded him, with intention to reſtore him to the right Owner.

Mufti, And yet at the ſame time was ſelling him to another: How rarely the Story hangs together.

Muſt. Patience, my Lord.

I took him up, as your Heriot, with intention to have made the beſt of him, and then have brought the whole product of him in a Purſe to you; for I know you wou'd have ſpent half of it upon your pious Pleaſures, have hoarded up the other half, and given the remainder in Charities to the Poor.

Mufti, And what's become of my other Slave? Thou haſt ſold him too I have a villainous ſuſpicion.

Muſt. I know you have, my Lord; but while I was managing this young robuſtous Fellow, that old Spark who was nothing but Skin and Bone, and by conſequence, very nimble, ſlipt through my fingers like an Eel, for there was no hold faſt of him, and ran away to buy himſelf a new Maſter.

Mufti *to* Antonio.

Follow me home, Sirrah: [*to* Muſt.] I ſhall remember you ſome other time. [*Exit* Mufti *with* Antonio.

Muſt. I never doubted your Lordſhips memory, for an ill turn: And I ſhall remember him too in the next riſing of the Mobile, for this act of Reſumption; and more eſpecially for the Ghoſtly Counſel he gave me before the Emperor, to have hang'd my ſelf in ſilence, to have ſav'd his Reverence. The

beſt on't is, I am beforehand with him, for ſelling one of his Slaves twice over.——And if he had not come juſt in the nick, I might have pocketed up t'other: For what ſhould a poor Man do, that gets his living by hard labor, but pray for bad times when he may get it eaſily. O, for ſome incomparable Tumult! Then ſhou'd I naturally wiſh, that the beaten Party might prevail, becauſe we have plundered t'other ſide already, and there's nothing more to get of 'em.

Both rich and poor for their own intereſt pray,
'Tis ours to make our Fortunes while we may;
For Kingdoms are not conquer'd every day.

[*Exit* Muſtaph.

Act II.

Scene 1. *Suppos'd to be a terrace Walk, on the ſide of the Caſtle of* Alcazar.

Emperor. Benducar.

Emper. AND thinkeſt thou not it was diſcovered?
Bend. No:
The thoughts of Kings are like religious Groves,
The Walks of muffled Gods: Sacred retreat,
Where none but whom they pleaſe t'admit, approach.
Emp. Did not my conſcious Eyes flaſh out a Flame
To lighten thoſe brown horrors, and diſcloſe
The ſecret path I trod?
Bend. I cou'd not find it, 'till you lent a Clue
To that cloſe Labarynth; how then ſhou'd they?
Emp. I wou'd be loth they ſhou'd: it breeds contempt
For Herds to liſten, or preſume to pry,
When the hurt Lion groans within his Den:
But is 't not ſtrange?
Bend. To love? not more than 'tis to live; a Tax
Impos'd on all by Nature, paid in kind,
Familiar as our being. *Emp.* Still

Emp. Still 'tis ſtrange
To me: I know my Soul as wild as winds,
That ſweep the Deſarts of our moving Plains;
Love might as well be ſow'd upon our Sands,
As in a breſt ſo barren:
To love an Enemy, the only One
Remaining too, whom yeſter Sun beheld,
Muſt'ring her charms, and rolling as ſhe paſt,
By every Squadron her alluring eyes:
To edge her Champions Swords, and urge my ruin.
The ſhouts of Soldiers, and the burſt of Cannon,
Maintain ev'n ſtill a deaf and murm'ring noiſe;
Nor is Heav'n yet recover'd of the ſound
Her Battel rows'd: Yet ſpight of me I love.
Bend. What then controuls you?
Her Perſon is as proſtrate as her Party.
Emp. A thouſand things controul this Conqueror,
My native pride to own th'unworthy paſſion,
Hazard of Int'reſt, and my Peoples love:
To what a Storm of Fate am I expos'd!
What if I had her murder'd? 'tis but what
My Subjects all expect, and ſhe deſerves.
Wou'd not th' impoſſibility
Of ever, ever ſeeing, or poſſeſſing,
Calm all this rage, this Hurrican of Soul?
Bend. That ever, ever,
I mark'd the double, ſhows extream reluctance
To part with her for ever.
Emp. Right thou haſt me,
I wou'd, but cannot kill: I muſt enjoy her:
I muſt, and what I muſt be ſure I will.
What's Royalty but pow'r to pleaſe my ſelf?
And if I dare not, then am I the Slave,
And my own Slaves the Sovereigns, —— 'tis reſolv'd,
Weak Princes flatter when they want the pow'r
To curb their People; tender Plants muſt bend,
But when a Government is grown to ſtrength,
Like ſome old Oak, rough with its armed Bark,

It yields not to the tug, but only nods,
And turns to ſullen State.
Bend. Then you reſolve
T'implore her pity, and to beg relief?
Emp. Death, muſt I beg the pity of my Slave?
Muſt a King beg? Yes, Love's a greater King;
A Tyrant, nay a Devil that poſſeſſes me:
He tunes the Organs of my voice, and ſpeaks
Unknown to me within me; puſhes me,
And drives me on by force. ——
Say I ſhou'd wed her, wou'd not my wiſe Subjects
Take check, and think it ſtrange? perhaps revolt?
Bend. I hope they wou'd not.
Emp. Then thou doubt'ſt they wou'd?
Bend. To whom?
Emp. To her
Perhaps, or to my Brother, or to Thee.
[Bend. *in diſorder.*
To me! me did you mention? how I tremble!
The name of Treaſon ſhakes my honeſt Soul.
If I am doubted, Sir,
Secure your ſelf this moment, take my life.
Emp. No more: if I ſuſpected thee --- I wou'd.
Bend. I thank your kindneſs: Guilt had almoſt loſt me! [*Aſide.*
Emp. But clear my doubts: think'ſt thou they may rebel.
[Bend. *aſide.*
This goes as I wou'd wiſh: --- (*to th' Emp.*) 'Tis poſſible.
A ſecret Party ſtill remains, that lurks
Like Embers rak'd in aſhes — wanting but
A breath to blow aſide th' involving duſt,
And then they blaze abroad.
Emp. They muſt be trampled out.
Bend. But firſt be known.
Emp. Torture ſhall force it from 'em.
Bend. You wou'd not put a Nation to the rack?
Emp. Yes, the whole World; ſo I be ſafe, I care not.
Bend. Our Limbs and Lives
Are yours, but mixing Friends with Foes is hard.

Emp.

Emp. All may be foes; or how to be diſtinguiſh'd,
If ſome be friends?

Bend. They may with eaſe be winnow'd:
Suppoſe ſome one, who has deſerv'd your truſt,
Some one who knows Mankind, ſhou'd be employ'd
To mix among 'em, ſeem a Malcontent,
And dive into their breaſts, to try how far
They dare oppoſe your love?

Emp. I like this well: 'Tis wholeſom wickedneſs.

Bend. Whomever he ſuſpects, he faſtens there,
And leaves no cranny of his Soul unſearch'd:
Then, like a Bee bag'd with his honey'd venome,
He brings it to your Hive: if ſuch a Man
So able, and ſo honeſt, may be found;
If not, my project dyes.—

Emp. By all my hopes thou haſt deſcrib'd thy ſelf:—
Thou, thou alone art fit to play that Engine,
Thou only coudſt contrive.

Bend. Sure I cou'd ſerve you:
I think I cou'd:——— but here's the difficulty,
I'm ſo entirely yours,
That I ſhou'd ſcurvily diſſemble hate;
The cheat wou'd be too groſs.

Emp. Art thou a Stateſman
And canſt not be a Hypocrite? Impoſſible:
Do not diſtruſt thy Vertues.

Bend. If I muſt perſonate this ſeeming Villain,
Remember 'tis to ſerve you.

Emp. No more words:
Love goads me to *Almeyda*, all affairs
Are troubleſom but that; and yet that moſt.
[*Going.*
Bid *Dorax* treat *Sebaſtian* like a King;
I had forgot him;— but this Love marrs all,
And takes up my whole breſt. [*Exit Emperor.*

Bend. (to the *Emp.*) Be ſure I'll tell him.———
With all the aggravating Circumſtances [*Alone.*
I can, to make him ſwell at that Command,

The Tyrant firſt ſuſpected me:
Then, with a ſudden guſt, he whirld about,
And truſted me too far: Madneſs of Pow'r!
Now, by his own conſent, I ruin him.
For, ſhou'd ſome feeble Soul, for fear or gain
Bolt out t'accuſe me, ev'n the King is cozen'd,
And thinks he's in the ſecret.
How ſweet is Treaſon when the Traytor's ſafe!

(*Sees the* Mufti *and* Dorax *entring and ſeeming to confer.*)

The *Muſti*, and with him my ſullen *Dorax*,
That firſt is mine already.
'Twas eaſie work to gain a cov'tous mind,
Whom rage to looſe his Pris'ners had prepar'd:
Now, caught himſelf,
He wou'd ſeduce another; I muſt help him:
For Church-men, though they itch to govern all,
Are ſilly, woful, awkard Politicians;
They make lame miſchief, though they mean it well:
Their Int'reſt is not finely drawn, and hid,
But ſeams are coarſly bungled up, and ſeen.

Muf. He'll tell you more.

Dor. I've heard enough already
To make me loath thy Morals.

Bend. to *Dor.* You ſeem warm:
The good Man's zeal, perhaps has gon too far.

Dor. Not very far; not farther than zeal goes
Of courſe; a ſmall days journey ſhort of Treaſon.

Muf. By all that's Holy, Treaſon was not nam'd:
I ſpar'd the Emperors broken Vows to ſave
The Slaves from Death; though it was cheating Heav'n,
But I forgave him that.

Dor. And ſlighted o'er [*ſcornfully.*
The wrongs himſelf ſuſtain'd in property:
When his bought Slaves were ſeiz'd by force, no loſs
Of his conſider'd, and no coſt repaid.

Muf.

Mufti, Not wholly ſlighted o'er, not abſolutely:
Some modeſt hints of private wrongs I urg'd.
Dorax, Two thirds of all he ſaid: there he began;
To ſhew the fulneſs of his heart, there ended:
Some ſhort excurſions of a broken Vow,
He made indeed, but flat inſipid ſtuff:
But when he made his loſs the Theme, he flouriſh'd,
Reliev'd his fainting Rhetorick with new Figures,
And thunder'd at oppreſſing Tyranny.
Mufti, Why not, when Sacrilegious Pow'r wou'd ſeize
My Property, 'tis an affront to Heav'n,
Whoſe Perſon, though unworthy, I ſuſtain.
Dorax. You've made ſuch ſtrong Alliances above,
That 'twere Profaneneſs in us Laiety
To offer earthly Aid.
I tell thee, *Mufti*, if the World were wiſe,
They wou'd not wag one finger in your quarrels.
Your Heav'n you promiſe, but our Earth you covet.
The Phaethons of mankind, who fire that World,
Which you were ſent by Preaching but to warm.
Bend. This goes beyond the mark.
Mufti, No, let him rail;
His Prophet works within him;
He's a rare Convert.
Dorax, Now his Zeal yearns,
To ſee me burnt; he damns me from his Church,
Becauſe I wou'd reſtrain him to his Duty;
Is not the care of Souls a load ſufficient?
Are nor your holy ſtipends pay'd for this?
Were you not bred apart from worldly noiſe,
To ſtudy Souls, their Cures and their Diſeaſes?
If this be ſo, we ask you but our own:
Give us your whole Employment, all your care:
The Province of the Soul is large enough
To fill up every Cranny of your time,
And leave you much to anſwer, if one Wretch
Be damn'd by your neglect.

Bend. to the *Mufti.* He ſpeaks but reaſon.

Dorax, Why then theſe forein thoughts of State-Employments,
Abhorrent to your Function and your Breeding?
Poor droaning Truants of unpractis'd Cells,
Bred in the Fellowſhip of bearded Boys,
What wonder is it if you know not Men?
Yet there, you live demure, with down-caſt Eyes,
And humble as your Diſcipline requires:
But, when let looſe from thence to live at large,
Your little tincture of Devotion dies:
Then Luxury ſucceeds, and ſet agog
With a new Scene of yet untaſted Joys,
You fall with greedy hunger to the Feaſt.
Of all your College Vertues, nothing now
But your Original Ignorance remains:
Bloated with Pride, Ambition, Avarice,
You ſwell, to counſel Kings and govern Kingdoms.

Mufti. He prates as if Kings had not Conſciences,
And none requir'd Directors but the Crowd.

Dorax, As private men they want you, not as Kings;
Nor wou'd you care t'inſpect their publick Conſcience,
But that it draws dependencies of Pow'r,
And Earthly Intereſt which you long to ſway.
Content you with monopolizing Heav'n,
And let this little hanging Ball alone;
For give you but a foot of Conſcience there,
And you, like *Archimedes,* toſs the Globe.
We know your thoughts of us that Laymen are
Lag Souls, and rubbiſh of remaining Clay,
Which Heav'n, grown weary of more perfect work,
Set upright with a little puff of breath,
And bid us paſs for Men.

Mufti. I will not anſwer,
Baſe foul mouth'd Renegade; but I'll pray for thee
To ſhew my Charity. *Exit* Mufti.

Dorax, Do; but forget not him who needs it moſt:
Allow thy ſelf ſome ſhare: He's gone too ſoon;
I had to tell him of his holy jugglings;

Things

Things that wou'd ſtartle Faith, and make us deem
Not this or that, but all Religions falſe.
Bend. Our Holy Oratour has loſt the Cauſe: [*Aſide.*
But I ſhall yet redeem it.—(to *Dorax*) let him go;
For I have ſecret Orders from the Emperour,
Which none but you muſt hear: I muſt confeſs
I cou'd have wiſh'd ſome other hand had brought 'em.
When did you ſee your Priſ'ner Great *Sebaſtian?*
Dorax, You might as well have ask'd me when I ſaw
A creſted Dragon, or a Baſilisk;
Both are leſs Poiſon to my Eyes and Nature.
He knows not I am I; nor ſhall he ſee me
Till time has perfected a lab'ring thought,
That rouls within my breſt.
Bend. 'Twas my miſtake:
I gueſs'd indeed that time, and his misfortunes,
And your returning duty had effac'd
The mem'ry of paſt wrongs; they wou'd in me;
And I judg'd you as tame and as forgiving.
Dorax, Forgive him! no, I left my fooliſh Faith
Becauſe it wou'd oblige me to forgiveneſs.
Bend. I can but grieve to find you obſtinate:
For you muſt ſee him; 'tis our Emp'rours will,
And ſtrict Command.
Dorax, I laugh at that Command.
Bend. You muſt do more than ſee; ſerve, and reſpect him.
Dorax, See, ſerve him, and reſpect, and after all
My yet uncancell'd wrongs, I muſt do this!
But I forget my ſelf.
Bend. Indeed you do.
Dorax, The Emp'rour is a ſtranger to my wrongs;
I need but tell my ſtory, to revoke
This hard Commiſſion.
Bend. Can you call me Friend,
And think I cou'd neglect to ſpeak, at full
Th' Affronts you had from your ungrateful Maſter?
Dorax, And yet enjoyn'd my Service, and Attendance?
Bend. And yet enjoyn'd 'em both: wou'd that were all;

He ſcru'd his Face into a harden'd ſmile,
And ſaid, *Sebaſtian* knew to govern Slaves.
Dorax, Slaves are the growth of *Africk*, not of *Europe:*
By Heav'n I will not lay down my Commiſſion;
Not at his foot, I will not ſtoop ſo low;
But if there be a part in all his Face
More ſacred than the reſt, I'll throw it there.
Bend. You may; but then you loſe all future means
Of Vengeance on *Sebaſtian*, when no more
Alcalde of this Fort.
Dorax, That thought eſcap'd me.
Bend. Keep your Command; and be reveng'd on both:
Nor ſooth your ſelf; you have no pow'r t' affront him;
The Emp'rours love protects him from inſults..
And he, who ſpoke that proud ill-natur'd word,
Following the bent of his impetuous temper,
May force your reconcilement to *Sebaſtian:*
Nay bid you kneel, and kiſs th' offending foot,
That kick'd you from his Preſence.
But think not to divide their puniſhment;
You cannot touch a hair of loath'd *Sebaſtian*,
While *Muley-Moluch* lives.
Dorax, What means this Riddle?
Bend. 'Tis out: there needs no *Oedipus* to ſolve it.
Our Emp'rour is a Tyrant, fear'd aud hated;
I ſcarce remember in his Reign, one day
Paſs guiltleſs o'er his execrable head.
He thinks the Sun is loſt that ſees not bloud:
When none is ſhed we count it Holiday.
We, who are moſt in favour, cannot call
This hour our own?—— you know the younger Brother
Mild *Muley Zeydan*;——
Dorax, Hold and let me think.
Bend. The Soldiers Idolize you,
He truſts you with the Caſtle,
The Key of all his Kingdom.
Dorax, Well; and he truſts you too.

Bend.

Bend. Elſe I were mad,
To hazard ſuch a daring Enterprize.
Dorax, He truſts us both; mark that, ſhall we betray him?
A Maſter who repoſes Life and Empire
On our fidelity: I grant he is a Tyrant,
That hated name my nature moſt abhors;
More, as you ſay, has loaded me with ſcorn:
Ev'n with the laſt contempt, to ſerve *Sebaſtian.*
Yet more I know he vacates my revenge;
Which, but by this revolt I cannot compaſs:
But, while he truſts me, 'twere ſo baſe a part
To fawn and yet betray, I ſhou'd be hiſs'd
And whoop'd in Hell for that Ingratitude.
Bend. Conſider well what I have done for you.
Dorax, Conſider thou what thou woud'ſt have me do.
Bend. You've too much honour for a Renegade.
Dorax, And thou too little faith to be a Fav'rite.
Is not the bread thou eat'ſt, the Robe thou wear'ſt,
Thy Wealth, and Honours, all the pure indulgence
Of him thou wou'dſt deſtroy?
And wou'd his Creature, nay his Friend betray him?
Why then no Bond is left on human kind:
Diſtruſts, debates, immortal ſtrifes enſue;
Children may murder Parents, Wives their Husbands;
All muſt be Rapine, Wars, and Deſolation,
When truſt and gratitude no longer bind.
Bend. Well have you argued in your own defence:
You, who have burſt aſunder all thoſe bonds,
And turn'd a Rebel to your Native Prince.
Dorax, True, I rebell'd: but when did I betray?
Indignities, which Man cou'd not ſupport,
Provok'd my vengeance to this noble Crime.
But he had ſtrip'd me firſt of my Command,
Diſmiſs'd my Service, and abſolv'd my Faith;
And, with diſdainful Language, dar'd my worſt.
I but accepted War, which he denounc'd.
Elſe had you ſeen, not *Dorax,* but *Alonzo,*
With his couch'd Lance againſt your foremoſt *Moors:*

Perhaps

Perhaps too turn'd the fortune of the day;
Made *Affrick* mourn, and *Portugal* triumph.
Bend. Let me embrace thee.
Dorax, Stand off Sycophant,
And keep Infection diſtant.
Bend. Brave and honeſt.
Dorax, In ſpight of thy Temptations.
Bend. Call 'em Trials:
They were no more: thy faith was held in Balance,
And nicely weigh'd by jealouſie of Pow'r;
Vaſt was the truſt of ſuch a Royal Charge;
And onr wiſe Emperour, might juſtly fear
Sebaſtian might be freed and reconcil'd,
By new Obligements to thy former love.
Dorax, I doubt thee ſtill; thy reaſons were too ſtrong,
And driv'n too near the head, to be but Artifice.
And after all, I know thou art a Stateſman,
Where truth is rarely found.
Bend. Behold the Emperour;

(*Enter* Emp. Seb. *and* Almeyda.)

Ask him, I beg thee to be juſtify'd,
If he employ'd me not to foord thy Soul,
And try the footing whether falſe or firm,
Dorax, Death to my Eyes, I ſee *Sebaſtian* with him!
Muſt he be ſerv'd! avoid him, if we meet,
It muſt be like the cruſh of Heav'n and Earth,
T' involve us both in ruin. (*Exit* Dorax.
Bend. 'Twas a bare ſaving game I made with *Dorax*,
But better ſo than loſt; he cannot hurt me,
That I precaution'd: I muſt ruin him.
But now this Love; Ay, there's the gath'ring ſtorm!
The Tyrant muſt not wed *Almeyda*; no,
That ruins all the Fabrick I am raiſing.
Yet ſeeming to approve it, gave me time,
And gaining time gains all.

(Bendu-

(Benducar *goes and waits behind the* Emperour.)
(*The Emperour*; Sebaſtian *and* Almeyda *advance to the front of the Stage.*) *Guards and Attendants.*

Emp. to *Seb.* I bad 'em ſerve you, and if they obey not,
I keep my Lions keen within their Dens,
To ſtop their maws with diſobedient Slaves.
Seb. If I had Conquer'd,
They cou'd not have with more obſervance waited:
Their eyes, hands, feet,
Are all ſo quick they ſeem t' have but one motion,
To catch my flying words. Onely the *Alcayde*
Shuns me, and with a grim Civility,
Bows, and declines my Walks.
Emp. A Renegade:
I know not more of him: but that he's brave,
And hates your Chriſtian Sect. If you can frame
A farther wiſh, give wing to your deſires,
And name the thing you want.
Sebaſt. My Liberty:
For were ev'n Paradiſe it ſelf my Priſon,
Still I ſhou'd long to leap the Chryſtal walls.
Emp. Sure our two Souls have ſomewhere been acquainted:
In former beings; or, ſtruck out together,
One ſpark to *Africk* flew, and one to *Portugal.*
Expect a quick deliverance: (turning to *Alm*:) here's a third,
Of kindred Soul to both: pity our Stars
Have made us Foes! I ſhou'd not wiſh her death.
Almeyda, I ask no pity; if I thought my Soul
Of kin to thine, ſoon wou'd I rend my heart-ſtrings,
And tear out that Alliance: but thou Viper
Haſt cancell'd kindred, made a rent in Nature,
And through her holy bowels gnaw'd thy way,
Through thy own Bloud to Empire.
Emper. This again: ——
And yet ſhe lives; and only lives t' upbraid me.

Sebaſt. What

Sebaſt. What honour is there in a Womans death!
Wrong'd as ſhe ſays, but helpleſs to revenge;
Strong in her Paſſion, impotent of Reaſon,
Too weak to hurt, too fair to be deſtroy'd.
Mark her Majeſtick Fabrick; She's a Temple
Sacred by birth, and built by Hands Divine;
Her Soul's the Deity, that lodges there:
Nor is the Pile unworthy of the God.

Emp. She's all that thou canſt ſay or I can think.
But the perverſneſs of her clam'rous Tongue
Strikes Pity deaf.

Seb. Then onely hear her Eyes;
Though they are mute they plead; nay more, command;
For beauteous Eyes have Arbitrary Power.
All Females have prerogative of Sex,
The Shes ev'n of the ſalvage herd are ſafe;
And when they ſnarl or bite, have no return
But Courtſhip from the Male.

Emp. Were She not She, and I not *Muley-Moluch*,
She's Miſtreſs of unevitable Charms,
For all but me; nor am I ſo exempt,
But that — I know not what I was to ſay —
But I am too obnoxious to my Friends;
And ſway'd by your Advice.

Sebaſt. Sir, I advis'd not.
By Heav'n, I never counſell'd Love but Pity.

Emp. By Heav'n thou didſt: deny it not, thou didſt:
For what was all that Prodigality
Of praiſe, but to enflame me? ———

Sebaſt. Sir, ———

Emp. No more:
Thou haſt convinc'd me, that ſhe's worth my Love.

Seb. Was ever Man ſo ruin'd by himſelf! (*Aſide.*
Almeyda, Thy Love; that odious Mouth was never fram'd
To ſpeak a word ſo ſoft:
Name Death again, for that thou canſt pronounce
With horrid grace, becoming of a Tyrant.
Love is for human hearts, and not for thine,

Where

Where the brute Beaſt extinguiſhes the Man.
Emper. Such if I were, yet rugged Lions love,
And grapple, and compel their ſavage Dames.—
Mark my *Sebaſtian*, how that ſullen frown, [*She frowns*
Like flaſhing Lightning, opens angry Heaven;
And while it kills delights. But yet, inſult not
Too ſoon, proud Beauty, I confeſs no love.
Seb. No Sir, I ſaid ſo, and I witneſs for you,
Not love; but noble pity mov'd your mind:
Int'reſt might urge you too to ſave her life;
For thoſe who wiſh her party loſt, might murmur
At ſhedding Royal Blood.
Emp. Right, thou inſtruct'ſt me;
Int'reſt of State requires not Death, but Marriage;
T'unite the jarring Titles of our Line.
Seb. Let me be dumb for ever, all I plead, [*Aſide.*
Like Wild-fire thrown againſt the Wind, returns
With double force to burn me.
Emp. Cou'd I but bend to make my beauteous Foe
The Partner of my Throne, and of my Bed.——
Almeyda, Still thou diſſembleſt, but I read thy heart,
And know the power of my own Charms; thou lov'ſt,
And I am pleas'd for my revenge thou doſt.
Emp. And thou haſt cauſe.
Alm. I have; for I have pow'r to make thee wretched.
Be ſure I will, and yet deſpair of freedom.
Emp. Well then, I love,—
And 'tis below my greatneſs to diſown it:
Love thee implacably, yet hate thee too;
Wou'd hunt thee bare-foot, in the mid-day Sun,
Through the parch'd Deſarts, and the ſcorching Sands,
T'enjoy thy Love, and once enjoy'd to kill thee.
Alm. 'Tis a falſe Courage, when thou threat'neſt me;
Thou canſt not ſtir a hand to touch my Life:
Do not I ſee thee tremble while thou ſpeak'ſt?
Lay by the Lions Hide, vain Conqueror,
And take the Diſtaff; for thy Soul's my Slave.
Emp. Confuſion! How thou vieweſt my very Heart!

I cou'd as ſoon,
Stop a Spring-tide, blown in, with my bare hand,
As this impetuous Love:——Yes, I will wed thee;
In ſpight of thee, and of my ſelf, I will.
Alm. For what? To people *Affric* with new Monſters,
Which that unnatural mixture muſt produce?
No, were we joyn'd, e'vn tho it were in death,
Our Bodies burning in one Funeral Pile,
The Prodigy of *Thebes* wou'd be renew'd,
And my divided flame ſhou'd break from thine.
Emp. Serpent, I will engender Poyſon with thee;
Joyn Hate with Hate, add Venom to the birth;
Our Off-ſpring, like the ſeed of Dragons Teeth,
Shall iſſue arm'd, and fight themſelves to death.
Alm. I'm calm again; thou canſt not marry me.
Emp. As gleams of Sun-ſhine ſoften ſtorms to ſhow'rs,
So, if you ſmile, the loudneſs of my rage
In gentle Whiſpers ſhall return, but this,——
That nothing can divert my Love, but Death.
Alm. See how thou art deceiv'd, I am a Chriſtian;
'Tis true, unpractis'd in my new Belief,
Wrongs I reſent, nor pardon yet with eaſe:
Thoſe Fruits come late, and are of ſlow increaſe
In haughty Hearts, like mine: Now, tell thy ſelf
If this one word deſtroy not thy deſigns:
Thy Law permits thee not to marry me.
Emp. 'Tis but a ſpecious Tale, to blaſt my hopes,
And baffle my pretenſions. Speak, *Sebaſtian*,
And, as a King, ſpeak true.
Sebaſt. Then, thus adjur'd,
On a King's word 'tis truth, but truth ill tim'd;
For her dear Life is now expos'd anew;
Unleſs you wholly can put on Divinity,
And graciouſly forgive.
Alm. Now learn by this,
The little value I have left for life,
And trouble me no more.
Emp. I thank thee Woman;

Thou

Thou haſt reſtor'd me to my native Rage;
And I will ſeize my happineſs by force.
Sebaſt. Know *Muley-Moluch* when thou dar'ſt attempt.——
Emp. Beware, I wou'd not be provok'd to uſe
A Conqueror's right, and therefore charge thy ſilence.
If thou wou'dſt merit to be thought my Friend,
I leave thee to perſwade her to compliance:
If not, there's a new guſt in Raviſhment,
Which I have never try'd.
Bend. They muſt be watch'd; [*aſide.*
For ſomething I obſerv'd creates a doubt.
[*Exeunt* Emperour *and* Benducar.
Seb. I've been too tame, have baſely born my Wrongs,
And not exerted all the King, within me;
I heard him, O ſweet Heavens, he threat'ned Rape;
Nay inſolently urg'd me to perſwade thee,
Ev'n thee, thou Idol of my Soul and Eyes;
For whom I ſuffer Life, and drag this being.
Alm. You turn my Priſon to a Paradiſe;
But I have turn'd your Empire to a Priſon:
In all your Wars good fortune flew before you;
Sublime you ſate in Triumph on her Wheel;
Till in my fatal Cauſe your Sword was drawn;
The weight of my misfortunes drag'd you down.
Seb. And is't not ſtrange, that Heav'n ſhou'd bleſs my Arms
In common Cauſes, and deſert the beſt?
Now in your greateſt, laſt extremity,
When I wou'd, ayd you moſt, and moſt deſire it,
I bring but Sighs, the ſuccors of a Slave.
Alm. Leave then the luggage of your fate behind,
To make your flight more eaſie, leave *Almeyda.*
Nor think me left a baſe ignoble Prey,
Expos'd to this inhuman Tyrant's luſt;
My Virtue is a guard beyond my ſtrength,
And Death, my laſt defence, within my call.
Seb. Death may be call'd in vain, and cannot come;
Tyrants can tye him up from your relief:
Nor has a Chriſtian privilege to dye.

Alas thou art too young in thy new Faith;
Brutus and *Cato* might discharge their Souls,
And give 'em Furlo's for another World:
But we, like Centry's, are oblig'd to stand
In starless Nights, and wait the pointed hour.
Alm. If shunning ill be good, then Death is good
To those who cannot shun it but by Death:
Divines but peep on undiscover'd Worlds,
And draw the distant Landshape as they please:
But who has e'er return'd from those bright Regions,
To tell their Manners, and relate their Laws?
I'll venture landing on that happy shoar
With an unsully'd Body, and white Mind;
If I have err'd, some kind Inhabitant
Will pity a stray'd Soul, and take me home.
Seb. Beware of Death, thou canst not dye unperjur'd,
And leave an unaccomplish'd Love behind:
Thy Vows are mine; nor will I quit my claim:
The tye of Minds are but imperfect Bonds,
Unless the Bodies joyn to seal the Contract.
Alm. What Joys can you possess or can I give?
Where groans of Death succeed the sighs of Love.
Our Hymen has not on his Saffron Robe;
But muffled up in Mourning, downward holds
His dropping Torch, extinguish'd with his Tears.
Seb. The God of Love stands ready to revive it
With his etherial breath.
Alm. 'Tis late to joyn, when we must part so soon.
Seb. Nay rather let us haste it, ere we part:
Our Souls, for want of that acquaintance here,
May wander in the starry Walks above,
And, forc'd on worse Companions, miss our selves.
Alm. The Tyrant will not long be absent hence;
And soon I shall be ravish'd from your arms.
Seb. Wilt thou thy self become the greater Tyrant,
And give not Love, while thou hast Love to give?
In dang'rous days, when Riches are a Crime,
The wise betimes make over their Estates:

Make

Make oer thy Honour, by a deed of truſt,
And give me ſeizure of the mighty wealth.
Alm. What ſhall I do! O teach me to refuſe!
I wou'd; and yet I tremble at the grant.
For dire preſages fright my Soul by day,
And boding Viſions haunt my Nightly Dreams:
Sometimes, methinks, I hear the groans of Ghoſts;
Thin, hollow ſounds, and lamentable ſcreams;
Then, like a dying Eccho, from afar,
My Mothers Voice, that cries, Wed not *Almeyda*!
Forewarn'd *Almeyda*, Marriage is thy Crime.
Seb. Some envious *Demon*, to delude our joys;
Love is not Sin, but where 'tis ſinful Love. "
Alm. Mine is a flame ſo holy, and ſo clear,
That the white taper leaves no ſoot behind; "
No ſmoak of Luſt; but chaſt as Siſter's love,
When coldly they return a Brothers kiſs, "
Without the zeal that meets at lovers mouths.
Seb. Laugh then at fond preſages; I had ſome;
Fam'd *Noſtradamus*, when he took my Horoſcope,
Foretold my Father I ſhou'd wed with Inceſt:
Ere this unhappy War my Mother dy'd;
And Siſters I had none; vain Augury!
A long Religious Life, a Holy Age,
My Stars aſſign'd me too; impoſſible.
For how can Inceſt ſuit with Holineſs,
Or Prieſtly Orders with a Princely State?
Alm. Old venerable *Alvarez*!--- (ſighing.)
Seb. But why that ſigh in naming that good Man?
Alm. Your Fathers Counſellor and Confident ———
Seb. He was; and, if he lives, my ſecond Father:
Alm. Mark'd our farewel, when going to the fight,
You gave *Almeyda* for the word of Battel;
'Twas in that fatal Moment, he diſcover'd
The Love that long we labour'd to conceal.
I know it; though my eyes ſtood full of tears,
Yet, through the miſt, I ſaw him ſtedfaſt gaze:
Then knock'd his Aged breaſt, and inward groan'd;

Like

Like ſome ſad Prophet, that foreſaw the doom
Of thoſe whom beſt he lov'd, and cou'd not ſave.
Seb. It ſtartles me! and brings to my remembrance,
That, when the ſhock of Battel was begun,
He wou'd have much complain'd (but had not time)
Of our hid paſſion; then, with lifted hands,
He beg'd me by my Fathers Sacred Soul,
Not to eſpouſe you, if he dy'd in fight:
For if he liv'd, and we were Conquerors,
He had ſuch things to urge againſt our Marriage,
As, now declar'd, wou'd blunt my ſword in Battel;
And daſtardize my Courage.
Alm. My blood cruddles;
And cakes about my heart.
Seb. I'll breath a ſigh, ſo warm into thy boſom,
Shall make it flow again. My Love, he knows not
Thou art a Chriſtian; that produc'd his fear:
Leſt thou ſhoud'ſt ſooth my Soul with charms ſo ſtrong,
That Heav'n might prove too weak.
Alm. There muſt be more:
This cou'd not blunt your Sword.
Seb. Yes, if I drew it, with a curſt intent,
To take a Misbeliever to my Bed;
It muſt be ſo.
Alm. Yet ——
Seb. No, thou ſhalt not plead
With that fair mouth, againſt the Cauſe of Love.
Within this Caſtle is a Captive Prieſt,
My Holy Confeſſor, whoſe free acceſs
Not ev'n the barb'rous Victors have refus'd;
This happy hour his hands ſhall make us one.
Alm. I go; with Love and Fortune, two blind Guides,
To lead my way: half loth and half conſenting.
If, as my Soul fore-bodes, ſome dire event
Purſue this Union, or ſome Crime unknown,
Forgive me Heav'n; and all ye Bleſt above,
Excuſe the frailty of unbounded Love.

Exeunt Ambo.

Scene

Scene 2. *Suppoſ'd a Garden; with Lodging Rooms behind it; or on the ſides.*

Enter Mufti; Antonio *as a Slave*; *and* Johayma *the* Mufti's *Wife.*

Mufti. AND how do you like him, look upon him well; he's a perſonable Fellow of a Chriſtian Dog. Now I think you are fitted, for a Gardiner: Ha what ſay'ſt thou *Johayma?*

Johayma. He may make a ſhift to ſow lettice, raiſe Melons, and water a Garden plat.

But otherwiſe a very filthy Fellow; how odiouſly he ſmells of his Country garlike! fugh, how he ſtinks of *Spain.*

Mufti. Why honey-bird I bought him a purpoſe for thee; didſt not thou ſay thou long'dſt for a Chriſtian Slave?

Joh. Ah, but the ſight of that loathſom creature has almoſt cur'd me; And how can I tell that he's a Chriſtian? and he were well ſearch'd he may prove a *Jew* for ought I know.

And beſides I have always long'd for an Eunuch; for they ſay that's a Civil Creature, and almoſt as harmleſs as your ſelf Husband: ſpeak fellow, are not you ſuch a kind of peaceable thing?

Ant. I was never taken for one in my own Country; and not very peaceable neither, when I am well provok'd.

Mufti. To your Occupation Dog; bind up the Jeſſamines in yond Arbor, and handle your pruning knife with dexterity; tightly I ſay, go tightly to your buſineſs; you have coſt me much; and muſt earn it in your work; here's plentiful proviſion for you, raſcal, ſallating in the Garden, and water in the tanck, and on Holydays the licking of a platter of Rice, when you deſerve it.

Joh. What have you been bred up to Sirrah, and what can you perform to recommend you to my ſervice?

[Antonio *making legs.*

Why Madam, I can perform as much as any Man, in a fair Ladies Service.

I can play upon the Flute, and Sing; I can carry your Umbrella, and fan your Ladyſhip, and cool you when you are too hot: in fine, no Service either by day or by night ſhall come amiſs to me; and beſides am of ſo quick an apprehenſion, that you need but wink upon me at any time, to make me underſtand my duty.

[*She winks at him.*

Anton. Very fine, ſhe has tipt the wink already. —— [*Aſide.*

Joh. The Whelp may come to ſomething in time, when I have enter'd him into his buſineſs.

Muſ. A very malapert Cur, I can tell him that; I do not like his fawning, you muſt be taught your diſtance Sirrah.

(*Strikes him.*)

Joh. Hold, hold. ——

He ha's deſerv'd it I confeſs; but for once let his ignorance plead his pardon; we muſt not diſcourage a beginner. Your Reverence has taught us Charity ev'n to Birds and Beaſts: here you filthy brute you: — take this little Alms, to buy you plaiſters. (*gives him a piece of money*)

Ant. Money and a Love-pinch in the inſide of my palm into the bargain. [*Aſide.*

(*Enter a Servant.*

Sir, my Lord *Benducar* is coming to wait on you, and is already at the Palace Gate.

Muſ. Come in *Johayma*, regulate the reſt of my Wives and Concubines, and leave the Fellow to his work.

Joh. Look how ſtupidly he ſtares about him, like a Calf new come into the World: I ſhall teach you Sirrah to know your buſineſs, a little better. —— this way you awkard raſcal, here lyes the Arbour, muſt I be ſhowing you eternally?

(*turning him about.*)

Muſ. Come away Minion; you ſhall ſhow him nothing.

Joh. I'll but bring him into the Arbor, where a Roſe-tree and a Myrtle are juſt falling for want of a prop; if they were bound together they wou'd help to keep up one another: — He's a raw Gardiner, and 'tis but Charity to teach him.

Muſ. No

Muf. No more deeds of Charity to day; come in, or I ſhall think you a little better diſpos'd than I cou'd wiſh you.

Joh. Well, go before, I will follow my Paſtor.

Muf. So you may caſt a ſheeps eye behind you: In before me. And you, ſawcineſs, mind your pruning knife; or I may chance to uſe it for you.

Exeunt Mufti *and Johayma.*

Ant. alone. Thank you for that; but I am in no ſuch haſt to be made a Muſulman. For his Wedlock, with all her haughtineſs, I find her coming. How far a Chriſtian ſhou'd reſiſt, I partly know; but how far a lewd young Chriſtian can reſiſt is another queſtion. She's tolerable, and I am a poor Stranger, far from better Friends, and in a bodily neceſſity: Now have I a ſtrange temptation to try what other Females are belonging to this Family: I am not far from the Womens apartment I am ſure; and if theſe Birds are within diſtance, here's that will chuckle 'em together. (*pulls out his Flute*) If there be variety of Moors fleſh in this Holy Market 'twere madneſs to lay out all my money upon the firſt bargain.

[*He plays.*

A Grate opens and Morayma *the* Mufti's *Daughter appears at it.*

Anton. Ay there's an Apparition! This is a Morſel worthy of a *Mufti*; this is the reliſhing bit in ſecret; this is the Myſtery of his Alcoran, that muſt be reſerv'd from the knowledg of the profane Vulgar. This is his Holyday Devotion; ſee, ſhe beckons too. ———

(*She beckons to him.*)

Morayma. Come a little nearer and ſpeak ſoftly.

Ant. I come, I come I warrant thee; the leaſt twinckle had brought me to thee; ſuch another kind ſyllable or two, wou'd turn me to a Meteor and draw me up to thee.

Mor. I dare not ſpeak, for fear of being over-heard; but if you think my Perſon worth your hazard, and can deſerve my love —— the reſt this Note ſhall tell you —— (throws down a handkerchief.) No more, my heart goes with you.

Exit from the Grate.

Antonio. O thou pretty little heart; art thou flown hither, I'll keep it warm I warrant it, and brood upon it in the new neſt: but now for my Treaſure trove, that's wrapt up in the handkerchief: No peeping here, though I long to be ſpelling her Arabick ſcrawls and pot-hooks. But I muſt carry off my prize, as Robbers do; and not think of ſharing the booty, before I am free from danger, and out of eye-ſhot from the other Windows. If her wit be as poynant as her Eyes, I am a double Slave. Our Northern Beauties are meer dough to theſe: Inſipid white Earth, meer Tobaccopipe-clay; With no more Soul and Motion in 'em, than a Fly in Winter.

Here the warm Planet ripens, and ſublimes
The well bak'd Beauties of the Southern Climes;
Our Cupid's but a bungler in his Trade;
His keeneſt Arrows are in Affrick made.

[*Exit* Antonio.

Act.

Act. III.

Scene 1. *A Terrace-walk; or ſome other publick place in the Caſtle of* Alcazar.

Emperor Muley-Moluch; Benducar.

Emper. MArry'd! I'll not believe it; 'tis impoſture;
Improbable they ſhou'd preſume t'attempt,
Impoſſible they ſhou'd effect their wiſh.
Bend. Have patience till I clear it.
Emp. I have none:
Go bid our moving Plains of Sand lye ſtill,
And ſtir not, when the ſtormy South blows high:
From top to bottom thou haſt toſſ'd my Soul,
And now 'tis in the madneſs of the Whirl,
Requir'ſt a ſudden ſtop? unſay thy lye,
That may in time do ſomewhat.
Bend. I have done:
For, ſince it pleaſes you it ſhou'd be forg'd,
'Tis fit it ſhou'd: far be it from your Slave,
To raiſe diſturbance in your Sacred breſt.
Emp. Sebaſtian is my Slave as well as thou;
Nor durſt offend my love by that preſumption.
Bend. Moſt ſure he ought not.
Emp. Then all means were wanting;
No Prieſt, no Ceremonies of their Sect;
Or, grant we theſe defects cou'd be ſupply'd,
How cou'd our Prophet do an Act ſo baſe,
So to reſume his gifts, and curſe my Conqueſts
By making me unhappy! No, the Slave
That told thee ſo abſurd a ſtory, ly'd.
Bend. Yet, till this moment I have found him faithful:
He ſaid he ſaw it too.
Emp. Diſpatch; what ſaw he?

Bend. Truth is, considering with what earnestness,
Sebastian pleaded for *Almeyda*'s life,
Inhanc'd her beauty, dwelt upon her praise, ——
Emp. O stupid, and unthinking as I was!
I might have mark'd it too: 'twas gross and palpable!
Bend. Methought I trac'd a Lover ill disguis'd;
And sent my spy, a sharp observing Slave,
T'inform me better, if I guess'd aright.
He told me, that he saw *Sebastians* Page
Run cross the Marble Square; who soon return'd,
And after him there lag'd a puffing Fryar;
Close wrap'd he bore some secret Instrument;
Of Christian Superstition in his hand:
My servant follow'd fast, and through a chink,
Perceiv'd the Royal Captives hand in hand:
And heard the hooded Father mumbling charms,
That make those Misbelievers Man and Wife.
Which done, the Spouses kiss'd with such a fervour,
And gave such furious earnest of their flames,
That their eyes sparkled, and their mantling blood
Flew flushing o'er their faces.
Emp. Hell confound 'em!
Bend. The Reverend Father, with a Holy leer,
Saw he might well be spar'd, and soon withdrew:
This forc'd my Servant to a quick retreat,
For fear to be discover'd; guess the rest.
Emp. I do. My fancy is too exquisite,
And tortures me with their imagin'd bliss.
Some Earthquake shou'd have ris'n, and rent the ground,
Have swallow'd him, and left the longing Bride,
In Agony of unaccomplish'd Love. (*Walks disorderly*)

Enter the Mufti.

Bend. In an unlucky hour [*Aside.*
That Fool intrudes, raw in this great affair,
And uninstructed how to stem the tide.

Coming

Coming up to the Mufti *aſide.*

The Emp'ror muſt not marry, nor enjoy ;
Keep to that point ; ſtand firm, for all's at ſtake.

Emperor ſeeing him. You, Druggerman of Heaven, muſt I attend
Your droaning Prayers ? Why came you not before ?
Do'ſt thou not know the Captive King has dar'd
To wed *Almeyda ?* Cancel me that Marriage,
And make her mine ; about the buſineſs, quick,
Expound thy Mahomet ; make him ſpeak my ſenſe,
Or he's no Prophet here, and thou no *Mufti*,
Unleſs thou know'ſt the trick of thy vocation,
To wreſt and rend the Law to pleaſe thy Prince.

Mufti, Why, verily the Law is monſtrous plain :
There's not one doubtful Text in all the Alchoran,
Which can be wrench'd in favor to your Project.

Emp. Forge one, and foiſt it into ſome by-place,
Of ſome old rotten Roll ; do't, I command thee :
Muſt I teach thee thy Trade ?

Mufti, It cannot be.
For Matrimony being the deareſt point
Of Law, the People have it all by heart :
A Cheat on Procreation will not paſs.
Beſides th' offence is ſo exorbitant, [*In a higher tone.*
To mingle with a misbelieving Race,
That ſpeedy Vengeance wou'd purſue your Crime,
And holy *Mahomet* launch himſelf from Heav'n,
Before th' unready Thunderbolt were form'd.

Emperor taking him by the Throat with one hand, ſnatches out his Sword with the other, and points it to his Breſt.

Emp. Slave, have I rais'd thee to this pomp and pow'r,
To preach againſt my Will ? Know I am Law ;
And thou, not *Mahomet*'s Meſſenger, but mine :
Make it, I charge thee, make my pleaſure lawful :
Or firſt I ſtrip the of thy ghoſtly greatneſs,
Then ſend thee poſt, to tell thy Tale above ;

And

And bring thy vain Memorials to thy Prophet
Of Juſtice done below for Diſobedience.

Mufti, For Heaven's ſake hold, the reſpite of a moment,—
To think for you.

Emp. And for thy ſelf.—

Mufti, For both.

Bend. Diſgrace, and Death, and Avarice have loſt him! [*Aſide.*

Mufti, 'Tis true, our Law forbids to wed a Chriſtian;
But it forbids you not to raviſh her.
You have a Conqueror's right upon your Slave;
And then, the more deſpight you do a Chriſtian,
You ſerve the Prophet more who loaths that Sect.

Emp. Oh now it mends; and you talk reaſon, *Mufti.*
But ſtay! I promis'd freedom to *Sebaſtian*:
Now ſhou'd I grant it, his revengeful Soul
Wou'd ne'er forgive his violated Bed.

Mufti, Kill him, for then you give him liberty:
His Soul is from his earthly Priſon freed.

Emp. How happy is the Prince who has a Churchman
So learn'd and pliant to expound his Laws.

Bend. Two things I humbly offer to your prudence.

Emp. Be brief; but let not either thwart my love.

Bend. Firſt, ſince our holy Man has made Rape lawful,
Fright her with that: proceed not yet to force:
Why ſhou'd you pluck the green diſtaſtful Fruit
From the unwilling Bough,
When it may ripen of it ſelf and fall?

Emp. Grant her a day; tho that's too much to give
Out of a Life which I devote to Love.

Bend. Then next, to bar
All future hopes of her deſir'd *Sebaſtian*,
Let *Dorax* be enjoyn'd to bring his head.

Emperor *to the* Mufti.

Go *Mufti*, call him to receive his Orders. [*Exit* Mufti.
I taſte thy Counſel, her deſires new rowz'd,
And yet unſlak'd, will kindle in her fancy,
And make her eager to renew the Feaſt.

Bend.

Bend. aſide. Dorax, I know before, will diſobey:
There's a Foe's Head well cropt.—
But this hot love precipitates my Plot;
And brings it to projection ere its time.

Enter Sebaſtian *and* Almeyda *hand in hand; upon ſight of the Emperor, they ſeparate and ſeem diſturb'd.*

Almeyda, He breaks, at unawares, upon our Walks,
And like a mid-night Wolf invades the Fold:
Make ſpeedy preparation of your Soul,
And bid it arm apace: He comes for anſwer,
And brutal miſchief ſits upon his brow.
Sebaſt. Not the laſt ſounding, cou'd ſurprize me more,
That ſummons drowzy Mortals to their doom,
When call'd in haſte, they fumble for their Limbs,
And tremble unprovided for their charge:
My ſenſe has been ſo deeply plung'd in Joys,
The Soul out-ſlept her hour; and, ſcarce awake,
Wou'd think too late, and cannot! But brave Minds
At worſt can dare their Fate.—

Emperor coming up to them.

Emp. Have you perform'd
Your Embaſſy, and treated with ſucceſs?
Sebaſt. I had not time.
Emp. No, not for my Affairs,
But for your own too much.
Sebaſt. You talk in Clouds, explain your meaning, Sir.
Emp. Explain yours firſt: What meant you hand in hand,
And when you ſaw me, with a guilty ſtart,
You loos'd your hold, affrighted at my preſence?
Seb. Affrighted?
Emp. Yes, aſtoniſh'd, and confounded.
Seb. What mak'ſt thou of thy ſelf, and what of me?
Art thou ſome Ghoſt, ſome Demon, or ſome God?
That I ſhou'd ſtand aſtoniſh'd at thy ſight?
If thou cou'dſt deem ſo meanly of my Courage,
Why didſt thou not engage me man for man,

And

And try the virtue of that *Gorgon* Face,
To ſtare me into ſtatue?

Emp. Oh, thou art now recover'd, but by Heav'n,
Thou wert amaz'd at firſt, as if ſurpriz'd
At unexpected baſeneſs brought to light.
For know, ungrateful man, that Kings, like Gods,
Are every where; walk in th' abyſs of minds,
And view the dark receſſes of the Soul.

Seb. Baſe and ungrateful never was I thought;
Nor till this turn of fate, durſt thou have call'd me;
But, ſince thou boaſt'ſt th' omniſcience of a God,
Say, in what cranny of *Sebaſtian*'s Soul,
Unknown to me, ſo loath'd a Crime is lodg'd?

Emp. Thou haſt not broke my truſt repos'd in thee?

Seb. Impos'd, but not receiv'd: Take back that falſehood.

Emp. Thou art not marry'd to *Almeyda?*

Seb. Yes.

Emp. And own'ſt the uſurpation of my Love?

Seb. I own it in the face of Heav'n and thee
No Uſurpation; but a lawful claim,
Of which I ſtand poſſeſt.

Emp. Sh' has choſen well,
Betwixt a Captive and a Conqueror.

Almeyda, Betwixt a Monſter and the beſt of Men.
He was the envy of his neighb'ring Kings;
For him their ſighing Queens deſpis'd their Lords,
And Virgin Daughters bluſh'd when he was nam'd.
To ſhare his noble Chains is more to me,
Than all the ſalvage greatneſs of thy Throne.

Seb. Were I to chooſe again, and knew my fate,
For ſuch a night I wou'd be what I am.
The Joys I have poſſeſt are ever mine;
Out of thy reach behind Eternity,
Hid in the ſacred treaſure of the paſt;
But bleſs'd remembrance bring's 'em hourly back.

Emp. Hourly indeed, who haſt but hours to live:
O mighty purchaſe of a boaſted bliſs!
To dream of what thou hadſt one fugitive night,
And never ſhalt have more.

Seb.

Seb. Barbarian, thou canſt part us but a moment;——
We ſhall be one again in thy deſpight:
Life is but air,
That yields a paſſage to the whiſtling Sword,
And cloſes when 'tis gone.

Alm. How can we better dye than cloſe embrac'd,
Sucking each others Souls while we expire?
Which ſo transfus'd, and mounting both at once,
The Saints deceiv'd, ſhall by a ſweet miſtake,
Hand up thy Soul for mine, and mine for thine.

Emp. No, I'll untwiſt you:
I have occaſion for your ſtay on earth:
Let him mount firſt, and beat upon the Wing, "
And wait an Age for what I here detain. "
Or ſicken at immortal Joys above,
And languiſh for the Heav'n he left below.

Alm. Thou wilt not dare to break what Heav'n has joyn'd?

Emp. Not break the Chain, but change a rotten link,
And rivet one to laſt.
Think'ſt thou I come to argue right and wrong?
Why lingers *Dorax* thus? Where are my Guards,
[Benducar *goes out for the Guards, and returns.*
To drag that Slave to death? [*Pointing to* Sebaſt.
Now ſtorm and rage,
Call vainly on thy Prophet, then defie him
For wanting power to ſave thee.

Seb. That were to gratifie thy Pride: I'll ſhew thee
How a Man ſhou'd, and how a King dare dye:
So even, that my Soul ſhall walk with eaſe
Out of its fleſh, and ſhut out Life as calmly
As it does words; without a Sigh, to note
One ſtruggle in the ſmooth diſſolving frame.
Almeyda *to the Emperor.*
Expect revenge from Heav'n, inhuman Wretch;
Nor hope t' aſcend *Sebaſtian*'s holy Bed.
Flames, Daggers, Poyſons, guard the ſacred ſteps:
Thoſe are the promis'd Pleaſures of my love.

Emp. And theſe might fright another, but not me.
Or me, if I deſign'd to give you pleaſure;

I ſeek my own, and while that laſts, you live.

Enter two of the Guards.

Go, bear the Captive to a ſpeedy death,
And ſet my Soul at eaſe.

Alm. I charge you hold, ye Miniſters of death,
Speak my *Sebaſtian*;
Plead for thy life: Oh ask it of the Tyrant;
'Tis no diſhonor, truſt me, Love, 'tis none:
I wou'd die for thee, but I cannot plead;
My haughty heart diſdains it, ev'n for thee.
Still ſilent! Will the King of *Portugal*
Go to his death, like a dumb Sacrifice?
Beg him to ſave my life in ſaving thine.

Seb. Farewel, my life's not worth another word.

Emp. to the Guards. Perform your Orders.

Alm. Stay, take my farewel too:
Farewel the greatneſs of *Almeyda*'s Soul!
Look, Tyrant, what exceſs of love can do,
It pulls me down thus low, as to thy feet; [*Kneels to him.*
Nay to embrace thy Knees with loathing hands,
Which bliſter when they touch thee: Yet ev'n thus,
Thus far I can to ſave *Sebaſtian*'s life.

Emp. A ſecret pleaſure trickles through my Veins:
It works about the inlets of my Soul,
To feel thy touch; and pity tempts the paſs;
But the tough metal of my heart reſiſts;
'Tis warm'd with the ſoft fire, not melted down.

Alm. A flood of ſcalding Tears will make it run,
Spare him, Oh ſpare; can you pretend to love,
And have no pity? Love and that are Twins.
Here will I grow;
Thus compaſs you with theſe ſupplanting Cords,
And pull ſo long till the proud Fabrick falls.

Emp. Still kneel, and ſtill embrace; 'tis double pleaſure
So to be hugg'd, and ſee *Sebaſtian* dye.

Alm. Look Tyrant, when thou nam'ſt *Sebaſtian*'s death,
Thy very Executioners turn pale,
Rough as they are, and harden'd in the trade
Of Death, they ſtart at an anointed Head,

And

And tremble to approach :——He hears me not ;
Nor minds th' impreſſion of a God on Kings ;
Becauſe no ſtamp of Heav'n was on his Soul :
But the reſiſting Maſs drove back the Seal.
Say, though thy heart be rock of Adamant,
Yet Rocks are not impregnable to Bribes :
Inſtruct me how to bribe thee : Name thy price ;
Lo, I reſign my Title to the Crown ;
Send me to exile with the Man I love,
And baniſhment is Empire.

Emp. Here's my claim ; [*Clapping his hand to his Sword.*
And this extinguiſh'd thine ; thou giv'ſt me nothing.

Alm. My Father's, Mothers, Brothers death I pardon :
That's ſomewhat ſure ; a mighty Sum of Murther,
Of innocent and kindred blood ſtrook off.
My Prayers and Penance ſhall diſcount for theſe,
And beg of Heav'n to charge the Bill on me :
Behold what price I offer, and how dear
To buy *Sebaſtian*'s life.

Emp. Let after reck'nings trouble fearful fools ;
I'll ſtand the tryal of thoſe trivial Crimes :
But, ſince thou beg'ſt me to preſcribe my terms,
The only I can offer are thy love ;
And this one day of reſpite to reſolve.
Grant or deny, for thy next word is Fate ;
And Fate is deaf to Pray'r.

Alm. May Heav'n be ſo [*Riſing up.*
At thy laſt breath to thine : I curſe thee not,
For who can better curſe the Plague or Devil,
Than to be what they are ? That Curſe be thine.
Now, do not ſpeak *Sebaſtian*, for you need not,
But dye, for I reſign your Life : Look Heav'n,
Almeyda dooms her dear *Sebaſtian*'s death !
But is there Heav'n, for I begin to doubt ;
The Skyes are huſh'd ; no grumbling Thunders roul :
Now take your ſwing, ye impious ; Sin unpuniſh'd ;
Eternal providence ſeems overwatch'd,
And with a ſlumb'ring Nod aſſents to Murther.

Enter Dorax *attended by three Soldiers.*

Emp. Thou mov'ſt a Tortoiſe pace to my relief.
Take hence that, once a King; that ſullen pride
That ſwells to dumbneſs; lay him in the Dungeon,
And ſink him deep with Irons; that when he wou'd,
He ſhall not groan to hearing, when I ſend
The next Commands are death.
Alm. Then Prayers are vain as Curſes.
Emp. Much at one
In a Slaves mouth, againſt a Monarch's Pow'r.
This day thou haſt to think;
At night, if thou wilt curſe, thou ſhalt curſe kindly;
Then I'll provoke thy lips; lay ſiege ſo cloſe,
That all thy ſallying breath ſhall turn to Bleſſings.
Make haſte, ſeize, force her, bear her hence.
Alm. Farewel, my laſt *Sebaſtian!*
I do not beg, I challenge Juſtice now;
O Pow'rs, if Kings be your peculiar care,
Why plays this Wretch with your Prerogative?
Now flaſh him dead, now crumble him to aſhes;
Or henceforth live confin'd in your own Palace;
And look not idely out upon a World
That is no longer yours.

She is carried off ſtrugling, Emperour *and* Benducar *follow.*

Sebaſtian *ſtruggles in his Guards Arms, and ſhakes off one of them, but two others come in, and hold him; he ſpeaks not all the while.*

Dor. I find I'm but a half-ſtrain'd Villain yet; [*Aſide.*
But mungril-miſchievous; for my Blood boyl'd,
To view this brutal act; and my ſtern Soul
Tug'd at my arm to draw in her defence.
Down thou rebelling Chriſtian in my heart;
Redeem thy fame on this *Sebaſtian* firſt;
Then think on others wrongs, when thine are righted.
[*Walks a turn.*

But

But how to right 'em? on a Slave diſarm'd,
Defenceleſs, and ſubmitted to my rage?
A baſe revenge is vengeance on my ſelf? [*walks again.*
I have it; and I thank thee, honeſt head,
Thus preſent to me at my great neceſſity:—
[*Comes up to* Sebaſtian.
You know me not?

Sebaſt. I hear Men call thee *Dorax.*

Dor. 'Tis well, you know enough for once: you ſpeak too;
You were ſtruck mute before.

Sebaſt. Silence became me then.

Dor. Yet we may talk hereafter.

Seb. Hereafter is not mine: ———
Diſpatch thy work, good Executioner.

Dor. None of my blood were hangmen; add that falſhood
To a long Bill that yet remains unreckon'd.

Seb. A King and thou can never have a reck'ning.

Dor. A greater ſumm perhaps than you can pay.
Mean time I ſhall make bold t'increaſe your debt,
(*gives him his Sword*)
Take this, and uſe it at your greateſt need.

Seb. This hand and this, have been acquainted well;
(*Looks on it.*)
It ſhou'd have come before into my graſp,
To kill the Raviſher.

Dor. Thou heardſt the Tyrants orders; Guard thy life
When 'tis attack'd, and guard it like a Man.

Seb. I'm ſtill without thy meaning but I thank thee.

Dor. Thank me when I ask thanks; thank me with that.

Seb. Such ſurly kindneſs did I never ſee!

(Dorax *to the Captain of his Guards.*)

Muza, draw out a file, pick man by man,
Such who dare dye, and dear will ſell their death.
Guard him to th' utmoſt; now conduct him hence,
And treat him as my Perſon.

Seb. Some-

Seb. Something like
That voice methinks I ſhou'd have ſomewhere heard:
But floods of woes have hurry'd it far off;
Beyond my kenn of Soul.

[*Exit* Sebaſtian *with the Soldiers.*

Dor. But I ſhall bring him back ungrateful Man, [*Solus.*
I ſhall, and ſet him full before thy ſight,
When I ſhall front thee, like ſome ſtaring Ghoſt,
With all my wrongs about me. —— What ſo ſoon
Return'd? This haſt is boding.

Enter to him Emperor, Benducar, Mufti.

Emp. She's ſtill inexorable, ſtill Imperious;
And loud, as if like Bacchus born in thunder.
Be quick, ye falſe Phyſicians of my mind,
Bring ſpeedy Death or Cure.

Bend. What can be counſell'd while *Sebaſtian* lives?
The Vine will cling, while the tall poplar ſtands:
But that cut down creeps to the next ſupport,
And twines as cloſely there.

Emp. That's done with eaſe, I ſpeak him dead: proceed.

Muf. Proclaim your Marriage with *Almeyda* next,
That Civil Wars may ceaſe; this gains the Crowd;
Then you may ſafely force her to your will:
For People ſide with violence and injuſtice,
When done for publick good.

Emp. Preach thou that doctrine.

Bend. Th' unreaſonable fool has broach'd a truth [*Aſide.*
That blaſts my hopes; but ſince 'tis gone ſo far,
He ſhall divulge *Almeyda* is a Chriſtian:
If that produce no tumult I deſpair.

Emp. Why ſpeaks not *Dorax*?

Dor. Becauſe my Soul abhors to mix with him.
Sir, let me bluntly ſay, you went too far
To truſt the Preaching pow'r on State Affairs,

To

To him or any Heavenly Demagogue.
'Tis a limb lopt from your Prerogative,
And ſo much of Heav'ns Image blotted from you.
Muſ. Sure thou haſt never heard of Holy Men
(So Chriſtians call 'em) fam'd in State Affairs;
Such as in *Spain Ximenes*, *Albornoz*,
In *England Woolſey*; match me theſe with Laymen.
Dorax. How you triumph in one or two of theſe,
Born to be Stateſmen, hap'ning to be Church-men:
Thou call'ſt 'em holy; ſo their function was;
But tell me, *Mufti*, which of 'em were Saints?
Next, Sir, to you; the ſumm of all is this;
Since he claims pow'r from Heav'n, and not from Kings,
When 'tis his int'reſt, he can int'reſt Heav'n
To preach you down; and Ages oft depend
On hours, uninterrupted, in the Chair.
Emp. I'll truſt his Preaching while I rule his pay:
And I dare truſt my *Africans*, to hear
Whatever he dare Preach.
Dor. You know 'em not.
The genius of your Moors is mutiny;
They ſcarcely want a Guide to move their madneſs:
Prompt to rebel on every weak pretence,
Bluſtring when courted, crouching when oppreſt.
Wiſe to themſelves, and fools to all the World.
Reſtleſs in change, and perjur'd to a Proverb.
They love Religion ſweetn'd to the ſenſe;
A good, luxurious, palatable faith.
Thus Vice and Godlineſs, prepoſt'rous pair,
Ride cheek by joul; but Churchmen hold the Reins.
And, when ere Kings wou'd lower Clergy greatneſs,
They learn too late what pow'r the Preachers have,
And whoſe the Subjects are; the *Mufti* knows it;
Nor dares deny what paſs'd betwixt us two.
Emp. No more; what ere he ſaid was by Command.

Dor. Why

Dor. Why then no more, since you will hear no more;
Some Kings are resolute to their own ruin.
Emp. Without your medling where you are not ask'd,
Obey your Orders, and dispatch *Sebastian*.
Dor. Trust my revenge; be sure I wish him dead.
Emp. What mean'st thou! what's thy wishing to my will;
Dispatch him, rid me of the Man I loath,
Dor. I hear you Sir, I'll take my time and do't ——
Emp. Thy time? what's all thy time, what's thy whole life
To my one hour of ease? no more replies,
But see thou do'st it; Or ——
Dor. Choak in that threat: I can say Or, as loud.
Emp. 'Tis well, I see my words have no effect,
But I may send a Message to dispose you.
[*Is going off.*
Dor. Expect an answer worthy of that Message.
Muf. The Prophet ow'd him this: [*Aside.*
And thank'd be Heav'n, he has it.
Bend. By Holy Alha, I conjure you stay,
And judge not rashly of so brave a Man.

(*Draws the* Emperor *aside and whispers him.*)

I'll give you reasons why he cannot execute
Your Orders now, and why he will hereafter.
Muf. *Benducar* is a fool to bring him off, [*Aside.*
I'll work my own revenge, and speedily.
Bend. The Fort is his, the Soldiers hearts are his;
A thousand Christian Slaves are in the Castle,
Which he can free to reinforce his pow'r;
Your Troops far off, beleaguering *Larache*,
Yet in the Christians hands.
Emp. I grant all this;
But grant me he must dye.
Bend. He shall; by poyson:
'Tis here, the deadly drug prepar'd in powder,
Hot as Hell-fire: —— then, to prevent his Soldiers
From rising to revenge their Gen'rals death,

While

While he is ſtruggling with his Mortal pangs,
The Rabble on the ſudden may be rais'd
to ſeize the Caſtle.

Emp. Do't; 'tis left to thee.

Bend. Yet more; but clear your brow; for he obſerves.
(*They whiſper again.*)

Dor. What will the Fav'rite prop my falling fortunes,
O Prodigie of Court! [*Aſide.*

Emperor and Benducar *return to* Dorax.

Emp. Your Friend has fully clear'd your Innocence;
I was too haſty to condemn unheard,
And you perhaps too prompt in your replies.
As far as fits the Majeſty of Kings,
I ask excuſe.

Dor. I'm ſure I meant it well.

Emp. I know you did: — this to our love renew'd. —
[Emperor *drinks.*

Benducar fill to *Dorax.*
[Benducar *turns and mixes a powder in it.*

Dor. Let it go round for all of us have need
To quench our heats; 'tis the Kings health *Benducar.* —
[*He drinks.*

And I wou'd pledge it though I knew 'twere poyſon.

Bend. Another Bowl, for what the King has touch'd,
[*Drinks out of another Bowl.*

And you have pledg'd, is ſacred to your loves. —

Muſ. Since Charity becomes my calling, thus
Let me provoke your friendſhip: and heav'n bleſs it
As I intend it well. ———

Drinks; and turning aſide pours ſome drops out of a little Vial into the Bowl; then preſents it to Dorax.

Dor. Heav'n make thee honeſt,
On that condition we ſhall ſoon be friends. — [*Drinks.*

Muſ. Yes, at our meeting in another World ; [*Aſide.*
For thou haſt drunk thy paſsport out of this.
Not the Nonacrian fount, nor Lethe's Lake,
Cou'd ſooner numb thy nimble faculties
Than this, to ſleep eternal.
Emp. Now farewel *Dorax* ; this was our firſt quarrel,
And I dare propheſie will prove our laſt.

Exit Emperor *with* Benducar *and the* Mufti.

Dor. It may be ſo: I'm ſtrangely diſcompos'd ;
Quick ſhootings through my limbs, and pricking pains,
Qualms at my heart, Convulſions in my nerves,
Shiv'rings of cold, and burnings of my entrails
Within my little World make medley War,
Loſe and regain, beat and are beaten back ;
As momentary Victors quit their ground.
Can it be poyſon! poyſon's of one tenour,
Or hot or cold ; this neither, and yet both.
Some deadly Draught, ſome enemy of life
Boils in my bowels, and works out my Soul.
Ingratitude's the growth of ev'ry Clime ;
Affrick, the Scene remov'd, is Portugal.
Of all Court-ſervice learn the common lot ;
To day 'tis done, to morrow 'tis forgot.
Oh were that all! my honeſt Corps muſt lye
Expos'd to ſcorn, and publick Infamy :
My ſhameful Death will be divulg'd alone ;
The worth and honour of my Soul unknown.

[*Exit.*

Scene

Scene 2. *Is a Night Scene of the* Mufti's *Garden where an Arbour is diſcover'd.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. SHE names her ſelf *Morayma*; the *Mufti*'s only Daughter, and a Virgin! This is the time and place that ſhe appointed in her letter, yet ſhe comes not. Why thou ſweet delicious Creature, why to torture me with thy delay! dar'ſt thou be falſe to thy Aſſignation? What, in the cool and ſilence of the night, and to a new Lover? Pox on the Hypocrite thy Father, for inſtructing thee ſo little in the ſweeteſt point of his Religion. Hark, I hear the ruſtling of her Silk Mantle. Now ſhe comes; now ſhe comes; no, hang't, that was but the whiſtling of the wind through the *Orange* Trees. Now again, I hear the pit a pat of a pretty foot through the dark Alley: No, 'tis the Son of a Mare that's broken looſe and munching upon the Melons:—— Oh the miſery of an expecting Lover! Well I'll e'en deſpair, go into my Arbour, and try to ſleep; in a dream I ſhall enjoy her in deſpight of her. [*Goes into the Arbour and lyes down.*

Enter Johayma *wrapt up in a Mooriſh Mantle.*

Joh. Thus far my love has carry'd me, almoſt without my knowledg whither I was going: Shall I go on, ſhall I diſcover my ſelf! —— What an injury am I doing to my old Husband! — Yet what injury, ſince he's old, and has three Wives and ſix Concubines beſides me! 'Tis but ſtealing my own Tythe from him.

[*She comes a little nearer the Arbour.*

Antonio *raiſing himſelf a little and looking.*

At laſt 'tis ſhe: this is no illuſion I am ſure; 'tis a true She-devil of Fleſh and Blood; and ſhe cou'd never have taken a fitter time to tempt me. ——

Joh. He's young and handſome. ——

Ant. Yes, well enough I thank nature. [*Aſide.*

Joh. And I am yet neither old nor ugly: ſure he will not refuſe me.

Ant. No, thou mayſt pawn thy Maiden-head upon't he wonnot. [*Aſide.*

Joh. The *Muſti* wou'd feaſt himſelf upon other Women, and keep me faſting.

Ant. O, the holy Curmudgeon! [*Aſide.*

Joh. Wou'd Preach abſtinence, and practice luxury! but I thank my Stars, I have edify'd more by his example than his precept.

Anton. Moſt divinely argu'd; ſhe's the beſt Caſuiſt in all *Affrick.* [*Aſide.*

He ruſhes out and embraces her.

I can hold no longer from embracing thee my dear *Morayma:* the old unconſcionable Whorſon thy Father, cou'd he expect cold chaſtity from a Child of his begetting?

Joh. What nonſenſe do you talk? do you take me for the *Muſti's* Daughter?

Ant. Why are you not Madam?

[*throwing off her* Barnus.

Joh. I find you had an appointment with *Morayma.*

Ant. By all that's good, the nauſeous Wife. [*Aſide.*

Joh. What you are confounded and ſtand mute?

Ant. Somewhat nonpluſt I confeſs; to hear you deny your name ſo poſitively; why are not you *Morayma* the *Muſti's* Daughter? Did not I ſee you with him, did not he preſent me to you? Were you not ſo charitable as to give me Money? Ay and to tread upon my foot, and ſqueeze my hand too, if I may be ſo bold to remember you of paſt favours.

Joh. And you ſee I am come to make 'em good, but I am neither *Morayma* nor the *Muſti's* Daughter.

Ant. Nay, I know not that: but I am ſure he is old enough to be your Father: and either Father, or Reverend Father, I heard you call him.

Joh. Once

Johayma, Once again, how came you to name *Morayma* ?

Ant. Another damn'd miſtake of mine: For, asking one of my fellow Slaves, who were the chief Ladies about the houſe; he anſwer'd me *Morayma* and *Johayma*; but ſhe it ſeems is his Daughter, with a Pox to her, and you are his beloved Wife.

Joh. Say your beloved Miſtris, if you pleaſe; for that's the Title I deſire. This Moon-ſhine grows offenſive to my Eyes, come, ſhall we walk into the Arbor? There we may rectifie all miſtakes.

Ant. That's cloſe and dark.

Joh. And are thoſe faults to Lovers?

Ant. But there I cannot pleaſe my ſelf, with the ſight of your beauty.

Joh. Perhaps you may do better.

Ant. But there's not a breath of air ſtirring.

Joh. The breath of Lovers is the ſweeteſt air; but you are fearful.

Ant. I am conſidering, indeed, that if I am taken with you.—

Joh. The beſt way to avoid it, is to retire, where we may not be diſcover'd.

Ant. Where lodges your Husband?

Joh. Juſt againſt the face of this open Walk.

Ant. Then he has ſeen us already, for ought I know.

Joh. You make ſo many Difficulties, I fear I am diſpleaſing to you.

Ant. aſide. If *Morayma* comes and takes me in the Arbor with her, I have made a fine exchange of that Diamond for this Pebble.

Joh. You are much fall'n off, let me tell you, from the fury of your firſt embrace.

Ant. I confeſs, I was ſomewhat too furious at firſt, but you will forgive the tranſport of my paſſion; now I have conſider'd it better, I have a qualm of Conſcience.

Joh. Of Conſcience! Why, what has Conſcience to do with two young Lovers that have opportunity?

Ant. Why truly Conſcience is ſomething to blame for interpoſing in our matters: But how can I help it, if I have a Scruple to betray my Maſter?

Joh.

Joh. There must be something more in it; for your Conscience was very quiet when you took me for *Morayma*.

Ant. I grant you, Madam, when I took you for his Daughter: For then I might have made you an honorable amends by Marriage.

Joh. You Christians are such peeking Sinners, you tremble at a Shadow in the Moon-shine.

Ant. And you Affricans are such Termagants, you stop at nothing. I must be plain with you, you are married, and to a Holy Man, the Head of your Religion: Go back to your Chamber, go back, I say, and consider of it for this night; as I will do on my part: I will be true to you, and invent all the Arguments I can to comply with you; and who knows, but at our next meeting, the sweet Devil may have more power over me: I am true flesh and blood, I can tell you that for your comfort.

Joh. Flesh without blood I think thou art; or if any, 'tis as cold as that of Fishes. But I'll teach thee, to thy cost, what Vengeance is in store for refusing a Lady, who has offer'd thee her Love: ——Help, Help, there; will no body come to my assistance?

Ant. What do you mean, Madam, for Heaven's sake peace; your Husband will hear you; think of your own danger, if you will not think of mine.

Joh. Ingrateful Wretch, thou deserv'st no pity: Help, Help, Husband, or I shall be ravish'd: The Villain will be too strong for me. Help, help, for pity of a poor distressed Creature.

Ant. Then I have nothing but impudence to assist me: I must drown her clamor what e'er comes on't.

He takes out his Flute, and plays as loud as he can possibly, and she continues crying out.

Enter the Mufti *in his Night-gown, and two Servants.*

Mufti, O thou Villain, what horrible impiety art thou committing? What ravishing the Wife of my Bosom? Take him away,

away, ganch him, impale him, rid the World of such a Monster.

[*Servants seize him.*

Ant. Mercy, dear Master, Mercy: Hear me first, and after, if I have deserved hanging, spare me not: What have you seen to provoke you to this cruelty?

Mufti, I have heard the out-crys of my Wife; the bleatings of the poor innocent Lamb: Seen nothing, say'st thou? If I see the Lamb lye bleeding, and the Butcher by her with his Knife drawn and bloody, is not that evidence sufficient of the Murther? I come too late, and the Execution is already done.

Ant. Pray think in reason, Sir, is a Man to be put to death for a similitude? No Violence has been committed; none intended: The Lamb's alive; and if I durst tell you so, no more a Lamb than I am a Butcher.

Joh. How's that, Villain, dar'st thou accuse me?

Ant. Be patient Madam, and speak but truth, and I'll do any thing to serve you: I say again, and swear it too, I'll do any thing to serve you.

Joh. aside. I understand him; but I fear, 'tis now too late to save him:———Pray hear him speak, Husband; perhaps he may say something for himself; I know not.

Mufti, Speak thou, has he not violated my Bed and thy Honor?

Joh. I forgive him freely; for he has done nothing: What he will do hereafter, to make me satisfaction, himself best knows.

Ant. Any thing, any thing, sweet Madam: I shall refuse no drudgery.

Muf. But, did he mean no mischief? Was he endeavouring nothing?

Joh. In my Conscience, I begin to doubt he did not.

Muf. 'Tis impossible: Then what meant all those out-crys?

Joh. I heard Musick in the Garden, and at an unseasonable time of night; and I stole softly out of my Bed, as imagining it might be he.

Muf. How's that *Johayma?* Imagining it was he, and yet you went?

Joh.

Joh. Why not, my Lord? Am not I the Mistris of the Family? And is it not my place to see good Orders kept in it? I thought he might have allur'd some of the Shee-slaves to him; and was resolv'd to prevent what might have been betwixt him and them; when on the sudden he rush'd out upon me, caught me in his arms, with such a fury.——

Muf. I have heard enough, away with him.——

Joh. Mistaking me, no doubt, for one of his fellow Slaves: With that, affrighted as I was, I discover'd my self, and cry'd aloud: But as soon as ever he knew me, the Villain let me go, and I must needs say, he started back, as if I were some Serpent; and was more afraid of me than I of him.

Muf. O thou corrupter of my Family, that's cause enough of death; once again, away with him.

Joh. What, for an intended Trespass? No harm has been done, whatever may be. He cost you five hundred Crowns I take it.——

Muf. Thou say'st true, a very considerable Sum: He shall not dye, tho he had committed folly with a Slave; 'tis too much to lose by him.

Ant. My only fault has ever been to love playing in the dark, and the more she cry'd, the more I play'd; that it might be seen I intended nothing to her.

Muf. To your Kennel, Sirrah, mortifie your flesh, and consider in whose Family you are.

Joh. And one thing more; remember from henceforth to obey better.

Muf. aside. For all her smoothness, I am not quite cur'd of my Jealousie; but I have thought of a way that will clear my doubts.

[*Exit* Mufti *with* Johayma *and Servants.*

Ant. I am mortify'd sufficiently already, without the help of his ghostly Counsel. Fear of Death has gone farther with me in two Minutes, than my Conscience wou'd have gone in two Months. I find my self in a very dejected condition, all over me; poor Sin lyes dormant, Concupiscence is retir'd to his winter

ter quarters; and if *Morayma* ſhou'd now appear, I ſay no more, but alas for her and me!

(Morayma *comes out of the Arbour; ſhe ſteals behind him, and claps him on the back.*)

Morayma, And if *Morayma* ſhou'd appear, as ſhe does appear, alas you ſay for her and you!

Antonio, Art thou there, my ſweet temptation! my Eyes, my Life, my Soul, my all!

Morayma, A mighty Complement, when all theſe, by your own Confeſſion, are juſt nothing.

Ant. Nothing, till thou cam'ſt to new create me; thou doſt not know the power of thy own Charms: let me embrace thee, and thou ſhalt ſee how quickly I can turn wicked.

Morayma ſtepping back. Nay, if you are ſo dangerous, 'tis beſt keeping you at a diſtance; I have no mind to warm a frozen Snake in my boſom; he may chance to recover, and ſting me for my pains.

Ant. Conſider what I have ſuffer'd for thy ſake already; and make me ſome amends: two diſappointments in a night, O cruel Creature!

Mor. And you may thank your ſelf for both: I came eagerly to the Charge, before my time, through the back walk behind the Arbour; and you, like a freſh-water Soldier, ſtood guarding the Paſs before: if you miſs'd the Enemy, you may thank your own dulneſs.

Anton. Nay, if you will be uſing ſtratagems, you ſhall give me leave to make uſe of my advantages, now I have you in my power: we are fairly met; I'll try it out, and give no quarter.

Mor. By your favour, Sir, we meet upon treaty now, and not upon defiance.

Ant. If that be all, you ſhall have *Carte blanche* immediately; for I long to be ratifying.

Mor. No, now I think on't, you are already enter'd into Articles with my Enemy *Johayma:* Any thing to ſerve you Madam; I ſhall refuſe no drudgery: whoſe words were thoſe-

Gentleman? was that like a Cavalier of honour?

Anton. Not very heroick; but self preservation is a point above Honour and Religion too ——— *Antonio* was a Rogue I must confess; but you must give me leave to love him.

Mor. To beg your life so basely; and to present your Sword to your Enemy; Oh Recreant!

Ant. If I had died honourably, my fame indeed wou'd have sounded loud, but I shou'd never have heard the blast: Come, don't make your self worse natur'd than you are: to save my life, you wou'd be content I shou'd promise any thing.

Mor. Yes, if I were sure you wou'd perform nothing.

Ant. Can you suspect I wou'd leave you for *Johayma?*

Mor. No; but I can expect you wou'd have both of us: Love is covetous, I must have all of you; heart for heart is an equal truck. In short, I am younger; I think handsomer; and am sure I love you better, she has been my step-mother these fifteen years: you think that's her face you see, but 'tis only a dawb'd Vizard: she wears an Armour of proof upon't: an inch thick of Paint, besides the Wash: her Face is so fortifi'd that you can make no approaches to it, without a Shovel. But for her constancy, I can tell you for your comfort, she will love till death, I mean till yours: for when she has worn you out, she will certainly dispatch you to another world, for fear of telling tales; as she has already serv'd three Slaves, your Predecessors of happy memory in her favours. She has made my pious Father a three pil'd Cuckold to my knowledg: and now she wou'd be robbing me of my single Sheep too.

Ant. Prithee prevent her then; and at least take the shearing of me first.

Mor. No; I'll have a Butchers Pen'worth of you; first secure the Carcass, and then take the fleece into the bargain.

Ant. Why sure, you did not put your self and me to all this trouble, for a dry come off: by this hand ---- (taking it:)

Mor. Which you shall never touch; but upon better assurances than you imagine. (*Pulling her hand away.*)

Ant. I'll marry thee, and make a Christian of thee thou pretty damn'd Infidel.

Mor. I mean you shall: but no earnest, till the bargain be made before witness: there's love enough to be had, and as much as you

you can turn you to; never doubt it, but all upon honourable terms.

Ant. I vow and ſwear by Love; and he's a Deity in all Religions.

Mor. But never to be truſted in any: he has another name too, of a worſe ſound. Shall I truſt an Oath, when I ſee your Eyes languiſhing, your Cheeks fluſhing, and can hear your heart throbbing? no, I'll not come near you: He's a fooliſh Phyſitian who will feel the pulſe of a Patient, that has the Plague-ſpots upon him.

Ant. Did one ever hear a little Moppet, argue ſo perverſly againſt ſo good a Cauſe! Come, prithee, let me anticipate a little of my Revenue.

Mor. You wou'd feign be fingring your Rents before-hand; but that makes a man an ill Husband ever after. Conſider, Marriage is a painful Vocation, as you ſhall prove it, manage your Incomes as thriftily as you can, you ſhall find a hard task on't, to make even at the years end, and yet to live decently.

Ant. I came with a Chriſtian intention, to revenge my ſelf upon thy Father; for being the head of a falſe Religion.

Mor. And ſo you ſhall; I offer you his Daughter for your Second: but ſince you are ſo preſſing, meet me under my Window, to morrow night, body for body, about this hour; I'll ſlip down out of my Lodging, and bring my Father in my hand.

Ant. How, thy Father!

Mor. I mean all that's good of him; his Pearls, and Jewels, his whole contents, his heart, and Soul; as much as ever I can carry. I'll leave him his Alchoran; that's revenue enough for him: every page of it is Gold and Diamonds. He has the turn of an Eye, a demure Smile, and a godly Cant, that are worth Millions to him. I forgot to tell you, that I will have a Slave prepar'd at the Poſtern gate, with two Horſes ready ſadled: no more, for I fear, I may be miſs'd; and think I hear 'em calling for me, — if you have conſtancy and Courage. ——

Ant. Never doubt it: and love, in abundance to wander with thee all the World over.

Mor. The value of twelve hundred thouſand Crowns in a Caſket!—

Ant. A heavy burden Heaven knows! but we muſt pray for patience to ſupport it.

Mor. Beſides a willing Titt that will venture her Corps with you:— Come, I know you long to have a parting blow with me; and therefore to ſhew I am in Charity— (*He kiſſes her.*)

Ant. Once more, for pity; that I may keep the flavour upon my lips till we meet again.

Mor. No; frequent Charities make bold Beggars: and beſides I have learnt of a Falconer, never to feed up a Hawk when I wou'd have him fly: that's enough —— but if you will be nibling, here's a hand to ſtay your ſtomach. (*Kiſſing her hand.*)

Anton. Thus Conquer'd Infidels, that Wars may ceaſe,
Are forc'd to give their hands, and ſign the Peace.

Mor. Thus Chriſtians are outwitted by the Foe;
You had her in your Pow'r, and let her go.
If you releaſe my hand, the fault's not mine;
You ſhou'd have made me ſeal, as well as ſign.

She runs off, he follows her to the door; then comes back again, and goes out at the other.

Act IV.

Scene 1. Benducar's *Pallace in the Caſtle of* Alcazar.

Bend. MY future Fate, the colour of my life, (*Solus.*
My all depends on this important hour:
This hour my Lott is weighing in the Scales,
And Heav'n, perhaps, is doubting what to do.
Almeyda and a Crown, have puſh'd me forward;
'Tis fix'd, the Tyrant muſt not raviſh her:
He and *Sebaſtian* ſtand betwixt my hopes;
He moſt; and therefore firſt to be diſpatch'd.
Theſe and a thouſand things are to be done
In the ſhort compaſs of this rowling Night,
And nothing yet perform'd,
None of my Emiſſaries yet return'd.

Enter Haly—, Firſt Servant.

Oh *Haly*, thou haſt held me long in pain.
What haſt thou learnt of *Dorax?* is he dead?
Haly, Two hours I warily have watch'd his Palace;
All doors are ſhut, no Servant peeps abroad;
Some Officers with ſtriding haſt paſs'd in,
While others outward went on quick diſpatch;
Sometimes huſh'd ſilence ſeem'd to reign within;
Then Cries confus'd, and a joint clamour follow'd;
Then Lights went gliding by, from room to room,
And ſhot like thwarting Meteors croſs the houſe:
Not daring farther to enquire: I came
With ſpeed, to bring you this imperfect news.

Bend.

Bend. Hence I conclude him either dead or dying:
His mournful Friends, ſummon'd to take their leaves,
Are throng'd about his Couch, and ſit in Council,
What thoſe Caballing Captains may deſign,
I muſt prevent,
By being firſt in Action.
To *Muley Zeydan* fly with ſpeed, deſire him
To take my laſt inſtructions; tell th' importance
And haſt his preſence here. (*Exit* Haly.
How has this Poiſon loſt its wonted way?
It ſhou'd have burnt its paſſage, not have linger'd
In the blind Labyrinths and crooked turnings
Of human Compoſition; now it moves
Like a ſlow Fire that works againſt the Wind,
As if his ſtronger Stars had interpos'd.

Enter Hamet.

Well *Hamet*, are our Friends the Rabble rais'd?
From *Muſtafa*, what Meſſage?
Hamet, What you wiſh:
The ſtreets are thicker in this noon of Night:
Than at the Mid-day Sun: a drowzy horrour
Sits on their Eyes, like fear not well awake,
All crowd in heaps, as at a Night Alarm
The Bees drive out upon each others backs,
T' imboſs their Hives in cluſters; all ask news:
Their buſie Captain runs the weary round
To whiſper Orders; and commanding ſilence
Makes not noiſe ceaſe; but deafens it to murmurs.
Bend. Night waſts apace: when, when will he appear?
Hamet, He only waits your Summons.
Bend. Haſt their coming.
Let ſecrecy and ſilence be enjoin'd
In their cloſe march: what news from the Lieutenant?
Hamet, I left him at the Gate, firm to your Intereſt,
T' admit the Townſmen at their firſt appearance.

Bend.

Bend. Thus far 'tis well: go haſten *Muſtafa.*

(*Exit* Ham.

Enter Orchan *the Third Servant.*

O, *Orchan,* did I think thy diligence
Wou'd lag behind the reſt? what from the *Mufti?*
Orchan, I ſought him round his Palace; made enquiry
Of all the Slaves: in ſhort, I us'd your name
And urg'd th' importance home; but had for anſwer
That ſince the ſhut of Evening none had ſeen him.
Bend. O the curſt fate of all Conſpiracies!
They move on many Springs, if one but fail
The reſtiff *Machine* ſtops. — In an ill hour he's abſent;
'Tis the firſt time, and ſure will be the laſt
That e'er a *Mufti* was not in the way,
When Tumult and Rebellion ſhou'd be broach'd.
Stay by me; thou art reſolute and faithful;
I have Employment worthy of thy Arm. (*Walks.*

Enter Muley Zeydan.

Muley Zeyd. You ſee me come impatient of my hopes,
And eager as the Courſer for the Race:
Is all in readineſs?
Bend. All but the *Mufti.*
Mul. Zeyd. We muſt go on without him.
Bend. True we muſt;
For 'tis ill ſtopping in the full Career,
How e'er the leap be dangerous and wide.
Orchan looking out. I ſee the blaze of Torches from afar;
And hear the trampling of thick beating feet;
This way they move.
Bend. No doubt the Emperour.
We muſt not be ſurpriz'd in Conference.
Truſt to my management the Tyrants death;

And

And haſt your ſelf to join with *Muſtafa.*
The Officer who guards the Gate is yours;
When you have gain'd that Paſs, divide your Force;
Your ſelf in Perſon head one choſen half,
And march t' oppreſs the Faction in Conſult
With dying *Dorax:* Fate has driv'n 'em all
Into the Net: you muſt be bold and ſudden:
Spare none, and if you find him ſtrugling yet
With pangs of Death, truſt not his rowling Eyes
And heaving gaſps; for Poiſon may be falſe,
The home-thruſt of a friendly Sword is ſure.

Mul. Zeyd. Doubt not my Conduct: they ſhall be ſurpriz'd;
Mercy may wait without the Gate one Night,
At Morn I'll take her in.———

Bend. Here lies your way,
You meet your Brother there.

Mul. Zeyd. May we ne'er meet:
For, like the Twins of *Leda,* when I mount
He gallops down the Skies.———

Exit Muley Zeyd.

Bend. He comes: now Heart
Be rib'd with Iron for this one attempt:
Set ope thy Sluces, ſend the vigorous bloud
Through every active Limb for my relief:
Then, take thy reſt within thy quiet Cell,
For thou ſhalt drum no more.

Enter Muley Moluch *and Guards attending him.*

Mul. Mol. What news of our Affairs, and what of *Dorax?*
Is he no more? ſay that, and make me happy.

Bend. May all your Enemies be like that Dog,
Whoſe parting Soul is lab'ring at the Lips.

Mul. Mol. The People, are they rais'd?

Bend. And Marſhall'd too;
Juſt ready for the March.

Mul. Mol. Then I'm at eaſe.

Bend.

Bend. The Night is yours, the glitt'ring Hoaſt of Heav'n
Shines but for you; but moſt the Star of Love,
That twinckles you to fair *Almeyda's* Bed.
Oh there's a joy, to melt in her embrace,
Diſſolve in pleaſures;
And make the gods curſe Immortality,
That ſo they cou'd not dye.
But haſte, and make 'em yours.

Mul. Mol. I will; and yet
A kind of weight hangs heavy at my Heart;
My flagging Soul flyes under her own pitch;
Like Fowl in air too damp, and lugs along,
As if ſhe were a body in a body,
And not a mounting ſubſtance made of Fire.
My Senſes too are dull and ſtupifi'd,
Their edge rebated; ſure ſome ill approaches,
And ſome kind Spirit knocks ſoftly at my Soul,
To tell me Fate's at hand.

Bend. Mere Fancies all.
Your Soul has been beforehand with your Body,
And drunk ſo deep a Draught of promis'd bliſs,
She ſlumbers o'er the Cup; no danger's near,
But of a Surfeit at too full a Feaſt.

Mul. Mol. It may be ſo; it looks ſo like the Dream
That overtook me at my waking hour
This Morn; and Dreams they ſay are then divine,
When all the balmy Vapors are exhal'd,
And ſome o'er-pow'ring God continues ſleep.
'Twas then methought *Almeyda,* ſmiling, came
Attended with a Train of all her Race,
Whom in the rage of Empire I had murther'd.
But now, no longer Foes, they gave me Joy
Of my new Conqueſt, and with helping hands
Heav'd me into our Holy Prophet's arms,
Who bore me in a purple Cloud to Heav'n.

Bend. Good Omen, Sir, I wiſh you in that Heaven;
Your Dream portends you.
Which preſages death.—— [*Aſide.*

Mul. Mol. Thou too wert there;
And thou methought didſt puſh me from below,
With thy full force to Paradiſe.
Bend. Yet better.
Mul. Mol. Ha! What's that grizly Fellow that attends thee?
Bend. Why ask you Sir?
Mul. Mol. For he was in my Dream;
And help'd to heave me up.
Bend. With Pray'rs and Wiſhes;
For I dare ſwear him honeſt.
Mul. Mol. That may be;
But yet he looks Damnation.
Bend. You forget,
The Face wou'd pleaſe you better: Do you love,
And can you thus forbear?
Mul. Mol. I'll head my People;
Then think of dalliance, when the danger's o'er.
My warlike Spirits work now another way;
And my Soul's tun'd to Trumpets.
Bend. You debaſe your ſelf,
To think of mixing with th' ignoble Herd.
Let ſuch perform the ſervile Work of War,
Such who have no *Almeyda* to enjoy.
What ſhall the People know their God-like Prince
Skulk'd in a nightly Skirmiſh? Stole a Conqueſt,
Headed a Rabble, and profan'd his Perſon, "
Shoulder'd with Filth, born in a tide of Ordure, "
And ſtifled with their rank offenſive Sweat?
Mul. Mol. I am off again: I will not proſtitute
The Regal Dignity ſo far, to head 'em.
Bend. There ſpoke a King.
Diſmiſs your Guards to be employ'd elſewhere
In ruder Combats: You will want no Seconds
In thoſe Alarms you ſeek.
Mul. Mol. Go joyn the Crowd; [*to the Guards.*
Benducar; thou ſhalt lead 'em, in my place. [*Exeunt Guards.*
The God of Love once more has ſhot his Fires

Into

Into my Soul; and my whole Heart receives him.
Almeyda now returns with all her Charms;
I feel her as she glides along my Veins,
And dances in my Blood: So when our Prophet
Had long been ham'ring in his lonely Cell,
Some dull, insipid, tedious Paradise,
A brisk Arabian Girl came tripping by;
Passing she cast at him a side-long glance,
And look'd behind in hopes to be pursu'd:
He took the hint, embrac'd the flying Fair;
And having found his Heav'n, he fix'd it there. [*Exit* Mul. Mol.

Bend. That Paradise thou never shalt possess.
His death is easie now, his Guards are gone;
And I can sin but once to seize the Throne.
All after Acts are sanctify'd by pow'r.

Orchan. Command my Sword and Life.

Bend. I thank thee *Orchan*,
And shall reward thy Faith: This Master Key
Frees every Lock, and leads us to his Person:
And shou'd we miss our blow, as Heav'n forbid,
Secures retreat: Leave open all behind us;
And first set wide the *Mufti*'s Garden Gate,
Which is his private passage to the Palace:
For there our Mutineers appoint to meet,
And thence we may have aid. Now sleep ye Stars
That silently o'erwatch the fate of Kings;
Be all propitious Influences barr'd,
And none but murd'rous Planets mount the Guard.
[*Exit with* Orchan.

A Night Scene of the Mufti's *Garden.*

Enter the Mufti *alone, in a Slave's habit, like that of* Antonio.

Mufti, This 'tis to have a sound Head-piece; by this I have got to be chief of my Religion; that is, honestly speaking, to teach others what I neither know nor believe my self. For

what's *Mahomet* to me, but that I get by him? Now for my Policy of this night: I have mew'd up my ſuſpected Spouſe in her Chamber. No more Embaſſies to that luſty young Stallion of a Gardiner. Next my habit of a Slave; I have made my ſelf as like him as I can, all but his youth and vigor; which when I had, I paſs'd my time as well as any of my Holy Predeceſſors. Now walking under the Windows of my Seraglio, if *Johayma* look out, ſhe will certainly take me for *Antonio*, and call to me; and by that I ſhall know what Concupiſcence is working in her; ſhe cannot come down to commit Iniquity, there's my ſafety; but if ſhe peep, if ſhe put her Noſe abroad, there's demonſtration of her pious Will: And I'll not make the firſt precedent for a Church-man to forgive Injuries.

Enter Morayma *running to him with a Casket in her hand, and embracing him.*

Mor. Now I can embrace you with a good Conſcience; here are the Pearls and Jewels, here's my Father.

Muf. I am indeed thy Father; but how the Devil didſt thou know me in this diſguiſe? And what Pearls and Jewels doſt thou mean?

Mor. going back,——What have I done, and what will now become of me!

Muf. Art thou mad, *Morayma?*

Mor. I think you'll make me ſo.

Muf. Why, what have I done to thee? Recollect thy ſelf, and ſpeak ſenſe to me.

Mor. Then give me leave to tell you, you are the worſt of Fathers.

Muf. Did I think I had begotten ſuch a Monſter? Proceed my dutiful Child, proceed, proceed.

Mor. You have been raking together a maſs of Wealth, by indirect and wicked means; the Spoils of Orphans are in theſe Jewels, and the Tears of Widows in theſe Pearls.

Muf. Thou amazeſt me!

Mor. I

Mor. I wou'd do ſo. This Casket is loaded with your Sins; 'tis the Cargo of Rapines, Simony, and Extortions; the Iniquity of thirty Years Muftiſhip, converted into Diamonds.

Muſ. Wou'd ſome rich rayling Rogue would ſay as much to me, that I might ſqueeze his Purſe for ſcandal.

Mor. No Sir, you get more by pious Fools than Raylers, when you inſinuate into their Families, manage their Fortunes while they live, and beggar their Heirs by getting Legacies when they dye. And do you think I'll be the receiver of your Theft? I diſcharge my Conſcience of it: Here take again your filthy Mammon, and reſtore it you had beſt to the true Owners.

Muſ. I am finely documented by my own Daughter.

Mor. And a great credit for me to be ſo: Do but think how decent a Habit you have on, and how becoming your Function to be diſguis'd like a Slave, and eves-dropping under the Womens Windows, to be ſaluted, as you deſerve it richly, with a Piſs-pot: If I had not known you caſually by your ſhambling gate, and a certain reverend awkardneſs that is natural to all of your Function, here you had been expos'd to the laughter of your own Servants; who have been in ſearch of you through your whole Seraglio, peeping under every Petticoat to find you.

Muſ. Prithee Child reproach me no more of human Failings; they are but a little of the pitch and ſpots of the World that are ſtill ſticking on me; but I hope to ſcour 'em out in time: I am better at bottom than thou think'ſt; I am not the Man thou tak'ſt me for.

Mor. No, to my ſorrow Sir you are not.

Muſ. It was a very odd beginning, tho methought, to ſee thee come running in upon me with ſuch a warm embrace; prithee what was the meaning of that violent hot Hug?

Mor. I am ſure I meant nothing by it, but the zeal and affection which I bear to the Man of the World, whom I may love lawfully.

Muſ. But thou wilt not teach me at this age the nature of a cloſe Embrace?

Mor.

Mor. No indeed; for my Mother in Law complains, that you are paſt teaching: But if you miſtook my innocent Embrace for Sin, I wiſh heartily it had been given where it wou'd have been more acceptable.

Muſ. Why, this is as it ſhou'd be now: Take the Treaſure again, it can never be put into better hands.

Mor. Yes, to my knowledg but it might. I have confeſs'd my Soul to you, if you can underſtand me rightly; I never diſobey'd you till this night, and now ſince through the violence of my Paſſion, I have been ſo unfortunate, I humbly beg your pardon, your bleſſing, and your leave, that upon the firſt opportunity I may go for ever from your ſight; for Heaven knows, I never deſire to ſee you more.

Muſ. Wiping his Eyes. Thou mak'ſt me weep at thy unkindneſs; indeed dear Daughter we will not part.

Mor. Indeed dear Daddy but we will.

Muſ. Why if I have been a little pilfering, or ſo, I take it bitterly of thee to tell me of it; ſince it was to make thee rich; and I hope a Man may make bold with his own Soul, without offence to his own Child: Here take the jewels again, take 'em I charge thee upon thy Obedience.

Mor. Well then, in vertue of Obedience I will take 'em; but on my Soul, I had rather they were in a better hand.

Muſ. Meaning mine, I know it.

Mor. Meaning his whom I love better than my life.

Muſ. That's me again.

Mor. I wou'd have you think ſo.

Muſ. How thy good nature works upon me; well I can do no leſs than venture damning for thee, and I may put fair for it, if the Rabble be order'd to riſe to Night.

Enter Antonio *in an* Affrican *rich habit.*

Ant. What do you mean my Dear, to ſtand talking in this ſuſpicious place, juſt underneath *Johayma's* Window? (to the *Mufti*) You are well met Comerade, I know you are the friend of our flight? are the horſes ready at the poſtern gate?

Muſ.

Muſ. Antonio, and in diſguiſe! now I begin to ſmell a rat.

Ant. And I another, that out-ſtinks it; falſe *Morayma,* haſt thou thus betray'd me to thy Father!

Mor. Alas, I was betray'd my ſelf: He came diſguis'd like you, and I poor Innocent ran into his hands.

Muſ. In good time you did ſo; I laid a trap for a Bitch Fox, and a worſe Vermine has caught himſelf in it: you wou'd fain break looſe now, though you left a limb behind you; but I am yet in my own Territories and in call of Company, that's my comfort.

[Antonio, *taking him by the throat.*

No; I have a trick left to put thee paſt thy ſqueeking: I have giv'n thee the quinzey; that ungracious tongue ſhall Preach no more falſe Doctrin.

Mor. What do you mean? you will not throttle him? conſider he's my Father.

Ant. Prithee let us provide firſt for our own ſafety; if I do not conſider him, he will conſider us with a vengeance afterwards.

Mor. You may threaten him for crying out, but for my ſake give him back a little cranny of his Wind-pipe, and ſome part of Speech.

Ant. Not ſo much as one ſingle Interjection: Come away Father-in-Law, this is no place for Dialogues, when you are in the Moſque you talk by hours, and there no Man muſt interrupt you; this is but like for like, good Father-in-Law; now I am in the Pulpit 'tis your turn to hold your tongue.

[*He ſtruggles.*

Nay if you will be hanging back, I ſhall take care you ſhall hang forward.

(*Pulls him along the Stage; with his Sword at his reins.*)

Mor. T'other way to the Arbour with him; and make haſt before we are diſcover'd.

Ant.

Ant. If I only bind and gag him there, he may commend me hereafter for civil uſage; he deſerves not ſo much favour by any action of his life.

Mor. Yes, pray bate him one, for begetting your Miſtreſs.

Ant. I wou'd, if he had not thought more of thy Mother than of thee; once more come along in ſilence, my Pythagorean Father-in-Law.

Joh. At the Balcony. — A Bird in a Cage may peep at leaſt; though ſhe muſt not fly; what buſtle's there beneath my Window? *Antonio* by all my hopes, I know him by his habit; but what makes that Woman with him, and a Friend, a Sword drawn, and haſting hence? this is no time for ſilence: Who's within, call there, where are the Servants, why *Omar*, *Abedin*, *Haſſan* and the reſt, make haſt and run into the Garden; there are Thieves and Villains; arm all the Family, and ſtop 'em.

[Antonio *turning back.*

O that Schriech Owl at the Window! we ſhall be purſu'd immediatly; which way ſhall we take?

(Morayma *giving him the Caſket.*)

'Tis impoſſible to eſcape them; for the way to our Horſes lyes back again by the Houſe; and then we ſhall meet 'em full in the teeth; here take theſe Jewels; thou may'ſt leap the Walls and get away.

Ant. And what will become of thee then poor kind Soul?

Mor. I muſt take my fortune; when you are got ſafe into your own Country, I hope you will beſtow a ſigh on the memory of her who lov'd you!

Ant. It makes me mad, to think how many a good night will be loſt betwixt us! take back thy Jewels; 'tis an empty Caſket without thee; beſides I ſhou'd never leap well with the weight of all thy Fathers ſins about me, thou and they had been a bargain.

Mor. Prithee take 'em, 'twill help me to be reveng'd on him.

Ant. No; they'll ſerve to make thy peace with him.

Mor.

Mor. I hear 'em coming; ſhift for your ſelf at leaſt; remember I am yours for ever.

(*Servants crying this way, this way, behind the Scenes.*)

Ant. And I but the empty ſhadow of my ſelf without thee! farewel Father-in-Law, that ſhou'd have been, if I had not been curſt in my Mothers belly — Now which way fortune. — (*Runs amazedly backwards and forwards.*)

Servants within. *Follow, follow, yonder are the Villains.*

Ant. O here's a gate open; but it leads into the Caſtle; yet I muſt venture it. [*Going out.*

(A ſhout behind the Scenes where *Antonio* is going out)

Ant. There's the Rabble in a Mutiny; what is the Devil up at Midnight! —— however 'tis good herding in a Crowd. [*Runs out.*

(Mufti *runs to* Morayma *and lays hold on her, then ſnatches away the Casket.*)

Muf. Now, to do things in order, firſt I ſeize upon the Bag, and then upon the Baggage: for thou art but my fleſh and blood, but theſe are my Life and Soul.

Mor. Then let me follow my fleſh and blood, and keep to your ſelf your Life and Soul.

Muf. Both or none; come away to durance.

Mor. Well, if it muſt be ſo, agreed; for I have another trick to play you; and thank your ſelf for what ſhall follow. [*Enter Servants.*

Joh. From above. One of them took through the private way into the Caſtle; follow him be ſure, for theſe are yours already.

Mor. Help here quickly *Omar Abedin*; I have hold on the Villain that ſtole my jewels; but 'tis a luſty Rogue, and he will prove too ſtrong for me; what, help I ſay, do you not know your Maſters Daughter?

Muf. Now if I cry out they will know my voice; and then I am diſgrac'd for ever: O thou art a venomous Cockatrice!

Mor. Of your own begetting. [*The Servants ſeize him.*

Firſt Servant. What a glorious deliverance have you had Madam from this bloody-minded Chriſtian!

Mor. Give me back my Jewels, and carry this notorious Malefactor to be puniſh'd by my Father.

I'll hunt the other dry-foot. (*Takes the Jewels and runs out after* Antonio *at the ſame Paſſage.*)

Firſt Servant. I long to be handſelling his hide, before we bring him to my Maſter.

Second Servant. Hang him, for an old Covetous Hypocrite: he deſerves a worſe puniſhment himſelf for keeping us ſo hardly.

Firſt Servant. Ay, wou'd he were in this Villains place; thus I wou'd lay him on, and thus.

[*Beats him.*

Second Servant. And thus wou'd I revenge my ſelf of my laſt beating,

(*He beats him too, and then the reſt.*)

Muf. Oh, oh, oh!

Firſt Servant. Now ſuppoſing you were the *Mufti*, Sir, —

[*Beats him again.*

Muf. The Devil's in that ſuppoſing Raſcal; I can bear no more; and I am the *Mufti*: Now ſuppoſe your ſelves my Servants, and hold your hands; an anointed halter take you all.

Firſt Servant. My Maſter! you will pardon the exceſs of our zeal for you, Sir, indeed we all took you for a Villain, and ſo we us'd you.

Mufti. Ay ſo I feel you did; my back and ſides are abundant teſtimonies of your zeal. Run Rogues, and bring me back my Jewels, and my Fugitive Daughter: run I ſay.

They

(They run to the Gate and the first Servant runs back again.)

First Servant. Sir, the Castle is in a most terrible combustion; you may hear 'em hither.

Muf. 'Tis a laudable commotion: The voice of the Mobile is the voice of Heaven. I must retire a little, to strip me of the Slave, and to assume the *Mufti*; and then I will return: for the piety of the People must be encouraged; that they may help me to recover my Jewels, and my Daughter.

Exit Mufti *and Servants.*

Scene changes to the Castle-yard, and discovers Antonio Mustafa, *and the Rabble shouting, they come forward.*

Ant. And so at length, as I inform'd you, I escap'd out of his covetous clutches; and now fly to your illustrious feet for my protection.

Must. Thou shalt have it, and now defie the *Mufti.* 'Tis the first Petition that has been made to me since my exaltation to Tumult; in this second Night of the Month *Abib*, and in the year of the *Hegyra*; the Lord knows what year; but 'tis no matter; for when I am settled, the Learned are bound to find it out for me: for I am resolv'd to date my Authority over the Rabble, like other Monarchs.

Ant. I have always had a longing to be yours again; though I cou'd not compass it before, and had design'd you a Casket of my Masters jewels too; for I knew the Custom, and wou'd not have appear'd before a Great Person, as you are, without a present: But he has defrauded my good intentions, and basely robb'd you of 'em, 'tis a prize worth a Million of Crowns, and you carry your Letters of mark about you.

Must. I shall make bold with his Treasure, for the support of my New Government. [*The People gather about him.* What do these vile Ragga-muffins so near our Person? your favour is offensive to us; bear back there, and make room for honest Men to approach us; these fools and knaves are always im-

pudently crowding next to Princes, and keeping off the more deſerving, bear back I ſay.

[*They make a wider Circle.*

That's dutifully done; now ſhout to ſhow your Loyalty. (*A great ſhout*) Hear'ſt thou that, Slave *Antonio*? theſe obſtreperous Villains ſhout, and know not for what they make a noiſe. You ſhall ſee me manage 'em, that you may judge what ignorant Beaſts they are. For whom do you ſhout now? who's to Live and Reign? tell me that the wiſeſt of you.

Firſt Rabble. Even who you pleaſe Captain.

Muſt. La you there; I told you ſo.

Second Rabble. We are not bound to know who is to Live and Reign; our buſineſs is only to riſe upon command, and plunder.

Third Rabble. Ay, the Richeſt of both Parties; for they are our Enemies.

Muſt. This laſt Fellow is a little more ſenſible than the reſt; he has enter'd ſomewhat into the merits of the Cauſe.

Firſt Rabble. If a poor Man may ſpeak his mind, I think, Captain, that your ſelf are the fitteſt to Live and Reign, I mean not over, but next and immediatly under the People; and thereupon I ſay, *A Muſtafa, A Muſtafa.*

(*All Cry*) *A Muſtafa, A Muſtafa.*

Muſt. I muſt confeſs the ſound is pleaſing, and tickles the ears of my Ambition; but alas good People, it muſt not be: I am contented to be a poor ſimple Vice-Roy; but Prince *Muley-Zeydan* is to be the Man: I ſhall take care to inſtruct him in the arts of Government; and in his duty to us all: and therefore mark my Cry: *A Muley-Zeydan, A Muley-Zeydan.*

(*All Cry*) *A Muley-Zeydan, A Muley-Zeydan.*

Muſt. You ſee Slave *Antonio*, what I might have been.

Antonio. I obſerve your Modeſty.

Muſt. But for a fooliſh promiſe I made once to my Lord *Benducar*, to ſet up any one he pleas'd.

Re-enter

(*Re-enter the* Mufti *with his Servants.*)

Ant. Here's the Old Hypocrite again; now ſtand your ground, and bate him not an inch. Remember the Jewels, the Rich and Glorious Jewels; they are deſtin'd to be yours, by virtue of Prerogative.

Muſt. Let me alone to pick a quarrel, I have an old grudge to him upon thy account.

(Mufti, *making up to the Mobile.*)

Good People, here you are met together.

Firſt Rabble. Ay, we know that without your telling, but why are we met together, Doctor? for that's it which no body here can tell.

Second Rabble. Why to ſee one another in the Dark; and to make Holy-day at Midnight.

Muf. You are met, as becomes good Muſulmen; to ſettle the Nation; for I muſt tell you, that though your Tyrant is a lawful Emperor, yet your lawful Emperor is but a Tyrant.

Ant. What ſtuff he talks!

Muſt. 'Tis excellent fine matter indeed, Slave *Antonio*; he has a rare tongue; Oh, he wou'd move a Rock of Elephant!

Ant. Aſide. What a Block have I to work upon, [*To him.* But ſtill remember the Jewels, Sir, the Jewels.

Muſt. Nay that's true on t'other ſide: the Jewels muſt be mine; but he has a pure fine way of talking; my Conſcience goes along with him, but the Jewels have ſet my heart againſt him.

Muf. That your Emperor is a Tyrant is moſt manifeſt; for you were born to be *Turks*, but he has play'd the *Turk* with you; and is taking your Religion away.

Second Rabble. We find that in our decay of Trade; I have ſeen for theſe hunder'd years, that Religion and Trade always go together.

Mufti. He is now upon the point of Marrying himſelf, without your Sovereign conſent; and what are the effects of Marriage?

Third Rabble. A ſcoulding, domineering Wife, if ſhe prove honeſt; and if a Whore, a fine gawdy Minx, that robs our Counters every Night, and then goes out, and ſpends it upon our Cuckold-makers.

Mufti. No, the natural effects of Marriage are Children: Now on whom wou'd he beget theſe Children? Even upon a Chriſtian! Oh horrible; how can you believe me, though I am ready to ſwear it upon the *Alcoran*! Yes, true Believers, you may believe me, that he is going to beget a Race of Misbelievers.

Muſt. That's fine, in earneſt; I cannot forbear hearkening to his enchanting Tongue.

Ant. But yet remember.——

Muſt. Ay, Ay, the Jewels! Now again I hate him; but yet my Conſcience makes me liſten to him.

Mufti, Therefore to conclude all, Believers, pluck up your Hearts, and pluck down the Tyrant: Remember the Courage of your Anceſtors; remember the Majeſty of the People; remember your ſelves, your Wives and Children; and laſtly, above all, remember your Religion, and our holy *Mahomet*; all theſe require your timous aſſiſtance; ſhall I ſay they beg it? No, they claim it of you, by all the neareſt and deareſt Tyes of theſe three P's Self-Preſervation, our Property, and our Prophet. Now anſwer me with an unanimous chearful Cry, and follow me, who am your Leader to a glorious Deliverance.

(*All cry, A* Mufti, *A* Mufti, *and are following him off the Stage.*)

Ant. Now you ſee what comes of your fooliſh Qualms of Conſcience: The Jewels are loſt, and they are all leaving you.

Muſt. What am I forſaken of my Subjects? Wou'd the Rogue purloin my liege People from me! I charge you in my own Name come back ye Deſerters; and hear me ſpeak.

1*ſt. Rabble,* What will he come with his Balderdaſh, after the *Mufti*'s eloquent Oration?

2*d. Rabble,*

2d. *Rabble*, He's our Captain, lawfully pick'd up, and elected upon a Stall; we will hear him.

Omnes, Speak Captain, for we will hear you.

Muft. Do you remember the glorious Rapines and Robberies you have committed? Your breaking open and gutting of Houſes, your rummaging of Cellars, your demoliſhing of Chriſtian Temples, and bearing off in triumph the ſuperſtitious Plate and Pictures, the Ornaments of their wicked Altars, when all rich Moveables were ſentenc'd for idolatrous, and all that was idolatrous was ſeiz'd? Anſwer firſt for your remembrance, of all theſe ſweetneſſes of Mutiny; for upon thoſe Grounds I ſhall proceed.

Omnes, Yes we do remember, we do remember.

Muft. Then make much of your retentive Faculties. And who led you to thoſe Hony-Combs? Your *Mufti?* No, Believers, he only preach'd you up to it; but durſt not lead you; he was but your Counſellor, but I was your Captain; he only lood you, but 'twas I that led you.

Omnes, That's true, that's true.

Ant. There you were with him for his Figures.

Muft. I think I was, Slave *Antonio.* Alas I was ignorant of my own Talent.—Say then, Believers, will you have a Captain for your *Mufti?* Or a *Mufti* for your Captain? And further to inſtruct you how to Cry, Will you have a *Mufti*, or no Mufti?

Omnes, No *Mufti*, no *Mufti.*

Muft. That I laid in for'em, Slave *Antonio.*—
Do I then ſpet upon your Faces? Do I diſcourage Rebellion, Mutiny, Rapine, and Plundering? You may think I do, Believers, but Heaven forbid: No, I encourage you to all theſe laudable Undertakings; you ſhall plunder, you ſhall pull down the Government; but you ſhall do this upon my Authority, and not by his wicked Inſtigation.

3d. *Rabble*, Nay, when his turn is ſerv'd, he may preach up Loyalty again, and Reſtitution, that he might have another Snack among us.

1ſt. *Rabble*, He may indeed; for 'tis but his ſaying 'tis Sin, and then we muſt reſtore; and therefore I wou'd have a new Re-

ligion,

ligion, wh[illegible] half the Commandments ſhou'd be taken away, the reſt mollifi'd, and there ſhou'd be little or no Sin remaining.

Omnes, Another Religion, a new Religion, another Religion.

Muſt. And that may eaſily be done, with the help of a little Inſpiration: For I muſt tell you, I have a Pigeon at home, of *Mahomet*'s own breed; and when I have learnt her to pick Peaſe out of my Ear, reſt ſatisfi'd 'till then, and you ſhall have another. But now I think on't, I am inſpir'd already, that 'tis no Sin to depoſe the Mufti.

Ant. And good reaſon; for when Kings and Queens are to be diſcarded, what ſhou'd Knaves do any longer in the pack?

Omnes, He is depos'd, he is depos'd, he is depos'd.

Muſt. Nay, if he and his Clergy will needs be preaching up Rebellion, and giving us their Bleſſing, 'tis but juſtice they ſhou'd have the firſt fruits of it.—Slave *Antonio*, take him into cuſtody; and doſt thou hear, Boy, be ſure to ſecure the little tranſitory Box of Jewels: If he be obſtinate, put a civil Queſtion to him upon the Rack, and he ſqueaks I warrant him.

Ant. ſeizing the Mufti. Come my *quondam* Maſter, you and I muſt change Qualities.

Mufti, I hope you will not be ſo barbarous to torture me, we may preach Suffering to others, but alas, holy Fleſh is too well pamper'd to endure Martyrdom.

Muſt. Now, late *Mufti*, not forgetting my firſt Quarrel to you, we will enter our ſelves with the Plunder of your Palace: 'tis good to ſanctifie a Work, and begin a God's name.

1*ſt. Rabble*, Our Prophet let the Devil alone with the laſt *Mob*.

Mob. But he takes care of this himſelf.

As they are going out enter Benducar *leading* Almeyda: *He with a Sword in one hand*; Benducar's *Slave follows with* Muly-Moluch's *Head upon a Spear.*

Muſt. Not

Not so much haſt Maſters; come back again: you are ſo bent upon miſchief, that you take a man upon the firſt word of Plunder. Here's a ſight for you: the Emperour is come upon his head to viſit you. [*Bowing*] Moſt Noble Emperour, now I hope you will not hit us in the teeth, that we have pull'd you down, for we can tell you to your face, that we have exalted you. [*They all ſhout.*]

[Benducar *to* Almeyda *apart.* Think what I am, and what your ſelf may be,
In being mine: refuſe not proffer'd Love
that brings a Crown.

[Almeyda *to him.* I have reſolv'd,
And theſe ſhall know my thoughts.

Bend. to her. On that I build.——(*He comes up to the Rabble.*)
Joy to the People for the Tyrants Death!
Oppreſſion, Rapine, Baniſhment and Bloud
Are now no more; but ſpeechleſs as that tongue
That lyes for ever ſtill.
How is my grief divided with my joy,
When I muſt own I kill'd him! bid me ſpeak,
For not to bid me, is to diſallow
What for your ſakes is done.

Muſtafa. In the name of the People we command you ſpeak: But that pretty Lady ſhall ſpeak firſt; for we have taken ſomewhat of a likeing to her Perſon, be not afraid Lady to ſpeak to theſe rude Ragga-muffians: there's nothing ſhall offend you, unleſs it be their ſtink, and pleaſe you. [*Making a Legg.*

Almeyda. Why ſhou'd I fear to ſpeak who am your Queen?
My peacefull Father ſway'd the Scepter long;
And you enjoy'd the Bleſſings of his Reign,
While you deſerv'd the name of *Africans.*
Then not commanded, but commanding you,
Fearleſs I ſpeak: know me for what I am.

Bend. How ſhe aſſumes! I like not this beginning. [*aſide*

Almeyda. I was not born ſo baſe, to flatter Crowds,
And move your pitty by a whining tale:
Your Tyrant would have forc'd me to his Bed;
But in th' attempt of that foul brutal Act,
Theſe Loyall Slaves ſecur'd me by his Death. [*Pointing to* Ben.

Bend. Makes she no more of me then of a Slave? [*aside.*
Madam, I thought I had instructed you [*to* Alm.
To frame a Speech more suiting to the times:
The Circumstances of that dire design,
Your own despair, my unexpected ayd,
my Life endanger'd by his bold defence,
And after all, his Death, and your Deliv'rance,
Were themes that ought not to be slighted o're.

Mustafa. She might have pass'd over all your petty businesses and no great matter: But the Raising of my Rabble is an Exploit of consequence; and not to be mumbled up in silence for all her pertness.

Almeyda. When force invades the gift of Nature, Life,
The eldest Law of nature bids defend: [ours:
And if in that defence, a Tyrant fall, his Death's his Crime not
Suffice it that he's Dead: all wrongs dye with him;
When he can wrong no more I pardon him:
Thus I absolve my self; and him excuse,
Who sav'd my life, and honour; but praise neither.

Benducar. 'Tis cheap to pardon, whom you would not pay;
But what speak I of payment and reward?
Ungratefull Woman, you are yet no Queen;
Nor more than a proud haughty *Christian* slave:
As such I seize my right. [*going to lay hold on her.*

[Almyda *drawing* Dare not to approach me;
[*a Dagger.* Now *Africans*,
He shows himself to you; to me he stood
Confest before, and own'd his Insolence
T'espouse my person, and assume the Crown,
Claym'd in my Right: for this he slew your Tyrant;
Oh no, he only chang'd him for a worse;
Imbas'd your Slavery by his own vileness,
And loaded you with more ignoble bonds:
Then think me not ungratefull, not to share,
Th' Imperial Crown with a presuming Traytor.
He says I am a *Christian*; true I am,
But yet no Slave: If *Christians* can be thought,
Unfit to govern those of other Faith,

'Tis

'Tis left for you to judge.

Benducar. I have not patience; she consumes the time
In Idle talk, and owns her false Belief:
Seize her by force, and bear her hence unheard.

[Almeyda *to the* No, let me rather dye your sacrifice
[*People.* Than live his Tryumph;
I throw my self into my Peoples armes;
As you are Men compassionate my wrongs,
And as good men Protect me.

[Antonio *aside* Something must be done to save her.

[*To* Mustafa. This is all address'd to you Sir: She singled you out with her eye, as Commander in chief of the Mobility.

Mustafa. Think'st thou so Slave *Antonio*?

Antonio. Most certainly Sir; and you cannot in honour but protect her, Now look to your hits, and make your fortune.

Mustafa. Methought indeed she cast a kind leer towards me: Our Prophet was but just such another Scoundrell as I am, till he rais'd himself to power, and consequently to Holyness, by marrying his masters Widow: I am resolved I'le put forward for my self: for why should I be my Lord *Benducars* Fool and Slave, when I may be my own fool and his Master?

Benducar. Take her into possession, *Mustafa.*

Mustafa. That's better Counsell than you meant it: Yes I do take her into possession, and into protection too: what say you, Masters, will you stand by me?

Omnes. One and all; One and all.

Beuducar. Hast thou betray'd me Traytor?
Mufti speak & mind 'em of Religion. [Mufti *shakes his head.*

Mustafa. Alas the poor Gentleman has gotten a cold, with a Sermon of two hours long, and a prayer of four: and besides, if he durst speak, mankind is grown wiser at this time of day, than to cut one anothers throats about Religion. Our *Mufti* is a Green coat, and the *Christians* is a black coat; and we must wisely go together by the ears, whether green or black shall sweep our spoils. [*Drums within and shouts.*

Benducar. Now we shall see whose numbers will prevail:
The Conquering Troups of *Muley Zeydan*, come
To crush Rebellion, and espouse my Cause.

Muſtafa. We will have a fair Tryall of Skill for't, I can tell him that. When we have diſpatch'd with *Muley Zeydan*, your Lordſhip ſhall march in equall proportions of your body, to the four gates of the City; and every Tower ſhall have a Quarter of you, [Antonio *draws them up and takes* Almeyda *by the hand*

[*Shouts again and Drums.*

Enter Dorax *and* Sebaſtian *attended by* Affrican *Soldiers and Portugueſes.* (Almeyda *and* Sebaſtian *run into each others armes and both ſpeak together.*

Seb. and *Alm.* My *Sebaſtian*! My *Almeyda*!

Alm. Do you then live?

Seb. And live to love thee ever.

Bend. How! *Dorax* and *Sebaſtian* ſtill alive!
The Moors and Chriſtians joyn'd! I thank thee Prophet.

Dorax. The Citadel is ours; and *Muley Zeydan*
Safe under Guard, but as becomes a Prince.
Lay down your armes: ſuch baſe Plebeian bloud
Would only ſtain the brightneſs of my Sword,
And blunt it for ſome nobler work behind.

Muſt. I ſuppoſe you may put it up without offence to any man here preſent? For my part, I have been Loyall to my Soveraign Lady: though that Villain *Benducar*, and that Hypocrite the *Mufti*, would have corrupted me; but if thoſe two ſcape publick Juſtice, then I and all my late honeſt Subjects here, deſerve hanging.

[Benducar *to* Dorax.] I'm ſure I did my part to poyſon thee,
What Saint ſoe're has Sodder'd thee again.
A Doſe leſs hot had burſt through ribs of Iron.

Muſ. Not knowing that, I poyſon'd him once more,
And drench'd him with a draught ſo deadly cold
That, had'ſt not thou prevented, had congeal'd
The channell of his bloud, and froze him dry.

Bend. Thou interpoſing Fool, to mangle miſchief,
And think to mend the perfect work of Hell.

Dorax. Thus, when Heaven pleaſes, double poyſons cure.
I will not tax thee of Ingratitude

To

To me thy Friend, who haſt betray'd thy Prince:
Death he deſerv'd indeed, but not from thee.
But fate it ſeems reſerv'd the worſt of men
To end the worſt of Tyrants.
Go bear him to his fate.
And ſend him to attend his Maſters Ghoſt.
Let ſome ſecure my other poys'ning Friend,
Whoſe double dilligence preſerv'd my life.

Ant. You are fall'n into good hands, Father in law; your ſparkling Jewells, and Morayma's eyes may prove a better bail than you deſerve.

Muſ. The beſt that can come of me, in this condition, is to have my life begg'd firſt, and then to be begg'd for a Fool afterwards. [*Exit* Antonio *with the* Mufti, *and at the ſame time* Benducar *is carry'd off.*

[Dorax *to* Muſtafa.] You and your hungry herd depart untouch'd;
For Juſtice cannot ſtoop ſo low, to reach
The groveling ſin of Crowds: but curſt be they
Who truſt revenge with ſuch mad Inſtruments,
Whoſe blindfold bus'neſs is but to deſtroy:
And like the fire Commiſſion'd by the Winds,
Begins on ſheds, but rouling in a round,
On Pallaces returns. Away ye skum,
That ſtill riſe upmoſt when the Nation boyls:
Ye mungrill work of Heaven, with humane ſhapes,
Not to be damn'd, or ſav'd, but breath, and periſh,
That have but juſt enough of ſence, to know
The maſters voice, when rated, to depart.

[*Exeunt* Muſtafa *and* Rabble.

[Almeyda *kneeling to him.*

With gratitude as low, as knees can pay
To thoſe bleſt holy Fires, our Guardian Angells,
Receive theſe thanks; till Altars can be rais'd.

[Dorax *raiſing her up*

Ariſe fair Excellence, and pay no thanks,
Till time diſcover what I have deſerv'd.

Seb. More then reward can anſwer.
If *Portugall* and *Spain* were joyn'd to Affrique,

And

And the main Ocean cruſted into Land,
If Univerſall Monarchy were mine,
Here ſhould the gift be plac'd.

Dorax. And from ſome hands I ſhou'd refuſe that gift:
Be not too prodigall of Promiſes;
But ſtint your bounty to one only grant,
Which I can ask with honour.

Seb. What I am
Is but thy gift, make what thou canſt of me.
Secure of no Repulſe.

Dorax to *Sebaſtian*: Diſmiſs your Train.
[*To* Almeyda. You, Madam, pleaſe one moment to retire.
[Sebaſtian *ſignes to the Portugueſes to go off.* Almeyda *bowing to him, goes off alſo: The* Affricans *follow her.*

Dorax To the Captain of his Guard.
With you one word in private. [*Goes out with the Captain.*

Sebaſtian Solus. Reſerv'd behaviour, open Nobleneſs,
A long miſterious Track of a ſtern bounty.
But now the hand of Fate is on the Curtain,
And draws the Scene to ſight.

Re-enter Dorax, *having taken off his Turbant and put on a Peruque Hat and Crevat.*

Dorax. Now do you know me?

Seb. Thou ſhouldſt be *Alonzo.*

Dorax. So you ſhou'd be *Sebaſtian:*
But when *Sebaſtian* ceas'd to be himſelf,
I ceas'd to be *Alonzo.*

Seb. As in a Dream
I ſee thee here, and ſcarce believe mine eyes.

Dorax Is it ſo ſtrange to find me, where my wrongs,
And your Inhumane Tyranny have ſent me?
Think not you dream: or, if you did, my Injuries
Shall call ſo loud, that Lethargy ſhould wake;
And Death ſhould give you back to anſwer me.
A Thouſand Nights have bruſh'd their balmy wings
Over theſe eyes, but ever when they clos'd,
Your Tyrant Image ſorc'd 'em ope again,
And dry'd the dewes they brought.

The

The long expected hour is come at length,
By manly Vengence to redeem my fame;
And that once clear'd, eternall sleep is welcome.
Sebast. I have not yet forgot I am a King;
Whose Royall Office is redress of Wrongs:
If I have wrong'd thee, charge me face to face;
I have not yet forgot I am a Soldier.
Dorax. 'Tis the first Justice thou hast ever done me.
Then, though I loath this Womans War of tongues,
Yet shall my Cause of Vengeance first be clear:
And, Honour, be thou Judge.
Sebast. Honour befriend us both.
Beware, I warn thee yet, to tell thy griefs
In terms becoming Majesty to hear:
I warn thee thus, because I know thy temper
Is Insolent and haughty to Superiours:
How often hast thou brav'd my peacefull Court,
Fill'd it with noisy brawls, and windy boasts;
And, with past service, nauseously repeated,
Reproach'd ev'n me thy Prince?
Dorax. And well I might, when you forgot reward,
The part of Heav'n in Kings: for punishment
Is Hangmans work, and drudgery for Devils.
I must and will reproach thee with my service,
Tyrant, (it irks me so to call my Prince.)
But just resentment and hard usage coyn'd
Th' unwilling word; and grating as it is
Take it, for 'tis thy due.
Sebast. How Tyrant?
Dorax Tyrant.
Sebast. Traytour? that name thou canst not Eccho back:
That Robe of Infamy, that Circumcision
Ill hid beneath that Robe, proclaim thee Traytor:
And, if a Name
More foul than Traytor be, 'tis Renegade.
Dorax. If I'm a Traytor, think and blush, thou Tyrant,
Whose Injuries betray'd me into treason.
Effac'd my Loyalty, unhing'd my Faith,

And

And hurryed me from hopes of Heaven to Hell.
All these, and all my yet unfinish'd Crimes,
When I shall rise to plead before the Saints,
I charge on thee, to make thy damning sure.

Sebast. Thy old presumptuous Arrogance again,
That bred my first dislike, and then my loathing.
Once more be warn'd, and know me for thy King.

Dorax. Too well I know thee; but for King no more:
This is not *Lisbonne*, nor the Circle this,
Where, like a Statue, thou hast stood besieg'd,
By Sycophants and Fools, the growth of Courts:
Where thy gull'd eyes, in all the gawdy round,
Met nothing but a lye in every face;
And the gross flattery of a gaping Crowd,
Envious who first should catch, and first applaud
The Stuff of Royall Nonsence: when I spoke,
My honest homely words were carp'd, and censur'd,
For want of Courtly Stile: related Actions,
Though modestly reported, pass'd for boasts:
Secure of Merit if I ask'd reward,
Thy hungry Minions thought their rights invaded,
And the bread snatch'd from Pimps and Parasits.
Enriquez answer'd, with a ready lye,
To save his King's, the boon was begg'd before.

Sebast. What sayst thou of *Enriquez*? now by Heaven
Thou mov'st me more by barely naming him,
Than all thy foul unmanner'd scurril taunts.

Dorax. And therefore 'twas to gaul thee, that I nam'd him:
That thing, that nothing, but a cringe and smile;
That Woman, but more dawb'd; or if a man,
Corrupted to a Woman: thy Man-Mistress.

Sebast. All false as Hell or thou.

Dorax. Yes; full as false
As that I serv'd thee fifteen hard Campaignes,
And pitch'd thy Standard in these Forreign Fields:
By me thy greatness grew; thy years grew with it,
But thy Ingratitude outgrew 'em both.

Sebast. I see to what thou tend'st, but tell me first

If thoſe great Acts were done alone for me;
If love produc'd not ſome, and pride the reſt?
Dorax. Why Love does all that's noble here below;
But all th' advantage of that love was thine.
For, coming fraughted back, in either hand
With Palm and Olive, Victory and Peace,
I was indeed prepar'd to ask my own:
(For *Violante's* vows were mine before:)
Thy malice had prevention, ere I ſpoke:
And ask'd me *Violante* for *Enriquez.*
Seb. I meant thee a reward of greater worth:
Dor. Where juſtice wanted, could reward be hop'd?
Could the robb'd Paſſenger expect a bounty,
From thoſe rapacious hands who ſtript him firſt?
Seb. He had my promiſe, e're I knew thy love,
Dor. My Services deſerv'd thou ſhould'ſt revoke it.
Seb. Thy Inſolence had cancell'd all thy Service:
To violate my Laws, even in my Court,
Sacred to peace, and ſafe from all affronts;
E'ven to my face, as done in my deſpight,
Under the wing of awfull Majeſty
To ſtrike the man I lov'd!
Dor. Even in the face of Heaven, a place more Sacred,
Would I have ſtruck the man, who propt by power,
Would Seize my right, and rob me of my Love:
But, for a blow provok'd by thy Injuſtice,
The haſty product of a juſt deſpair,
When he refus'd to meet me in the field,
That thou ſhoud'ſt make a Cowards Cauſe thy own!
Seb. He durſt; nay more deſir'd and begg'd with tears,
To meet thy Challenge fairly: 'twas thy fault
To make it publique; but my duty, then,
To interpoſe; on pain of my diſpleaſure,
Betwixt your Swords,
Dor. On pain of Infamy
He ſhould have diſobey'd.
Seb. Th' Indignity thou didſt, was ment to me;
Thy gloomy eyes were caſt on me, with ſcorn,

As who should say the blow was there intended;
But that thou didst not dare to lift thy hands
Against Annointed power: so was I forc'd
To do a Soveraign justice to my self;
And spurn thee from my presence.

Dor. Thou hast dar'd
To tell me, what I durst not tell my self:
I durst not think that I was spurn'd, and live;
And live to hear it boasted to my face.
All my long Avarice of honour lost,
Heap'd up in Youth, and hoarded up for Age;
Has honours Fountain then suck'd back the stream?
He has; and hooting Boys, may dry-shod pass,
And gather pebbles from the naked Foord.
Give me my Love, my Honour; give 'em back:—
Give me revenge; while I have breath to ask it.——

Seb. Now, by this honour'd Order which I wear,
More gladly would I give, than thou dar'st ask it:
Nor shall the Sacred Character of King
Be urg'd, to shield me from thy bold appeal.
If I have injur'd thee, that makes us equall:
The wrong, if done, debas'd me down to thee.
But thou hast charg'd me with Ingratitude:
Hast thou not charg'd me; speak?

Dor. Thou know'st I have:
If thou disown'st that Imputation, draw,
And prove my Charge a lye.

Seb. No; to disprove that lye, I must not draw:
Be conscious to thy worth, and tell thy Soul
What thou hast done this day in my defence:
To fight thee, after this, what were it else,
Than owning that Ingratitude thou urgest?
That *Isthmus* stands betwixt two rushing Seas;
Which, mounting, view each other from afar;
And strive in vain to meet.

Dor. I'le cut that *Isthmus*.
Thou know'st I meant not to preserve thy Life,
But to reprieve it, for my own revenge.

I ſav'd thee out of honourable malice:
Now draw; I ſhould be loath to think thou dar'ſt not:
Beware of ſuch another vile excuſe.
Seb. O patience Heaven!
Dor. Beware of Patience too;
That's a Suſpicious word: it had been proper
Before thy foot had ſpurn'd me; now 'tis baſe:
Yet, to diſarm thee of thy laſt defence,
I have thy Oath for my ſecurity:
The only boon I begg'd was this fair Combat:
Fight or be Perjur'd now; that's all thy choice.
[Sebaſ. Now I can thank thee as thou wouldſt be thank'd:
drawing:] Never was vow of honour better pay'd,
If my true Sword but hold, than this ſhall be.
The ſprightly Bridegroom, on his Wedding Night,
More gladly enters not the liſts of Love.
Why 'tis enjoyment to be ſummon'd thus.
Go: bear my Meſſage to *Henriquez* Ghoſt;
And ſay his Maſter and his Friend reveng'd him.
Dor. His Ghoſt! then is my hated Rivall dead?
Seb. The queſtion is beſide our preſent purpoſe;
Thou ſeeſt me ready; we delay too long.
Dor. A minute is not much in eithers Life,
When their's but one betwixt us; throw it in,
And give it him of us, who is to fall. (him.
Sebaſt. He's dead: make haſt, and thou mayſt yet o're take
Dor. When I was haſty, thou delay'ſt me longer.
I prethee let me hedge one moment more
Into thy promiſe; for thy life preſerv'd:
Be kind; and tell me how that Rivall dy'd,
Whoſe Death next thine I wiſh'd.
Seb. If it would pleaſe thee thou ſhould'ſt never know:
But thou, like Jealouſy, enquir'ſt a truth,
Which, found, will torture thee: He dy'd in Fight:
Fought next my perſon; as in Conſort fought:
Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow;
Save when he heav'd his Shield in my defence;
And on his naked ſide receiv'd my wound.
Then, when he could no more, he fell at once:

But rowl'd his falling body croſs their way;
And made a Bulwark of it for his Prince.
Dor. I never can forgive him ſuch a death!
Seb. I prophecy'd thy proud Soul could not bear it.
Now, judge thy ſelf, who beſt deſerv'd my Love.
I knew you both; (and durſt I ſay) as Heaven
Foreknew among the ſhining Angell hoſt
Who would ſtand firm, who fall.
Dor. Had he been tempted ſo, ſo had he fall'n;
And ſo, had I been favour'd, had I ſtood.
Seb. What had been is unknown; what is appears:
Confeſs he juſtly was preferr'd to thee.
Dor. Had I been born with his indulgent Stars,
My fortune had been his, and his been mine.
O, worſe than Hell! what Glory have I loſt,
And what has he acquir'd, by ſuch a death!
I ſhould have fallen by *Sebaſtians* ſide;
My Corps had been the Bulwark of my King.
His glorious end was a patch'd work of fate,
Ill ſorted with a ſoft effeminate life:
It ſuited better with my life than his
So to have dy'd: mine had been of a peice,
Spent in your ſervice, dying at your feet.
Seb. The more effeminate and ſoft his life,
The more his fame, to ſtruggle to the field,
And meet his glorious fate: Confeſs, proud Spirit,
(For I will have it from thy very mouth)
That better he deſerv'd my love than thou.
Dor. O, whether would you drive me! I muſt grant,
Yes I muſt grant, but with a ſwelling Soul,
Henriquez had your Love with more deſert:
For you he fought, and dy'd; I fought againſt you;
Through all the mazes of the bloudy field,
Hunted your Sacred life; which that I miſs'd
Was the propitious errour of my fate,
Not of my Soul; my Soul's a Regicide.
Seb. Thou might'ſt have given it a more gentle name:
[*more calmly.*] Thou meant'ſt to kill a Tyrant, not a King:

Speak

Speak didſt thou not, *Alonzo*?
Dor. Can I ſpeak!
Alas, I cannot anſwer to *Alonzo*:
No, *Dorax* cannot anſwer to *Alonzo*:
Alonzo was too kind a name for me.
Then, when I fought and conquer'd with your Armes,
In that bleſt Age I was the man you nam'd:
Till rage and pride debas'd me into *Dorax*;
And loſt like *Lucifer*, my name above.
Seb. Yet, twice this day I ow'd my life to *Dorax*.
Dor. I ſav'd you but to kill you; there's my grief.
Seb. Nay, if thou can'ſt be griev'd, thou can'ſt repent:
Thou coud'ſt not be a Villain, though thou woud'ſt:
Thou own'ſt too much, in owning thou haſt err'd;
And I too little, who provok'd thy Crime.
Dor. O ſtop this headlong Torrent of your goodneſs:
It comes too faſt upon a feeble Soul,
Half drown'd in tears, before; ſpare my confuſion:
For pitty ſpare, and ſay not, firſt, you err'd.
For yet I have not dar'd, through guilt and ſhame,
[*Falls at his feet*] To throw my ſelf beneath your Royall feet.
Now ſpurn this Rebell, this proud Renegade:
'Tis juſt you ſhould, nor will I more complain.
Seb. Indeed thou ſhoud'ſt not ask forgiveneſs firſt,
[*taking him up.* But thou preventſt me ſtill, in all that's noble.
Yet I will raiſe thee up with better news:
Thy *Violante's* heart was ever thine;
Compell'd to wed, becauſe ſhe was my Ward,
Her Soul was abſent when ſhe gave her hand:
Nor could my threats, or his purſuing Courtſhip,
Effect the Conſummation of his Love:
So, ſtill indulging tears, ſhe pines for thee,
A Widdow and a Maid.
Dor. Have I been curſing Heav'n while Heav'n bleſt me!
I ſhall run mad with extaſy of joy:
What, in one moment, to be reconcil'd
To Heaven, and to my King, and to my Love!
But pitty is my Friend, and ſtops me ſhort,

For my unhappy Rivall: poor *Henriquez*!
Seb. Art thou so generous too, to Pitty him?
Nay, then I was unjust to love him better.
Embracing him. Here let me ever hold thee in my arms:
And all our quarrells be but such as these,
Who shall love best, and closest shall embrace:
Be what *Enriquez* was; be my *Alonzo*.
Dor. What, my *Alonzo* sayd you? my *Alonzo*!
Let my tears thank you; for I cannot speak:
And if I cou'd,
Words were not made to vent such thoughts as mine.
Seb. Thou canst not speak, and I can ne're be silent.
Some Strange reverse of Fate must, sure attend
This vast profusion, this extravagance
Of Heaven, to bless me thus. 'Tis Gold so pure
It cannot bear the Stamp, without allay.
Be kind, ye Powers, and take but half away:
With ease the gifts of Fortune I resign;
But, let my Love, and Friend, be ever mine.

Exeunt.

ACT V. *The Scene is a Room of State.*

Enter Dorax *and* Antonio.

Dor. JOy is on every face, without a Cloud:
As, in the Scene of opening Paradice,
The whole Creation danc'd at their new being:
Pleas'd to be what they were; pleas'd with each other.
Such Joy have I, both in my self, and Friends:
And double Joy, that I have made 'em happy.
Antonio, Pleasure has been the bus'ness of my life;
And every change of Fortune easy to me,
Because I still was easy to my self.
The loss of her I lov'd would touch me neares;
Yet if I found her, I might love too much;

And

And that's uneasy Pleasure.

Dor. If she be fated
To be your Wife, your fate will find her for you:
Predestinated ills are never lost.

Anton. I had forgot
T'Enquire before, but long to be inform'd,
How, poison'd and betray'd, and round beset,
You could unwind your self from all these dangers;
And move so speedily to our relief!

Dor. The double poisons, after a short Combat,
Expell'd each other in their Civill War,
By natures benefit: and rows'd my thoughts
To Guard that life which now I found Attack'd.
I summon'd all my Officers in haste,
On whose experienc'd Faith I might rely:
All came; resolv'd to dye in my defence,
Save that one Villain who betray'd the Gate.
Our diligence prevented the surprize
We justly fear'd: so, *Muley-Zeydan* found us
Drawn-up in Battle, to receive the charge.

Ant. But how the *Moors* and *Christian* slaves were joyn'd,
You have not yet unfolded.

Dor. That remains.
We knew their Int'rest was the same with ours:
And though I hated more than Death, *Sebastian*;
I could not see him dye by Vulgar hands:
But prompted by my Angell, or by his,
Freed all the Slaves, and plac'd him next my self,
Because I would not have his Person known.
I need not tell the rest, th' event declares it.

Ant. Your Conquest came of course; their men were raw,
And yours were disciplin'd: one doubt remains,
Why you industriously conceal'd the King,
Who, known, had added Courage to his Men?

Dor. I would not hazard civill broils, betwixt
His Friends and mine: which might prevent our Combat:
Yet, had he fall'n, I had dismiss'd his Troops;
Or, if Victorious, order'd his escape.

But I forgot a new increaſe of Joy,
To feaſt him with ſurprize; I muſt about it:
Expect my ſwift return. [*Exit* Dorax.

Enter a Servant to Antonio,

Serv. Here's a Lady at the door, that bids me tell you, ſhe is come to make an end of the game, that was broken off betwixt you.

Ant. What manner of Woman is ſhe? Does ſhe not want two of the four Elements? has ſhe any thing about her but ayr and fire?

Servant. Truly, ſhe flys about the room, as if ſhe had wings inſtead of legs; I believe ſhe's juſt turning into a bird: a houſe-bird I warrant her: and ſo haſty to fly to you, that, rather than fail of entrance, ſhe wou'd come tumbling down the Chimney, like a Swallow.

Enter Morayma.

[Antonio *running to her and Embracing her.*
Look if ſhe be not here already: what, no deniall! it ſeems will ſerve your turn? why! thou little dun, is thy debt ſo preſſing?

Mor. Little Devill if you pleaſe: your leaſe is out, good Mr. Conjurer; and I am come to fetch you Soul and Body; not an hour of lewdneſs longer in this world for you.

Ant. Where the Devill haſt thou been? and how the Devill didſt thou find me here?

Mor. I follow'd you into the Caſtle-yard: but there was nothing but Tumult, and Confuſion: and I was bodily afraid of being pick'd up by ſome of the Rabble: conſidering I had a double charge about me,——my Jewells & my Mayden-head.

Ant. Both of 'em intended for my Worſhips ſole uſe and Property.

Mor. And what was poor little I among 'em all?

Ant. Not a mouthfull a piece: 'twas too much odds in Conſcience.

Mor. So ſeeking for ſhelter, I naturally ran to the old place of

of Assignation, the Garden-house: where for want of instinct, you did not follow me.

Ant. Well for thy Comfort, I have secur'd thy Father; and I hope thou hast secur'd his effects for us.

Mor. Yes truly I had the prudent foresight to consider that when we grow old, and weary of Solacing one another, we might have, at least, wherewithall to make merry with the World; and take up with a worse pleasure of eating and drinking, when we were disabled for a better.

Ant. Thy fortune will be e'en too good for thee: for thou art going iuto the Country of Serenades, and Gallantries; where thy street will be haunted every Night, with thy foolish Lovers, and my Rivals; who will be sighing, and singing under thy inexorable windows, lamentable ditties, and call thee Cruell, & Goddess, & Moon, and Stars, and all the Poeticall names of wicked rhyme: while thou and I, are minding our bus'ness, and jogging on, and laughing at 'em; at leisure-minuts, which will be very few, take that by way of threatning.

Mor. I am afraid you are not very valiant, that you huff so much before hand: but, they say, your Churches are fine places for Love-devotion: many a She-Saint is there worship'd.

Ant. Temples are there, as they are in all other Countries, good conveniences for dumb enterviews: I hear the Protestants an't much reform'd in that point neither; for their Sectaries call their Churches by the naturall name of Meeting-houses. therefore I warn thee in good time, not more of devotion than needs must, good future Spowse; and allways in a veile; for those eyes of thine are damn'd enemies to mortification.

Mor. The best thing I have heard of Christendom, is that we women are allow'd the priviledge of having Souls; and I assure you, I shall make bold to bestow mine, upon some Lover, when ever you begin to go astray, and, if I find no Convenience in a Church, a private Chamber will serve the turn.

Ant. When that day comes, I must take my revenge and turn Gardener again: for I find I am much given to Planting.

Mor. But take heed, in the mean time, that some young *Antonio* does not spring up in your own Family; as false as his Father, though of another mans planting.

Reenter Dorax *with* Sebastian *and* Almeyda. Sebastian *enters speaking to* Dorax, *while in the mean time* Antonio *presents* Morayma *to* Almeyda.

Seb. How fares our Royall Pris'ner, *Muley Zeydan?*
Dor. Dispos'd to grant whatever I desire,
To gain a Crown, and Freedom: well I know him,
Of easy temper, naturally good,
And faithfull to his word.
Seb. Yet one thing wants,
To fill the measure of my happiness
I'm still in pain for poor *Alvarez*'s life.
Dor. Release that fear; the good old man is safe:
I pay'd his ransome:
And have already order'd his Attendance.
Seb. O bid him enter for I long to see him.

Enter Alvarez *with a Servant, who departs when* Alvarez *is enter'd.*

[*Alvarez falling down and embracing the Kings knees.*]
Now by my Soul, and by these hoary hairs,
I'm so ore-whelm'd with pleasure, that I feel
A latter spring within my with'ring limbs,
That Shoots me out again.
Sebastian, raising him]
Thou good old Man!
Thou hast deceiv'd me into more, more joys;
Who stood brim-full before.
Alv. O my dear Child!.
I love thee so, I cannot call thee King,
Whom I so oft have dandled in these arms!
What, when I gave thee lost to find thee living!
'Tis like a Father, who himself had scap'd
A falling house, and after anxious search,
Hears from afar, his only Son within:
And digs through rubbish, till he drags him out

To

To see the friendly light.
Such is my haste so trembling is my joy
To draw thee forth from underneath thy Fate.
Seb. The Tempest is ore-blown; the Skys are clear,
And the Sea, charm'd into a Calm so still,
That not a wrinkle ruffles her smooth face.
Alv. Just such she shows before a rising storm:
And therefore am I come, with timely speed,
To warn you into Port.
Almeyda. My Soul fore-bodes [*aside.*
Some dire event involv'd in those dark words;
And just discloſing, in a birth of fate.
Alv. Is there not yet an Heir of this vast Empire,
Who still Survives, of *Muley-Moluchs* branch?
Dor. Yes such an one there is, a Captive here,
And Brother to the Dead.
Alv. The Power's above
Be prais'd for that: My prayers for my good Master
I hope are heard.
Seb. Thou hast a right in Heav'n,
But why these prayers for me?
Alv. A door is open yet for your deliv'rance,
Now you my Country-men, and you *Almeyda*,
Now all of us, and you (my all in one)
May yet be happy in that Captives life.
Seb. We have him here an honourable Hostage
For terms of peace: what more he can Contribute
To make me bleſt, I know not.
Alv. Vastly more:
Almeyda may be settled in the Throne;
And you review your Native Clime with fame:
A firm Alliance, and eternall Peace,
(The glorious Crown of honourable War,)
Are all included in that Princes life:
Let this fair Queen be giv'n to *Muley-Zeydan*;
And make her love the Sanction of your League.
Seb. No more of that: his life's in my disposé;
And Pris'ners are not to insist on terms.

Or if they were, yet he demands not these.
Alv. You shou'd exact 'em.
Alm. Better may be made;
These cannot: I abhor the Tyrants race;
My Parents Murtherers, my Throne's Usurpers.
But, at one blow to cut off all dispute,
Know this, thou busy, old, officious Man,
I am a Christian; now be wise no more;
Or if thou woud'st be still thought wise, be silent.
Alv. O! I perceive you think your Int'rest touch'd:
'Tis what before the Battail I observ'd:
But I must speak, and will.
Seb. I prethee peace;
Perhaps she thinks they are too near of bloud.
Alv. I wish she may not wed to bloud more near.
Seb. What if I make her mine?
Alv. Now Hea'vn forbid!
Seb. Wish rather Hea'vn may grant.
For, if I cou'd deserve, I have deserv'd her:
My toyls, my hazards, and my Subjects lives,
(Provided she consent) may claim her love:
And, that once granted, I appeal to these,
If better, I cou'd chuse a beauteous Bride.
Ant. The faireſt of her Sex.
Mor. The pride of Nature.
Dor. He only merits her; she only him.
So payr'd, so suited in their minds and Persons,
That they were fram'd the Tallyes for each other.
If any Alien love had Interpos'd
It must have been an eyesore to beholders,
And to themselves a Curse.
Alv. And to themselves
The greatest Curse that can be, were to joyn.
Seb. Did I not love thee, past a change to hate,
That word had been thy ruine; but no more,
I charge thee on thy life, perverse old man.
Alv. Know, Sir, I wou'd be silent if I durst:
But, if on Shipbord, I shou'd see my Friend,

Grown frantique in a raging Calenture,
And he, imagining vain flowry fields,
Wou'd headlong plunge himself into the deep,
Shou'd I not hold him from that mad attempt,
Till his sick fancy were by reason cur'd?

Seb. I pardon thee th'effects of doting Age;
Vain doubts, and idle cares, and over-caution;
The second Non-age of a Soul, more wise;
But now decay'd, and sunk into the Socket,
Peeping by fits and giving feeble light.

Alv. Have you forgot?

Seb. Thou mean'st my Fathers Will,
In bar of Marriage to *Almeyda's* bed:
Thou seest my faculties are still entire,
Though thine are much impair'd, I weigh'd that Will,
And found 'twas grounded on our diff'rent Faiths;
But, had he liv'd to see her happy change,
He wou'd have cancell'd that harsh Interdict,
And joyn'd our hands himself.

Alv. Still had he liv'd and seen this change,
He still had been the Same.

Seb. I have a dark remembrance of my Father;
His reas'nings and his Actions both were just;
And, granting that, he must have chang'd his measures.

Alv. Yes, he was just, and therefore cou'd not change.

Seb. 'Tis a base wrong thou offer'st to the Dead.

Alv. Now Hea'vn forbid,
That I shou'd blast his pious Memory:
No, I am tender of his holy Fame:
For, dying he bequeath'd it to my charge.
Believe I am; and seek to know no more,
But pay a blind obedience to his will.
For to preserve his Fame I wou'd be silent.

Seb. Craz'd fool, who woud'st be thought an Oracle.
Come down from off thy Tripos, and speak plain;
My Father shall be justify'd, he shall:
'Tis a Son's part to rise in his defence;
And to confound thy malice, or thy dotage.

Alv. It does not grieve me that you hold me craz'd;

But, to be clear'd at my dead Masters cost,
O there's the wound! but let me first adjure you,
By all you owe that dear departed Soul,
No more to think of Marriage with *Almeyda*.

Seb. Not Hea'vn and Earth combin'd, can hinder it.

Alv. Then, witness Hea'vn and Earth, how loath I am
To say, you must not, nay you cannot wed.
And since not only a dead Fathers fame,
But more a Ladies honour must be touch'd,
Which nice as Ermines will not bear a Soil;
Let all retire; that you alone may hear
What ev'n in whispers I wou'd tell your ear.

[*All are going out.*

Alm. Not one of you depart; I charge you stay.
And, were my voice a Trumpet loud as Fame,
To reach the round of Hea'vn, and Earth, and Sea,
All Nations shou'd be Summon'd to this place.
So little do I fear that Fellows charge:
So shou'd my honour like a rising Swan,
Brush with her wings, the falling drops away,
And proudly plough the waves.

Seb. This noble Pride becomes thy Innocence:
And I dare trust my Fathers memory,
To stand the charge of that foul forging tongue.

Alv. It will be soon discover'd if I forge:
Have you not heard your Father in his youth,
When newly marry'd, travel'd into *Spain*,
And made a long abode in *Phillips* Court?

Seb. Why so remote a question? which thy self
Can answer to thy self, for thou wert with him,
His Fav'rite, as I oft have heard thee boast:
And neareſt to his Soul.

Alv. Too near indeed, forgive me Gracious Heaven
That ever I should boast I was so near.
The Confident of all his young Amours.
[*To* Almeyda] And have not you, unhappy beauty, heard,
Have you not often heard, your Exil'd Parents
Were refug'd in that Court, and at that time?

Alm.

Alm. 'Tis true: and often since, my Mother own'd
How kind that Prince was, to espouse her cause;
She Counsell'd, nay, Enjoyn'd me on her blessing
To seek the Sanctuary of your Court:
Which gave me first encouragement to come,
And, with my Brother, beg *Sebastians* aid.

Sebast. Thou help'st me well, to justify my War:
to Alme.] My dying Father swore me, then a Boy;
And made me kiss the Cross upon his Sword,
Never to sheath it, till that exil'd Queen
Were by my Arms restor'd.

Alv. And can you finde
No mistery, couch'd in this excess of kindness?
Were Kings e're known, in this degenerate Age,
So passionately fond of noble Acts,
Where Interest shar'd not more than half with honour?

Seb. Base groveling Soul, who know'st not honours worth;
But weigh'st it out in mercenary Scales;
The Secret pleasure of a generous Act,
Is the great minds great bribe.

Alv. Show me that King, and I'le believe the Phœnix.
But knock at your own breast, and ask your Soul
If those fair fatall eyes, edg'd not your Sword,
More than your Fathers charge, and all your vows?
If so; and so your silence grants it is,
Know King, your Father had, like you, a Soul;
And Love is your Inheritance from him.
Almeyda's Mother too had eyes, like her,
And not less charming, and were charm'd no less
Than your's are now with her, and her's with you.

Alm. Thou ly'st Impostor, Perjur'd Fiend thou ly'st.

Seb. Wa'st not enough to brand my Father's fame,
But thou must load a Ladies memory?
O Infamous base, beyond repair.
And, to what end this ill concerted lye,
Which, palpable and gross, yet granted true,
It barrs not my Inviolable vows.

Alv. Take heed and double not your Fathers crimes;

To

To his Adult'ry, do not add your Inceſt,
Know, ſhe is the product of unlawfull Love;
And 'tis your Carnall Siſter you wou'd wed.
Seb. Thou ſhallt not ſay thou wert Condemn'd unheard,
Elſe, by my Soul, this moment were thy laſt.
Alm. But think not Oaths ſhall juſtify thy charge;
Nor Impreçations on thy curſed head,
For who dares lye to Heaven, thinks Heaven a Jeſt.
Thou haſt confeſs'd thy ſelf the Conſcious Pandar
Of that pretended paſſion:
A Single Witneſs, infamouſly known,
Againſt two Perſons of unqueſtion'd fame;
Alv. What Int'reſt can I have, or what delight
To blaze their ſhame, or to divulge my own?
If prov'd you hate me, if unprov'd Condemn?
Not Racks or Tortures could have forc'd this ſecret,
But too much care, to ſave you from a Crime,
Which would have ſunk you both. For let me ſay,
Almeyda's beauty well deſerves your love:
Alm. Out, baſe Impoſtor, I abhor thy praiſe.
Dorax. It looks not like Impoſture; but a truth,
On utmoſt need reveal'd.
Sebaſt. Did I expect from *Dorax*, this return?
Is this the love renew'd?
Dorax. Sir, I am ſilent;
Pray Heav'n my fears prove falſe.
Sebaſt. Away; you all combine to make me wretched.
Alv. But hear the ſtory of that farall Love;
Where every Circumſtance ſhall prove another;
And truth ſo ſhine, by her own native light,
That if a Lye were mixt, it muſt be ſeen.
Sebaſt. No; all may ſtill be forg'd, and of a piece.
No; I can credit nothing thou can'ſt ſay:
Alv. One proof remains; and that's your Fathers hand;
Firm'd with his Signet; both ſo fully known,
That plainer Evidence can hardly be,
Unleſs his Soul wou'd want her Hea'vn a while,
And come on Earth to ſwear.

Seb.

Seb. Produce that Writing.
[*Alvar.* *Alonzo* has it in his Cuſtody.
to *Dorax*] The ſame, which when his nobleneſs redeem'd me,
And in a friendly viſit own'd himſelf,
For what he is, I then depoſited:
And had his Faith to give it to the King.

Dorax *giving a ſeal'd Paper to the King.*

Untouch'd, and Seal'd as when intruſted with me,
Such I reſtore it, with a trembling hand,
Leſt ought within diſturb your peace of Soul.

Sebaſt. *tearing open the Seals.*

Draw near *Almeyda:* thou art moſt concern'd.
For I am moſt in Thee.
Alonzo, mark the Characters:
Thou know'ſt my Fathers hand obſerve it well:
And if th' Impoſtors Pen, have made one ſlip,
That ſhows it Counterfeit, mark that and ſave me.
Dorax. It looks, indeed, too like my Maſters hand:
So does the Signet; more I cannot ſay;
But wiſh 'twere not ſo like.
Sebaſt. Methinks it owns
The black Adult'ry, and *Almeyda's* birth;
But ſuch a miſt of grief comes o're my eyes,
I cannot, or I wou'd not read it plain.
Alm. Hea'vn cannot be more true, than this is falſe.
Sebaſt. O Coud'ſt thou prove it, with the ſame aſſurance!
Speak, haſt thou ever ſeen my Fathers hand?
Alm. No; but my Mothers honour has been read
By me, and by the world, in all her Acts;
In Characters more plain, and legible
Then this dumb Evidence, this blotted lye.
Oh that I were a man, as my Soul's one,
To prove thee, Traytor, an Aſſaſſinate

Of her fair ame: thus wou'd I tear thee, thus—: [(*Tearing*
And ſcatter, o're the field, thy Coward limbs, *the Paper)*
Like this foul offspring of thy forging brain.
(*Scatt'ring the Paper*)

Alv. Juſt ſo, ſhalt thou be torn from all thy hopes.
For know proud Woman, know in thy deſpight,
The moſt Authentique proof is ſtill behind.
Thou wear'ſt it on thy finger: 'tis that Ring,
Which match'd with that on his, ſhall clear the doubt.
'Tis no dumb forgery: for that ſhall ſpeak;
And ſound a rattling peal to eithers Conſcience:

Seb. This Ring indeed, my Father, with a cold
And ſhaking hand, juſt in the pangs of Death,
Put on my finger; with a parting ſigh,
And wou'd have ſpoke; but falter'd in his ſpeech,
With undiſtinguiſh'd ſounds.

Alv. I know it well:
For I was preſent: Now, *Almeyda*, ſpeak:
And, truly tell us, how you come by yours?

Alm. My Mother, when I parted from her ſight,
To go to *Portugall* bequeath'd it to me,
Preſaging ſhe ſhou'd never ſee me more:
She pull'd it from her finger, ſhed ſome tears,
Kiſs'd it, and told me 'twas a pledge of Love;
And hid a Miſtery of great Importance
Relating to my Fortunes.

Alv. Mark me now,
While I diſcloſe that fatall Miſtery.
Yhoſe rings, when you were born, and thought anothers,
Tour Parents, glowing yet in ſinfull love,
Bid me beſpeak: a Curious Artiſt wrought 'em:
With joynts ſo cloſe, as not to be perceiv'd;
Yet are they both each others Counterpart.
Her part had *Juan* inſcrib'd, and his had *Zayda*:
)You know thoſe names are theirs:) and in the midſt,
A heart divided in two halves was plac'd.
Now if the rivets of thoſe Rings, inclos'd,

Fit

Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lye.
But if they joyn, you must for ever part,

[Seb. *pulling off his Ring.* Alm. *does the same, and gives it to* Alv. *who unscrues both the Rings & fits one half to the other.*]

Seb. Now life, or death.
Alm. And either thine, or ours.
Alm. I'm lost for ever.——(*swoons*)
(*The Women and* Morayma, *take her up and carry her off.*)

[Seb. *here stands amaz'd without motion, his eyes fixt upward.*]

Seb. Look to the Queen my Wife; For I am past
All Pow'r of Aid, to her or to my self.
Alv. His Wife, said he, his Wife! O fatall sound!
For, had I known it, this unwelcome news
Had never reach'd their ears.
So they had still been blest in Ignorance,
And I alone unhappy.
Dor. I knew it, but too late: and durst not speak.

[Seb. *starting out of his amazement.*

I will not live: no not a moment more;
I will not add one moment more to Incest.
I'le cut it off, and end a wretched being.
For, should I live, my Soul's so little mine,
And so much hers, that I should still enjoy.
Ye Cruell Powers
Take me as you have made me, miserable;
You cannot make me guilty; 'twas my fate
And you made that, not I. [*Draws his Sword.*

Antonio *and* Alv. *lay hold on him, and* Dorax *wrests the Sword out of his hand.*

An. For Heav'ns sake hold, and recollect your mind.
Alvarez. Consider whom you punish, and for what;
Your self? unjustly: You have charg'd the fault,

On Heav'n that best may bear it.
Though Incest is indeed a deadly Crime,
You are not guilty, since, unknown 'twas done,
And, known, had been abhorr'd.

Seb. By Heaven y're Traytours, all, that hold my hands,
If death be but cessation of our thought,
Then let me dye for I would think no more.
I'le boast my Innocence above;
And let 'em see a Soul they cou'd not fully:
I shall be there before my Fathers Ghost;
That yet must languish long, in frosts and fires,
For making me unhappy by his Crime:
[*struggling again.*] Stand off and let me take my fill of death;
For I can hold my breath in your despight,
And swell my heaving Soul out, when I please.

Alv. Heav'n comfort you!

Seb. What art thou given comfort!
Wou'dst thou give comfort, who hast giv'n despair?
Thou seest *Alonzo* silent; he's a man.
He knows, that men abandon'd of their hopes
Shou'd ask no leave, nor stay for sueing out
A tedious Writ of ease, from lingring Heaven,
But help themselves, as timely as they cou'd,
And teach the fates their duty.

[Dorax *to* Alv. *and* Anto.] Let him go:
He is our King; and he shall be obey'd:

Alv. What to destroy himself, O Parricide!

Dor. Be not Injurious in your foolish zeal,
But leave him free; or by my sword I swear,
To hew that Arm away, that stops the passage
To his Eternal rest.

[Anto. *letting go his hold.*] Let him be Guilty of his own death if he pleases: for I'le not be guilty of mine; by holding him.

The King shakes off Alvarez

Alvarez, to Dorax. Infernal Fiend,
Is this a Subjects part?

Dor.

Dor. 'Tis a Friends Office.
He has convinc'd me that he ought to dye.
And, rather than he ſhould not, here's my ſword
To help him on his Journey.
Seb. My laſt, my only Friend, how kind art thou
And how Inhuman theſe!
Dor. To make the trifle death, a thing of moment!
Seb. And not to weigh th' Important cauſe I had,
To rid my ſelf of life?
Dor. True; for a Crime.
So horrid in the face of Men and Angells,
As wilfull Inceſt is!
Seb. Not wilfull neither.
Dor. Yes, if you liv'd and with repeated Acts,
Refreſh'd your Sin, and loaded crimes with crimes,
To ſwell your ſcores of Guilt.
Seb. True; if I liv'd.
Dor. I ſaid ſo, if you liv'd.
Seb. For hitherto 'was fatall ignorance:
And no intended crime.
Dor, That you beſt know.
But the Malicious World will judge the worſt.
Alv. O what a Sophiſter has Hell procur'd,
To argue for Damnation!
Dor. Peace, old Dotard.
Mankind that always judge of Kings with malice,
Will think he knew this Inceſt, and purſu'd it.
His only way to rectify miſtakes,
And to redeem her honour, is to dye.
Seb. Thou haſt it right, my dear, my beſt *Alonzo*!
And that, but petty reparation too;
But all I have to give.
Dor. Your pardon, Sir;
You may do more, and ought.
Seb. What, more than death? (Death.
Dor. Death? Why that's Childrens ſport: a Stage-Play,
We Act it every Night we go to bed.

Death

Death to a Man in misery is sleep,
Wou'd you, who perpetrated such a Crime,
As frighten'd nature, made the Saints above
Shake Heav'ns Eternal pavement with their trembling,
To view that act, wou'd you but barely dye?
But stretch your limbs, and turn on t'other side,
To lengthen out a black voluptuous slumber,
And dream you had your Sister in your arms.

Seb. To expiate this, can I do more then dye?

Dor. O yes: you must do more; you must be damn'd:
You must be damn'd to all Eternity.
And, sure, self-Murder is the readiest way.

Seb. How, damn'd?

Dor. Why is that News?

Alvar. O, horrour! horrour!

Dor. What, thou a Statesman,
And make a bus'ness of Damnation?
In such a World as this, why 'tis a trade.
The Scriv'ner, Usurer, Lawyer, Shop keeper,
And Soldier, cannot live, but by damnation.
The Polititian does it by advance;
And gives all gone before-hand.

Seb. O thou hast giv'n me such a glimse of Hell,
So push'd me forward, even to the brink,
Of that irremeable burning Gulph,
That looking in th' *Abyss*; I dare not leap.
And now I see what good thou meanst my Soul,
And thank thy pious fraud: Thou hast indeed,
Appear'd a Devill, but didst an Angells work.

Dor. 'Twas the last Remedy, to give you leisure,
For, if you cou'd but think, I knew you safe.

Seb. I thank thee, my *Alonzo*: I will live;
But never more to *Portugall* return:
For, to go back and reign, that were to show
Triumphant Incest, and pollute the Throne.

Alv. Since Ignorance ——

Seb. O, palliate not my wound:

When

When you have argu'd all you can, 'tis Inceſt:
No, 'tis reſolv'd, I charge you plead no more;
I cannot live without *Almeyda*'s ſight,
Nor can I ſee *Almeyda* but I ſin.
Hea'vn has inſpir'd me with a Sacred thought,
To live alone to Hea'vn: and dye to her.

Dorax. Mean you to turn an Anchoret?

Seb. What elſe?
The world was once too narrow for my mind,
But one poor little nook will ſerve me now;
To hide me from the reſt of humane kinde.
Affrique has deſarts wide enough to hold
Millions of Monſters, and I am, ſure, the greateſt.

Alv. You may repent, and wiſh your Crown too late.

Seb. O never, never: I am paſt a Boy,
A Scepter's but a play thing, and a Globe
A bigger bounding Stone. He who can leave
Almeyda, may renounce the reſt with eaſe.

Dorax. O Truly great!
A Soul fix'd high, and capable of Hea'vn.
Old as he is your Uncle Cardinall,
Is not ſo far enamour'd of a Cloyſter,
But he will thank you, for the Crown you leave him.

Seb, To pleaſe him more, let him believe me dead:
That he may never dream I may return.
Alonzo, I am now no more thy King,
But ſtill thy Friend, and by that holy Name,
Adjure thee, to perform my laſt requeſt.
Make our Conditions with yon Captive King,
Secure me but my Solitary Cell;
'Tis all I ask him for a Crown reſtor'd.

Dor. I will do more:
But fear not *Muley-Zeydan*; his ſoft mettall
Melts down with eaſy warmth; runs in the mould,
And needs no farther forge.

Exit Dorax.

Re-enter

Re-enter Almeyda, *led by* Morayma, *and followd by her Attendants.*

Seb. See where she comes again.
By Hea'vn when I behold those beauteous eyes,
Repentance laggs and Sin comes hurrying on.
Alm. This is too cruell!
Seb. Speak'st thou of Love, of Fortune, or of Death,
Or double Death, for we must part *Almeyda.*
Alm. I speak of all.
For all things that belong to us are cruell.
But what's most cruell, we must love no more.
O 'tis too much that I must never see you,
But not to love you is impossible:
No, I must love you: Hea'vn may bare me that,
And charge that Sinfull Sympathy of Souls;
Upon our Parents, when they lov'd too well. (thine.
Seb. Good Hea'vn, thou speakst my thoughts, and I speak
Nay then there's Incest in our very Souls.
For we were form'd too like.
Alm. Too like indeed,
And yet not for each other.
Sure when we part (for I resolv'd it too
Tho' you propos'd it first,) however distant,
We shall be ever thinking of each other.
And, the same moment, for each other pray.
Seb. But if a wish shou'd come a thwart our prayers!
Alm. It wou'd do well to curb it: if we cou'd.
Seb. We cannot look upon each others face,
But, when we read our love, we read our guilt.
And yet methinks I cannot chuse but love;
Alm, I wou'd have ask'd you, if I durst for shame,
If still you lov'd? you gave it Air before me.
Ah why were we not born both of a Sex;
For then we might have lov'd, without a Crime!
Why was not I your Brother? though that wish
Involv'd our Parents guilt, we had not parted;

We

We had been Friends, and Friendſhip is not Inceſt.
Seb. Alas, I know not by what name to call thee!
Siſter and Wife are the two deareſt Names;
And I wou'd call thee both; and both are Sin.
Unhappy we! that ſtill we muſt confound
The deareſt Names, into a common Curſe.
Alm. To love, and be belov'd, and yet be wretched!
Seb. To have but one poor night of all our lives;
It was indeed a glorious; guilty night:
So happy, that, forgive me Hea'vn, I wiſh
With all its guilt, it were to come again.
Why did we know ſo ſoon, or why at all,
That Sin cou'd be conceal'd in ſuch a bliſſe?
Alm. Men have a larger priviledge of words,
Elſe I ſhou'd ſpeak: but we muſt part, *Sebaſtian*,
That's all the name that I have left to call thee.
I muſt not call thee by the name I wou'd;
But when I ſay *Sebaſtian*, dear *Sebaſtian*,
I kiſs the name I ſpeak.
Seb. We muſt make haſt, or we ſhall never part.
I wou'd ſay ſomething that's as dear as this;
Nay, wou'd do more than ſay: one moment longer,
And I ſhou'd break through Laws Divine, and Humane;
And think 'em Cobwebs, ſpred for little man,
Which all the bulky herd of nature breaks.
The vigorous young world, was ignorant
Of theſe reſtrictions, 'tis decrepit now;
Not more devout, but more decay'd, and cold.
All this is impious; therefore we muſt part:
For, gazing thus, I kindle at thy ſight,
And, once burnt down to tinder, light again
Much ſooner then before.

Reenter Dorax.

Alm. Here comes the ſad denouncer of my fate,
To toul the mournfull knell of Seperation:

While I, as on my Death-bed, hear the ſound,
That warns me hence for ever.
[Sebaſtian *to* Now be brief,
{ Dorax. And I will try to liſten.
And ſhare the minute that remains, betwixt
The care I owe my Subjects and my Love.
Dorax. Your fate has gratify'd you all ſhe can;
Gives eaſy miſery, and makes Exile pleaſing.
I truſted *Muley Zeydan*, as a friend,
But ſwore him firſt to Secreſy: he wept
Your fortune, and with tears, not ſqueez'd by Art,
But ſhed from nature, like a kindly ſhower:
In ſhort, he proffer'd more than I demanded;
A ſafe retreat, a gentle Solitude,
Unvex'd with noiſe, and undiſturb'd with fears:
I choſe you one.——
Alm. O do not tell me where:
For if I knew the place of his abode,
I ſhou'd be tempted to purſue his ſteps,
And then we both were loſt.
Seb. E'vn paſt redemption.
For, if I knew thou wert on that deſign,
(As I muſt know, becauſe our Souls are one,)
I ſhou'd not wander but by ſure Inſtinct,
Shou'd meet thee juſt half-way, in pilgrimage
And cloſe for ever: for I know my love
More ſtrong than thine, and I more frail than thou.
Alm. Tell me not that: for I muſt boaſt my Crime,
And cannot bear that thou ſhoud'ſt better love.
Dorax. I may inform you both: for you muſt go,
Where Seas, and winds, and Deſarts will divide you.
Under the ledge of *Atlas*, lyes a Cave,
Cut in the living Rock, by Natures hands:
The Venerable Seat of holy Hermites.
Who there, ſecure in ſeparated Cells,
Sacred ev'n to the Moors, enjoy Devotion:
And from the purling Streams and ſavage fruits,

Have wholesome bev'rage, and unbloudy feasts.
Seb. 'Tis pennance too Voluptuous, for my Crime.
Dor. Your Subjects, conscious of your life are few:
But all desirous to partake your Exile:
And to do office to your Sacred Person.
The rest who think you dead, shall be dismiss'd,
Under safe Convoy till they reach your Fleet.
Alm. But how am wretched I to be dispos'd?
A vain Enquiry, since I leave my Lord:
For all the world beside is Banishment!
Dor. I have a Sister, Abbesse in *Tercera's*,
Who lost her Lover on her Bridall day.——
Alm. There, fate provided me a fellow-Turtle;
To mingle sighs with sighs, and tears with tears.
Dor. Last, for my self, if I have well fullfill'd
My sad Commission, let me beg the boon,
To share the sorrows of your last recess:
And mourn the Common losses of our loves.
Alv. And what becomes of me? must I be left,
(As Age and time had worn me out of use?)
These Sinews are not yet so much unstrung,
To fail me when my Master shou'd be serv'd:
And when they are, then will I steal to death;
Silent, and unobserv'd, to save his tears.
Seb. I've heard you both; *Alvarez* have thy wish.
But thine *Alonzo*, thine, is too unjust.
I charge thee with my last Commands, return,
And bless thy *Violante* with thy vows.
Antonio, be thou happy too, in thine.
Last, let me swear you all to Secrecy;
And to conceal my shame conceal my life.
Dor. Ant, Mor. We swear to keep it secret.
Alm. Now I wou'd speak the last farewell, I cannot.
It wou'd be still farewell, a thousand times:
And, multiply'd in Eccho's, still farewell.
I will not speak; but think a thousand thousand;
And be thou silent too, my last *Sebastian*;

So let us part in the dumb pomp of grief.
My heart's too great; or I wou'd dye this moment:
But Death I thank him, in an hour, has made
A mighty journey, and I haſt to meet him.
(*She ſtaggers and her Women hold her up*)

Seb. Help to ſupport this feeble, drooping flower:
'This tender Sweet, ſo ſhaken by the ſtorm.
For theſe fond arms muſt, thus be ſtretch'd in vain,
And never, never muſt embrace her more.
Tis paſt:——my Souls goes in that word;——farewell.

Alvarez *goes with* Sebaſtian *to one end of the Stage.* *Women with* Almeyda *to the other.*

Dorax, *coming up to* Antonio *and* Morayma, *who ſtand on the Middle of the Stage.*

Dor Haſt to attend *Almeyda*: for your ſake
Your Father is forgiven: but to *Antonio*
He forfeits half his Wealth: be happy both:
And let *Sebaſtian* and *Almeyda's* Fate,
This dreadfull Sentence to the World relate,
That unrepented Crimes of Parents dead,
Are juſtly puniſh'd on their Childrens head.

FINIS.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

Sent to the Authour by an unknown hand, and propos'd to be spoken
By Mrs. Monford *dreſt like an Officer.*

Bright Beauties who in awfull Circle ſit,
And you grave Synod of the dreadfull Pit,
And you the Upper-tire of pop-gun wit.

Pray eaſe me of my wonder if you may
Is all this Crowd barely to ſee the play,
Or is't the Poets Execution day?

His breath is in your hands I will preſume
But I adviſe you to deferr his doom:
Till you have got a better in his room.

And don't maliciouſly combine together,
As if in ſpight and ſpleen you were come hither,
For he has kept the Pen tho' loſt the feather.

And on my Honour Ladies I avow,
This Play was writ in Charity to you,
For ſuch a dearth of Wit whoever knew?

Sure 'tis a Judgment on this Sinfull Nation
For the abuſe of ſo great Diſpenſation:
And therefore I reſolv'd to change Vocation.

For want of Petty-coat I've put on buff,
To try what may be got by lying rough:
How think you Sirs, is it not well enough?

Of Bully Criticks I a Troup won'd lead;
But one reply'd, thank you there's no ſuch need,
I at Groom-Porters Sir can ſafer bleed.

Another who the name of danger loaths,
Vow'd he would go, and ſwore me Forty Oaths,
But that his Horſes were in body-cloaths.

A third

At this dayes, I am my blood, I'de be content
To push my fortune, if the Parliament
Would but recall Claret from Banishment.

A Fourth (and I have done) made this excuse
I'de draw my Sword in Ireland *Sir to chuse:*
Had not their Women gouty leggs and wore no shoes:

Well, I may march thought I and fight and trudge,
But of these blades the Devill a man will budge,
They there would fight e'n just as here they judge.

Here they will pay for leave to find a fault,
But when their Honour calls they can't be bought,
Honour in danger, blood and wounds is sought.

Lost Virtue whether fled, or where's thy dwelling,
Who can reveal, at least 'tis past my telling,
Unless thou art Embarkt for Iniskelling.

On Carrion tits these Sparks denounce their rage
In boot of wisp and Leinster freese ingage,
What would you do in such an Equipage?

The Siege of Derry *does you Gallants threaten:*
Not out of Errant shame of being beaten,
As fear of wanting meat or being eaten.

Were Wit like honour to be won by fighting
How few just Judges would there be of writing,
Then you would leave this Villanous back-biting.

Your Talents lye how to expresse your spight,
But where is he knows how to praise aright,
You praise like Cowards but like Criticks fight.

Ladies; be wise, and wean these yearling Calves
Who in your Service too are meer faux-bravi,
They Judge and write and fight, and ——Love by halves.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

TO

Don Sebastian, King of Portugall.

Spoken betwixt Antonio *and* Morayma.

Mor. I *Quak'd at heart for fear the Royal Fashion*
Shou'd have seduc'd Us two to Separation:
To be drawn in, against our own desire,
Poor I to be a Nun, poor You a Fryar.

Ant. *I trembled when the Old Mans hand was in,*
He would have prov'd we were too near of kin:
Discovering old Intrigues of Love, like t'other,
Betwixt my Father and thy sinfull Mother;
To make Us Sister Turk and Christian Brother.

Mor. *Excuse me there; that Leagne shou'd have been rather*
Betwixt your Mother and my Mufti-*Father;*
'Tis for my own and my Relations Credit
Your Friends shou'd bear the Bastard, mine shou'd get it.

Ant. *Suppose us two* Almeyda *and* Sebastian
With Incest prov'd upon us:——

Mor. *Without question*
Their Conscience was too queazy of digestion.

Ant. *Thou woud'st have kept the Councell of thy Brother*
And sinn'd till we repented of each other.

Mor. *Beast as you are on Natures Laws to trample;*
'Twere fitter that we follow'd their Example

And since all Marriage in Repentance ends,
'Tis good for us to part while we are Friends.
To save a Maids remorses and Confusions
E'en leave me now before We try Conclusions.

Ant. *To copy their Example first make certain*
Of one good hour like theirs before our parting;
Make a debauch o're Night of Love and Madness,
And marry when we wake in sober sadness.

Mor. *I'le follow no new Sects of your inventing,*
One Night might cost me nine long months repenting:
First wed, and if you find that life a fetter,
Dye when you please, the sooner Sir the better:
My wealth wou'd get me love e're I cou'd ask it:
Oh there's a strange Temptation in the Casket:
All these Young Sharpers wou'd my grace importune,
And make me thundring Votes of lives and fortune.

1647. p. o
H B.

LICENSED,
April the 11th, 1687.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER. A POEM,

In Three Parts.

John Dryden

——Antiquam exquirite matrem.
Et vera, inceſſu, patuit Dea.——
Virg.

The Second Edition.

LONDON,
Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, at the *Judges Head* in *Chancery* Lane near *Fleetſtreet*, 1687.

TO THE
READER.

THE Nation is in too high a Ferment, for me to expect either fair War, or even so much as fair Quarter from a Reader of the opposite Party. All Men are engag'd either on this side or that: and tho' Conscience is the common Word, which is given by both, yet if a Writer fall among Enemies, and cannot give the Marks of Their Conscience, he is knock'd down before the Reasons of his own are heard. A Preface, therefore, which is but a bespeaking of Favour, is altogether useless. What I desire the Reader should know concerning me, he will find in the Body of the Poem; if he have but the patience to peruse it. Only this Advertisement let him take before hand, which relates to the Merits of the Cause. No general Characters of Parties, (call 'em either Sects or Churches) can be so fully and exactly drawn, as to Comprehend all the several Members of 'em; at least all such as are receiv'd under that Denomination. For example; there are some of the Church by Law Establish'd, who envy not Liberty of Conscience to Dissenters; as being well satisfied that, according to their own Principles, they ought not to persecute them. Yet these, by reason of their fewness, I could not distinguish from the Numbers of the rest with whom they are Embodied in one common Name: On the other side there are many of our Sects, and more indeed then I could reasonably have hop'd, who have withdrawn themselves from the Communion of the Panther; and embrac'd this Gracious Indulgence of His Majesty in point of Toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of these is this Satyr any way intended: 'tis aim'd only at the refractory and disobedient on either side. For those who are come over to the Royal Party are consequently suppos'd to be out of Gunshot. Our Physicians have observ'd, that in Process of Time, some Diseases have abated

of

of their Virulence, and have in a manner worn out their Malignity, so as to be no longer Mortal: and why may not I suppose the same concerning some of those who have formerly been Enemies to Kingly Government, As well as Catholick Religion? I hope they have now another Notion of both, as having found, by Comfortable Experience, that the Doctrine of Persecution is far from being an Article of our Faith.

'Tis not for any Private Man to Censure the Proceedings of a Foreign Prince: but, without suspicion of Flattery, I may praise our own, who has taken contrary Measures, and those more suitable to the Spirit of Christianity. Some of the Dissenters in their Addresses to His Majesty have said That he has restor'd God to his Empire over Conscience: *I Confess I dare not stretch the Figure to so great a boldness: but I may safely say, that Conscience is the Royalty and Prerogative of every Private man. He is absolute in his own Breast, and accountable to no Earthly Power, for that which passes only betwixt God and Him. Those who are driven into the Fold are, generally speaking, rather made Hypocrites then Converts.*

This Indulgence being granted to all the Sects, it ought in reason to be expected, that they should both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For at this time of day to refuse the Benefit, and adhere to those whom they have esteem'd their Persecutors, what is it else, but publickly to own that they suffer'd not before for Conscience sake; but only out of Pride and Obstinacy to separate from a Church for those Impositions, which they now judge may be lawfully obey'd? After they have so long contended for their Classical Ordination, (not to speak of Rites and Ceremonies) will they at length submit to an Episcopal? if they can go so far out of Complaisance to their old Enemies, methinks a little reason should perswade 'em to take another step, and see whether that wou'd lead 'em.

Of the receiving this Toleration thankfully, I sha'll say no more, than that they ought, and I doubt not they will consider from what hands they receiv'd it. 'Tis not from a Cyrus, *a Heathen Prince, and a Foreigner, but from a Christian King, their Native Sovereign: who expects a Return in* Specie *from them; that the Kindness which He has Graciously shown them, may be retaliated on those of his own perswasion.*

As

As for the Poem in general, I will only thus far satisfie the Reader: *That it was neither impos'd on me, nor so much as the Subject given me by any man. It was written during the last Winter and the beginning of this Spring; though with long interruptions of ill health, and other hindrances. About a Fortnight before I had finish'd it, His Majesties Declaration for Liberty of Conscience came abroad: which, if I had so soon expected, I might have spar'd my self the labour of writing many things which are contain'd in the third part of it. But I was alwayes in some hope, that the Church of* England *might have been perswaded to have taken off the* Penal Lawes *and the* Test, *which was one Design of the Poem, when I propos'd to my self the writing of it.*

'Tis evident that some part of it was only occasional, and not first intended. I mean that defence of my self, to which every honest man is bound, when he is injuriously attacqu'd in Print: and I refer my self to the judgment of those who have read the Answer to the Defence of the late Kings Papers, *and that of the* Dutchess, (*in which last I was concerned*) *how charitably I have been represented there. I am now inform'd both of the Author and Supervisers of his Pamphlet: and will reply when I think he can affront me: for I am of* Socrate's *Opinion that all Creatures cannot. In the mean time let him consider, whether he deserv'd not a more severe reprehension then I gave him formerly; for using so little respect to the Memory of those whom he pretended to answer: and, at his leisure look out for some Original Treatise of Humility, written by any Protestant in English, (I believe I may say in any other Tongue:) for the magnified Piece of* Duncomb *on that Subject, which either he must mean, or none, and with which another of his Fellows has upbraided me, was Translated from the Spanish of* Rodriguez: *tho' with the Omission of the* 17th, *the* 24th *the* 25th, *and the last Chapter, which will be found in comparing of the Books.*

He would have insinuated to the World that Her late Highness died not a Roman Catholick: He declares himself to be now satisfied to the contrary; in which he has giv'n up the Cause: for matter of Fact was the Principal Debate betwixt us. In the mean time he would dispute the Motives of her Change: how prepostrously let all men judge, when he seem'd to deny the Subject of the Controversy, the Change it self. And because I would not take up this ridiculous Challenge, he tells the World I cannot argue: but he may as well infer that a Catholick can

no-

not fast, because he will not take up the Cudgels against Mrs. James, *to confute the Protestant Religion.*

I have but one word more to say concerning the Poem as such, and abstracting from the Matters either Religious or Civil which are handled in it. The first Part, *consisting most in general Characters and Narration, I have endeavour'd to raise, and give it the Majestick Turn of Heroick Poesie. The* second, *being Matter of Dispute, and chiefly concerning Church Authority, I was oblig'd to make as plain and perspicuous as possibly I cou'd: yet not wholly neglecting the Numbers, though I had not frequent occasions for the Magnificence of Verse. The* third, *which has more of the Nature of Domestick Conversation, is, or ought to be more free and familiar than the two former.*

There are in it two Episodes, *or* Fables, *which are interwoven with the main Design; so that they are properly parts of it, though they are also distinct Stories of themselves. In both of these I have made use of the Common Places of* Satyr, *whether true or false, which are urg'd by the Members of the one Church against the other. At which I hope no* Reader *of either Party will be scandaliz'd; because they are not of my Invention: but as old to my knowledge, as the Times of* Boccace *and* Chawcer *on the one side, and as those of the Reformation on the other.*

THE

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

A Milk white *Hind*, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on the lawns, and in the foreſt rang'd;
Without unſpotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for ſhe knew no ſin.
Yet had ſhe oft been chas'd with horns and hounds,
And Scythian ſhafts; and many winged wounds

Aim'd at Her heart; was often forc'd to fly,
And doom'd to death, though fated not to dy.

Not so her young; for their unequal line
Was Heroe's make, half humane, half divine.
Their earthly mold obnoxious was to fate,
Th' immortal part assum'd immortal state.
Of these a slaughtered army lay in bloud,
Extended o'er the *Caledonian* wood,
Their native walk; whose vocal bloud arose,
And cry'd for pardon on their perjur'd foes;
Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguin seed
Endu'd with souls, encreas'd the sacred breed.
So Captive *Israel* multiply'd in chains,
A numerous Exile; and enjoy'd her pains.
With grief and gladness mixt, their mother view'd
Her martyr'd offspring, and their race renew'd;
Their corps to perish, but their kind to last,
So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpass'd.

Panting and penſive now ſhe rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the kingdoms, once Her own.
The common Hunt, though from their rage reſtrain'd
By ſov'reign pow'r, her company diſdain'd:
Grin'd as They paſs'd, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy ſigns of ſecret enmity.
'Tis true, ſhe bounded by, and trip'd ſo light
They had not time to take a ſteady ſight.
For truth has ſuch a face and ſuch a meen
As to be lov'd needs only to be ſeen.

The bloudy *Bear* an *Independent* beaſt,
Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate expreſs'd.
Among the timorous kind the *Quaking Hare*
Profeſs'd neutrality, but would not ſwear.
Next her the *Buffoon Ape*, as Atheiſts uſe,
Mimick'd all Sects, and had his own to chuſe:
Still when the Lyon look'd, his knees he bent,
And pay'd at Church a Courtier's Complement.

The briſtl'd *Baptiſt Boar*, impure as He,
(But whitn'd with the foam of ſanctity)
With fat pollutions fill'd the ſacred place,
And mountains levell'd in his furious race,
So firſt rebellion founded was in grace.
But ſince the mighty ravage which he made
In *German* Foreſts, had his guilt betrayd,
With broken tusks, and with a borrow'd name
He ſhun'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the ſhame;
So lurk'd in Sects unſeen. With greater guile
Falſe *Reynard* fed on conſecrated ſpoil:
The graceleſs beaſt by *Athanaſius* firſt
Was chas'd from *Nice*; then by *Socinus* nurs'd
His impious race their blaſphemy renew'd,
And natures King through natures opticks view'd.
Revers'd they view'd him leſſen'd to their eye,
Nor in an Infant could a God deſcry:
New ſwarming Sects to this obliquely tend,
Hence they began, and here they all will end,

What

What weight of antient witneſs can prevail
If private reaſon hold the publick ſcale?
But, gratious God, how well doſt thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring Guide?
Thy throne is darkneſs in th' abyſs of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the ſight;
O teach me to believe Thee thus conceal'd,
And ſearch no farther than thy ſelf reveal'd;
But her alone for my Directour take
Whom thou haſt promis'd never to forſake!
My thoughtleſs youth was wing'd with vain deſires,
My manhood, long miſled by wandring fires,
Follow'd falſe lights; and when their glimps was gone,
My pride ſtruck out new ſparkles of her own.
Such was I, ſuch by nature ſtill I am,
Be thine the glory, and be mine the ſhame.
Good life be now my task: my doubts are done,
(What more could fright my faith, than Three in One?)

Can

Can I believe eternal God could lye
Disguis'd in mortal mold and infancy?
That the great maker of the world could dye?
And after that, trust my imperfect sense
Which calls in question his omnipotence?
Can I my reason to my faith compell,
And shall my sight, and touch, and taste rebell?
Superiour faculties are set aside,
Shall their subservient organs be my guide?
Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,
And winking tapers shew the sun his way;
For what my senses can themselves perceive
I need no revelation to believe.
Can they who say the Host should be descry'd
By sense, define a body glorify'd?
Impassible, and penetrating parts?
Let them declare by what mysterious arts
He shot that body through the opposing might
Of bolts and barrs impervious to the light,
And stood before his train confess'd in open sight.

For

For since thus wondrously he pass'd, 'tis plain
One single place two bodies did contain,
And sure the same Omnipotence as well
Can make one body in more places dwell.
Let reason then at Her own quarry fly,
But how can finite grasp Infinity?

'Tis urg'd again that faith did first commence
By miracles, which are appeals to sense,
And thence concluded that our sense must be
The motive still of credibility.
For latter ages must on former wait,
And what began belief, must propagate.

But winnow well this thought, and you shall find,
'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.
Were all those wonders wrought by pow'r divine
As means or ends of some more deep design?

Moſt ſure as means, whoſe end was this alone,
To prove the god-head of th' eternal Son.
God thus aſſerted: man is to believe
Beyond what ſenſe and reaſon can conceive.
And for myſterious things of faith rely
On the Proponent, heav'ns authority.
If then our faith we for our guide admit,
Vain is the farther ſearch of human wit,
As when the building gains a ſurer ſtay,
We take th' unuſeful ſcaffolding away:
Reaſon by ſenſe no more can underſtand,
The game is play'd into another hand.
Why chuſe we then like *Bilanders* to creep
Along the coaſt, and land in view to keep,
When ſafely we may launch into the deep?
In the ſame veſſel which our Saviour bore
Himſelf the Pilot, let us leave the ſhoar,
And with a better guide a better world explore.
Could He his god-head veil with fleſh and bloud
And not veil theſe again to be our food?

His

His grace in both is equal in extent,
The first affords us life, the second nourishment.
And if he can, why all this frantick pain
To construe what his cleerest words contain,
And make a riddle what He made so plain?
To take up half on trust, and half to try,
Name it not faith, but bungling biggottry.
Both knave and fool the Merchant we may call
To pay great summs, and to compound the small.
For who wou'd break with heav'n, and wou'd not break (for all?
Rest then, my soul, from endless anguish freed;
Nor sciences thy guide, nor sense thy creed.
Faith is the best ensurer of thy bliss;
The Bank above must fail before the venture miss.
But heav'n and heav'n-born faith are far from Thee
Thou first Apostate to Divinity.
Unkennel'd range in thy *Polonian* Plains;
A fiercer foe th' infatiate *Wolf* remains.

Too boaſtful *Britain* pleaſe thy ſelf no more,
That beaſts of prey are baniſh'd from thy ſhoar:
The *Bear*, the *Boar*, and every ſalvage name,
Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,
Lay waſte thy woods, deſtroy thy bliſsfull bow'r,
And muzl'd though they ſeem, the mutes devour.
More haughty than the reſt the *wolfiſh* race,
Appear with belly Gaunt, and famiſh'd face:
Never was ſo deform'd a beaſt of Grace.
His ragged tail betwixt his leggs he wears
Cloſe clap'd for ſhame, but his rough creſt he rears,
And pricks up his predeſtinating ears.
His wild diſorder'd walk, his hagger'd eyes,
Did all the beſtial citizens ſurprize.
Though fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd awhile
As Captain or Companion of the ſpoil.
Full many a year his hatefull head had been
For tribute paid, nor ſince in *Cambria* ſeen:

The laſt of all the Litter ſcap'd by chance,
And from *Geneva* firſt infeſted *France*.
Some Authors thus his Pedigree will trace,
But others write him of an upſtart Race:
Becauſe of *Wickliff*'s Brood no mark he brings
But his innate Antipathy to Kings.
Theſe laſt deduce him from th' *Helvetian* kind
Who near the *Leman lake* his Conſort lin'd.
That fi'ry *Zuynglius* firſt th' Affection bred,
And meagre *Calvin* bleſt the Nuptial Bed
In *Iſrael* ſome believe him whelp'd long ſince,
When the proud *Sanhedrim* oppres'd the Prince,
Or, ſince he will be *Jew*, derive him high'r
When *Corah* with his Brethren did conſpire,
From *Moyſes* Hand the Sov'reign ſway to wreſt,
And *Aaron* of his Ephod to deveſt:
Till opening Earth made way for all to paſs,
And cou'd not bear the Burd'n of a *claſs*.
The *Fox* and he came ſhuffl'd in the Dark,
If ever they were ſtow'd in *Noah's* Ark:

Vid. Pref. to Heyl. *Hiſt. of Presb.*

Perhaps not made; for all their barking train
The Dog (a common ſpecies) will contain.
And ſome wild currs, who from their maſters ran,
Abhorring the ſupremacy of man,
In woods and caves the rebel-race began.

O happy pair, how well have you encreas'd,
What ills in Church and State have you redreſs'd!
With Teeth untry'd, and rudiments of Claws
Your firſt eſſay was on your native Laws:
Thoſe having torn with Eaſe, and trampl'd down,
Your Fangs you faſten'd on the miter'd Crown,
And freed from God and Monarchy your Town.
What though your native kennel ſtill be ſmall
Bounded betwixt a Puddle and a Wall,
Yet your Victorious Colonies are ſent
Where the North Ocean girds the Continent.
Quickned with fire below your Monſters Breed,
In Fenny *Holland* and in fruitful *Tweed*.

And like the first the last effects to be
Drawn to the dreggs of a Democracy.
As, where in Fields the fairy rounds are seen,
A rank sow'r herbage rises on the Green;
So, springing where these mid-night Elves advance,
Rebellion Prints the Foot-steps of the Dance.
Such are their Doctrines, such contempt they show
To Heaven above, and to their Prince below,
As none but Traytors and Blasphemers know.
God, like the Tyrant of the Skies is plac'd,
And Kings, like slaves, beneath the Croud debas'd.
So fulsome is their food, that Flocks refuse
To bite; and only Dogs for Physick use.
As, where the Lightning runs along the Ground,
No husbandry can heal the blasting Wound,
Nor bladed Grass, nor bearded Corn succeeds,
But Scales of Scurf, and Putrefaction breeds:
Such Warrs, such Waste, such fiery tracks of Dearth
Their Zeal has left, and such a teemless Earth.

But as the Poiſons of the deadlieſt kind
Are to their own unhappy Coaſts confin'd,
As only *Indian* Shades of ſight deprive,
And Magick Plants will but in *Colchos* thrive;
So Presby'try and Peſtilential *Z*eal
Can only flouriſh in a Common-weal.

From *Celtique* Woods is chas'd the *wolfiſh* Crew;
But ah! ſome Pity e'en to Brutes is due,
Their native Walks, methinks, they might enjoy
Curb'd of their native Malice to deſtroy.
Of all the Tyrannies on humane kind
The worſt is that which Perſecutes the mind.
Let us but weigh at what offence we ſtrike,
'Tis but becauſe we cannot think alike.
In puniſhing of this, we overthrow
The Laws of Nations and of Nature too.
Beaſts are the Subjects of Tyrannick ſway,
Where ſtill the ſtronger on the weaker Prey.

Man

Man only of a ſofter mold is made;
Not for his Fellows ruine, but their Aid.
Created kind, beneficent and free,
The noble Image of the Deity.

One Portion of informing Fire was giv'n
To Brutes, th' Inferiour Family of Heav'n:
The Smith Divine, as with a careleſs Beat,
Struck out the mute Creation at a Heat:
But when arriv'd at laſt to humane Race,
The Godhead took a deep conſid'ring ſpace:
And, to diſtinguiſh Man from all the reſt,
Unlock'd the ſacred Treaſures of his Breaſt:
And Mercy mixt with reaſon did impart;
One to his Head, the other to his Heart:
Reaſon to Rule, but Mercy to forgive:
The firſt is Law, the laſt Prerogative.
And like his Mind his outward form appear'd
When iſſuing Naked, to the wondring Herd,
He charm'd their Eyes, and for they lov'd, they fear'd.

Not

Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might,
Or Claws to seize their furry spoils in Fight,
Or with increase of Feet, t'o'ertake 'em in their flight.
Of easie shape, and pliant ev'ry way;
Confessing still the softness of his Clay,
And kind as Kings upon their Coronation-Day:
With open Hands, and with extended space
Of Arms to satisfy a large embrace.
Thus kneaded up with Milk, the new-made Man
His Kingdom o'er his Kindred world began:
Till Knowledg mis-apply'd, mis-understood,
And pride of Empire sour'd his Balmy Blood.
Then, first rebelling, his own stamp he coins;
The Murth'rer *Cain* was latent in his Loins;
And Blood began its first and loudest Cry
For diff'ring worship of the Deity.
Thus persecution rose, and farther Space
Produc'd the mighty hunter of his Race.
Not so the blessed *Pan* his flock encreas'd,
Content to fold 'em from the famish'd Beast:

Mild

Mild were his laws; the Sheep and harmleſs Hind
Were never of the perſecuting kind.
Such pity now the pious Paſtor ſhows,
Such mercy from the *Britiſh* Lyon flows,
That both provide protection for their foes.

Oh happy Regions, *Italy* and *Spain*,
Which never did thoſe monſters entertain!
The *Wolfe*, the *Bear*, the *Boar*, can there advance
No native claim of juſt inheritance.
And ſelf preſerving laws, ſevere in ſhow,
May guard their fences from th' invading foe.
Where birth has plac'd 'em let 'em ſafely ſhare
The common benefit of vital air.
Themſelves unharmful, let them live unharm'd;
Their jaws diſabl'd, and their claws diſarm'd:
Here, only in nocturnal howlings bold,
They dare not ſeize the Hind nor leap the fold.
More pow'rful, and as vigilant as they,
The *Lyon* awfully forbids the prey.

Their rage repreſs'd, though pinch'd with famine ſore,
They ſtand aloof, and tremble at his roar;
Much is their hunger, but their fear is more.

Theſe are the chief; to number o'er the reſt,
And ſtand, like *Adam*, naming ev'ry beaſt,
Were weary work; nor will the Muſe deſcribe
A ſlimy-born and ſun-begotten Tribe:
Who, far from ſteeples and their ſacred ſound,
In fields their ſullen conventicles found:
Theſe groſs, half animated lumps I leave;
Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive.
But if they think at all, 'tis ſure no high'r.
Than matter, put in motion, may aſpire.
Souls that can ſcarce ferment their maſs of clay;
So droſſy, ſo diviſible are They,
As wou'd but ſerve pure bodies for allay:
Such ſouls as *Shards* produce, ſuch beetle things,
As only buz to heav'n with ev'ning wings;

Strike

Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,
Such are the blind-fold blows of ignorance.
They know not beings, and but hate a name,
To them the *Hind* and *Panther* are the ſame.

The *Panther* ſure the nobleſt, next the *Hind*,
And faireſt creature of the ſpotted kind;
Oh, could her in-born ſtains be waſh'd away,
She were too good to be a beaſt of Prey!
How can I praiſe, or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend!
Her faults and vertues lye ſo mix'd, that ſhe
Nor wholly ſtands condemn'd, nor wholly free.
Then, like her injur'd *Lyon*, let me ſpeak,
He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
Unkind already, and eſtrang'd in part,
The *Wolfe* begins to ſhare her wandring heart.
Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits, who ſins but in Her will.

If, as our dreaming *Platoniſts* report,
There could be ſpirits of a middle ſort,
Too black for heav'n, and yet too white for hell,
Who juſt dropt half way down, nor lower fell;
So pois'd, ſo gently ſhe deſcends from high,
It ſeems a ſoft diſmiſſion from the skie.
Her houſe not ancient, whatſoe'er pretence
Her clergy Heraulds make in her defence.
A ſecond century not half-way run
Since the new honours of her blood begun.
A *Lyon* old, obſcene, and furious made
By luſt, compreſs'd her mother in a ſhade.
Then, by a left-hand marr'age weds the Dame,
Cov'ring adult'ry with a ſpecious name:
So ſchiſm begot; and ſacrilege and ſhe,
A well-match'd pair, got graceleſs hereſie.
God's and Kings rebels have the ſame good cauſe,
To trample down divine and humane laws:
Both wou'd be call'd Reformers, and their hate,
Alike deſtructive both to Church and State:

The

The fruit proclaims the plant; a lawleſs Prince
By luxury reform'd incontinence,
By ruins, charity; by riots, abſtinence.
Confeſſions, faſts and penance ſet aſide;
Oh with what eaſe we follow ſuch a guide!
Where ſouls are ſtarv'd, and ſenſes gratify'd.
Where marr'age pleaſures, midnight pray'r ſupply,
And mattin bells (a melancholly cry)
Are tun'd to merrier notes, *encreaſe* and *multiply*.
Religion ſhows a Roſie colour'd face;
Not hatter'd out with drudging works of grace;
A down-hill Reformation rolls apace.
What fleſh and blood wou'd croud the narrow gate,
Or, till they waſte their pamper'd paunches, wait?
All wou'd be happy at the cheapeſt rate.

Though our lean faith theſe rigid laws has giv'n,
The full fed *Muſulman* goes fat to heav'n;
For his *Arabian* Prophet with delights
Of ſenſe, allur'd his eaſtern Proſelytes.

The

The jolly *Luther*, reading him, began
T'interpret Scriptures by his *Alcoran*;
To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet,
And make the paths of *Paradiſe* more ſweet:
Bethought him of a wife e'er half way gone.
(For 'twas uneaſie travailing alone,)
And in this maſquerade of mirth and love,
Miſtook the bliſs of heav'n for *Bacchanals* above.
Sure he preſum'd of praiſe, who came to ſtock
Th' etherial paſtures with ſo fair a flock;
Burniſh'd, and bat'ning on their food, to ſhow
The diligence of carefull herds below.

Our *Panther*, though like theſe ſhe chang'd her head,
Yet, as the miſtreſs of a monarch's bed,
Her front erect with majeſty ſhe bore,
The Crozier weilded, and the Miter wore.
Her upper part of decent diſcipline
Shew'd affectation of an ancient line:

And

And fathers, councils, church and churches head,
Were on her reverend *Phylacteries* read.
But what disgrac'd and disavow'd the rest,
Was *Calvin*'s brand, that stigmatiz'd the beast.
Thus, like a creature of a double kind,
In her own labyrinth she lives confin'd.
To foreign lands no sound of Her is come,
Humbly content to be despis'd at home.
Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,
At least she leaves the refuse of the bad:
Nice in her choice of ill, though not of best,
And least deform'd, because reform'd the least.
In doubtful points betwixt her diff'ring friends,
Where one for substance, one for sign contends,
Their contradicting terms she strives to joyn.
Sign shall be substance, substance shall be sign.
A real presence all her sons allow,
And yet 'tis flat Idolatry to bow,
Because the God-head's there they know not how.

Her Novices are taught that bread and wine
Are but the viſible and outward ſign
Receiv'd by thoſe who in communion joyn.
But th' inward grace, or the thing ſignify'd,
His blood and body, who to ſave us dy'd;
The faithful this thing ſignify'd receive.
What is't thoſe faithful then partake or leave?
For what is ſignify'd and underſtood,
Is, by her own confeſſion, fleſh and blood.
Then, by the ſame acknowledgement, we know
They take the ſign, and take the ſubſtance too.
The litral ſenſe is hard to fleſh and blood,
But nonſenſe never can be underſtood.

Her wild belief on ev'ry wave is toſt,
But ſure no Church can better morals boaſt.
True to her King her principles are found;
Oh that her practice were but half ſo ſound!
Stedfaſt in various turns of ſtate ſhe ſtood,
And ſeal'd her vow'd affection with her blood;

Nor

Nor will I meanly tax her conſtancy,
That int'reſt or obligement made the tye,
(Bound to the fate of murdr'd Monarchy:)
(Before the ſounding Ax ſo falls the Vine,
Whoſe tender branches round the Poplar twine.)
She choſe her ruin, and reſign'd her life,
In death undaunted as an *Indian* wife:
A rare example: But ſome ſouls we ſee
Grow hard, and ſtiffen with adverſity:
Yet theſe by fortunes favours are undone,
Reſolv'd into a baſer form they run,
And bore the wind, but cannot bear the ſun.
Let this be natures frailty or her fate,
Or * *Iſgrim's* counſel, her new choſen mate; * *The Wolfe.*
Still ſhe's the faireſt of the fallen Crew,
No mother more indulgent but the true.

Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
Becauſe ſhe wants innate auctority;

For how can ſhe conſtrain them to obey
Who has her ſelf caſt off the lawful ſway?
Rebellion equals all, and thoſe who toil
In common theft, will ſhare the common ſpoil.
Let her produce the title and the right
Againſt her old ſuperiours firſt to fight;
If ſhe reform by Text, ev'n that's as plain
For her own Rebels to reform again.
As long as words a diff'rent ſenſe will bear,
And each may be his own Interpreter,
Our ai'ry faith will no foundation find:
The word's a weathercock for ev'ry wind:
The *Bear*, the *Fox*, the *Wolfe*, by turns prevail,
The moſt in pow'r ſupplies the preſent gale.
The wretched *Panther* crys aloud for aid
To church and councils, whom ſhe firſt betray'd;
No help from Fathers or traditions train,
Thoſe ancient guides ſhe taught us to diſdain.
And by that ſcripture which ſhe once abus'd
To Reformation, ſtands her ſelf accus'd.

What

What bills for breach of laws can ſhe prefer,
Expounding which ſhe owns her ſelf may err?
And, after all her winding ways are try'd,
If doubts ariſe ſhe ſlips herſelf aſide,
And leaves the private conſcience for the guide.
If then that conſcience ſet th' offender free,
It bars her claim to church auctority.
How can ſhe cenſure, or what crime pretend,
But Scripture may be conſtru'd to defend?
Ev'n thoſe whom for rebellion ſhe tranſmits
To civil pow'r, her doctrine firſt acquits;
Becauſe no diſobedience can enſue,
Where no ſubmiſſion to a Judge is due.
Each judging for himſelf, by her conſent,
Whom thus abſolv'd ſhe ſends to puniſhment.
Suppoſe the Magiſtrate revenge her cauſe,
'Tis only for tranſgreſſing humane laws.
How anſw'ring to its end a church is made,
Whoſe pow'r is but to counſel and perſwade?

O ſolid rock, on which ſecure ſhe ſtands!
Eternal houſe, not built with mortal hands!
O ſure defence againſt th' infernal gate,
A patent during pleaſure of the ſtate!

Thus is the *Panther* neither lov'd nor fear'd,
A meer mock Queen of a divided Herd;
Whom ſoon by lawful pow'r ſhe might controll,
Her ſelf a part ſubmitted to the whole.
Then, as the Moon who firſt receives the light
By which ſhe makes our nether regions bright,
So might ſhe ſhine, reflecting from afar
The rays ſhe borrow'd from a better Star:
Big with the beams which from her mother flow
And reigning o'er the riſing tides below:
Now, mixing with a ſalvage croud, ſhe goes,
And meanly flatters her invet'rate foes,
Rul'd while ſhe rules, and loſing ev'ry hour
Her wretched remnants of precarious pow'r.

One evening while the cooler ſhade ſhe ſought,
Revolving many a melancholy thought,
Alone ſhe walk'd, and look'd around in vain,
With ruful viſage for her vaniſh'd train:
None of her ſylvan ſubjects made their court;
Leveés and coucheés paſs'd without reſort.
So hardly can Uſurpers manage well
Thoſe, whom they firſt inſtructed to rebel:
More liberty begets deſire of more,
The hunger ſtill encreaſes with the ſtore.
Without reſpect they bruſh'd along the wood
Each in his clan, and fill'd with loathſome food,
Ask'd no permiſſion to the neighb'ring flood,
The *Panther*, full of inward diſcontent,
Since they wou'd goe, before 'em wiſely went:
Supplying want of pow'r by drinking firſt,
As if ſhe gave 'em leave to quench their thirſt.
Among the reſt, the *Hind*, with fearful face
Beheld from far the common wat'ring place,

Nor

Nor durſt approach; till with an awful roar
The ſovereign *Lyon* bad her fear no more.
Encourag'd thus ſhe brought her younglings nigh,
Watching the motions of her Patron's eye,
And drank a ſober draught; the reſt amaz'd
Stood mutely ſtill, and on the ſtranger gaz'd:
Survey'd her part by part, and ſought to find
The ten-horn'd monſter in the harmleſs *Hind*,
Such as the *Wolfe* and *Panther* had deſign'd.
They thought at firſt they dream'd, for 'twas offence
With them, to queſtion certitude of ſenſe,
Their guide in faith; but nearer when they drew,
And had the faultleſs object full in view,
Lord, how they all admir'd her heav'nly hiew!
Some, who before her fellowſhip diſdain'd,
Scarce, and but ſcarce, from in-born rage reſtrain'd,
Now friſk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd.
Whether for love or int'reſt, ev'ry ſect
Of all the ſalvage nation ſhew'd reſpect:

The Vice-roy *Panther* could not awe the herd,
The more the company the leſs they fear'd.
The ſurly *Wolfe* with ſecret envy burſt,
Yet cou'd not howl, the *Hind* had ſeen him firſt:
But what he durſt not ſpeak, the *Panther* durſt.

For when the herd ſuffis'd, did late repair
To ferney heaths, and to their foreſt lare,
She made a mannerly excuſe to ſtay,
Proffring the *Hind* to wait her half the way:
That ſince the Skie was clear, an hour of talk
Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
With much good-will the motion was embrac'd,
To chat awhile on their adventures paſs'd:
Nor had the grateful *Hind* ſo ſoon forgot
Her friend and fellow-ſuff'rer in the plot.
Yet wondring how of late ſhe grew eſtrang'd,
Her forehead cloudy, and her count'nance chang'd,
She thought this hour th' occaſion would preſent
To learn her ſecret cauſe of diſcontent,

Which, well ſhe hop'd, might be with eaſe redreſs'd,
Conſid'ring Her a well-bred civil beaſt,
And more a Gentlewoman than the reſt.
After ſome common talk what rumours ran,
The Lady of the ſpotted-muff began.

THE

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

The Second Part.

DAME, said the *Panther*, times are mended well
Since late among the *Philistines* you fell;
The Toils were pitch'd, a spacious tract of ground
With expert Huntsmen was encompass'd round;
Th' Enclosure narrow'd; the sagacious pow'r
Of Hounds, and Death drew nearer ev'ry Hour.

'Tis true, the younger *Lyon* ſcap'd the ſnare,
But all your prieſtly Calves lay ſtrugling there;
As ſacrifices on their Altars laid;
While you their careful mother wiſely fled
Not truſting deſtiny to ſave your head.
For, what e'er Promiſes you have apply'd
To your unfailing Church, the ſurer ſide
Is four fair Leggs in danger to provide.
And what e'er Tales of *Peter's* Chair you tell,
Yet ſaving Reverence of the Miracle,
The better luck was yours to 'ſcape ſo well.

As I remember, ſaid the ſober *Hind*,
Thoſe Toils were for your own dear ſelf deſign'd,
As well as me; and, with the ſelf ſame throw,
To catch the Quarry and the Vermin too,
(Forgive the ſland'rous Tongues that call'd you ſo.)
Howe'er you take it now, the common Cry
Then ran you down for your rank Loyalty;

Beſides, in Popery they thought you nurſt,
(As evil tongues will ever ſpeak the worſt,)
Becauſe ſome forms, and ceremonies ſome
You kept, and ſtood in the main queſtion dumb.
Dumb you were born indeed, but thinking long
The *Teſt* it ſeems at laſt has loos'd your tongue.
And, to explain what your forefathers meant,
By real preſence in the Sacrament,
(After long fencing puſh'd againſt a wall,)
Your *ſalvo* comes, that he's not there at all:
There chang'd your faith, and what may change may fall.
Who can believe what varies every day,
Nor ever was, nor will be at a ſtay?

Tortures may force the tongue untruths to tell,
And I ne'er own'd my ſelf infallible,
Reply'd the *Panther*; grant ſuch Preſence were,
Yet in your ſenſe I never own'd it there.
A real *vertue* we by faith receive,
And that we in the ſacrament believe.

Then ſaid the *Hind*, as you the matter ſtate
Not only *Jeſuits* can equivocate;
For *real*, as you now the Word expound,
From Solid Subſtance dwindles to a Sound.
Methinks an *Eſop*'s fable you repeat,
You know who took the Shadow for the Meat;
Your Churches ſubſtance thus you change at will,
And yet retain your former figure ſtill.
I freely grant you ſpoke to ſave your Life,
For then you lay beneath the Buthers Knife.
Long time you fought, redoubl'd Batt'ry bore,
But, after all, againſt your ſelf you ſwore;
Your former ſelf, for ev'ry Hour your form
Is chop'd and chang'd, like Winds before a Storm.
Thus Fear and Int'reſt will prevail with ſome,
For all have not the Gift of Martyrdom.

The *Panther* grin'd at this, and thus reply'd;
That men may err was never yet deny'd.

But,

But, if that common principle be true,
The Cannon, Dame, is level'd full at you.
But, ſhunning long diſputes, I fain wou'd ſee
That wond'rous Wight infallibility.
Is he from Heav'n this mighty Champion come,
Or lodg'd below in ſubterranean *Rome*?
Firſt, ſeat him ſomewhere, and derive his Race,
Or elſe conclude that nothing has no place.

Suppoſe (though I diſown it) ſaid the *Hind*,
The certain Manſion were not yet aſſign'd,
The doubtful reſidence no proof can bring
Againſt the plain exiſtence of the thing.
Becauſe *Philoſophers* may diſagree,
If Sight b'emiſſion or reception be,
Shall it be thence infer'd, I do not ſee?
But you require an Anſwer poſitive;
Which yet, when I demand, you dare not give,
For Fallacies in Univerſals live.

I then affirm that this unfailing guide
In Pope and gen'ral Councils muſt reſide;
Both lawful, both combin'd, what one decrees
By numerous Votes, the other Ratifies:
On this undoubted Senſe the Church relies.
Tis true, ſome Doctors in a ſcantier ſpace,
I mean in each apart contract the Place.
Some, who to greater length extend the Line,
The Churches after acceptation join.
This laſt Circumference appears too wide,
The Church diffus'd is by the Council ty'd;
As members by their Repreſentatives
Oblig'd to Laws which Prince and Senate gives:
Thus ſome contract, and ſome enlarge the ſpace;
In Pope and Council who denies the place,
Aſſiſted from above with God's unfailing grace?
Thoſe Canons all the needful points contain;
Their ſenſe ſo obvious, and their words ſo plain,
That no diſputes about the doubtful Text
Have, hitherto, the lab'ring world perplex'd:

If

If any ſhou'd in after times appear,
New Councils muſt be call'd, to make the meaning clear.
Becauſe in them the pow'r ſupreme reſides;
And all the promiſes are to the Guides.
This may be taught with ſound and ſafe Defence:
But mark how ſandy is your own pretence,
Who ſetting Councils, Pope, and Church aſide,
Are ev'ry Man his own preſuming Guide.
The ſacred Books you ſay, are full and plain,
And ev'ry needful Point of Truth contain:
All who can read, Interpreters may be:
Thus though your ſeveral Churches diſagree,
Yet ev'ry Saint has to himſelf alone
The Secret of this Philoſophick Stone.
Theſe Principles you jarring Sects unite,
When diff'ring Doctors and Diſciples Fight.
Though *Luther*, *Zuinglius*, *Calvin*, holy Chiefs
Have made a Battel Royal of Beliefs;
Or like wild Horſes ſev'ral ways have whirl'd
The tortur'd Text about the Chriſtian World;

Each *Jehu* laſhing on with furious force,
That *Turk* or *Jew* cou'd not have us'd it worſe.
No matter what diſſention leaders make
Where ev'ry private man may ſave a ſtake;
Rul'd by the Scripture and his own advice
Each has a blind-by-path to Paradiſe;
Where driving in a Circle ſlow or faſt,
Oppoſing Sects are ſure to meet at laſt.
A wondrous charity you have in Store
For all reform'd to paſs the narrow Door:
So much, that *Mahomet* had ſcarcely more.
For he, kind Prophet, was for damning none,
But *Chriſt* and *Moyſes* were to ſave their own:
Himſelf was to ſecure his choſen race,
Though reaſon good for *Turks* to take the place,
And he allow'd to be the better Man
In virtue of his holier *Alcoran*.

True, ſaid the *Panther*, I ſhall ne'er deny
My Breth'ren may be ſav'd as well as I:

Though

Though *Huguenots* contemn our ordination,
Succeſſion, miniſterial vocation;
And *Luther*, more miſtaking what he read,
Misjoins the ſacred Body with the Bread;
Yet, *Lady*, ſtill remember I maintain,
The Word in needfull points is only plain.

Needleſs or needful I not now contend,
For ſtill you have a loop-hole for a friend,
(Rejoyn'd the Matron) but the rule you lay
Has led whole flocks, and leads them ſtill aſtray
In weighty points, and full damnation's way.
For did not *Arius* firſt, *Socinus* now,
The Son's eternal god-head diſavow,
And did not theſe by Goſpel Texts alone
Condemn our doctrine, and maintain their own?
Have not all hereticks the ſame pretence
To plead the Scriptures in their own defence?
How did the *Nicene* council then decide
That ſtrong debate, was it by Scripture try'd?

No ſure to thoſe the Rebel would not yield,
Squadrons of Texts he marſhal'd in the field;
That was but civil war, an equal ſet,
Where Piles with piles, and Eagles Eagles met.
With Texts point-blank and plain he fac'd the Foe:
And did not *Sathan* tempt our Saviour ſo?
The good old Biſhops took a ſimpler way,
Each ask'd but what he heard his Father ſay,
Or how he was inſtructed in his youth,
And by traditions force upheld the truth.

The *Panther* ſmil'd at this, and when, ſaid ſhe,
Were thoſe firſt Councils diſallow'd by me?
Or where did I at ſure tradition ſtrike,
Provided ſtill it were Apoſtolick?

Friend, ſaid the *Hind*, you quit your former ground,
Where all your Faith you did on Scripture found,
Now, 'tis tradition join'd with holy writ,
But thus your memory betrays your wit.

No,

No, ſaid the *Panther*, for in that I view,
When your tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis true.
I ſet 'em by the rule, and as they ſquare,
Or deviate from undoubted doctrine there,
This Oral fiction, that old Faith declare.

(*Hind.*) The Council ſteer'd it ſeems a diff'rent courſe,
They try'd the Scripture by tradition's force;
But you tradition by the Scripture try;
Purſu'd, by Sects, from this to that you fly,
Nor dare on one foundation to rely.
The word is then depos'd, and in this view,
You rule the Scripture, not the Scripture you.
Thus ſaid the *Dame*, and ſmiling, thus purſu'd,
I ſee tradition then is diſallow'd,
When not evinc'd by Scripture to be true,
And Scripture, as interpreted by you.
But here you tread upon unfaithfull ground;
Unleſs you cou'd infallibly expound.

Which you reject as odious Popery,
And throw that doctrine back with ſcorn on me.
Suppoſe we on things traditive divide,
And both appeal to Scripture to decide;
By various texts we both uphold our claim,
Nay, often ground our titles on the ſame:
After long labour loſt, and times expence,
Both grant the words, and quarrel for the ſenſe.
Thus all diſputes for ever muſt depend;
For no dumb rule can controverſies end.
Thus when you ſaid tradition muſt be try'd
By Sacred Writ, whoſe ſenſe your ſelves decide,
You ſaid no more, but that your ſelves muſt be
The judges of the Scripture ſenſe, not we.
Againſt our church tradition you declare
And yet your Clerks wou'd ſit in *Moyſes* chair:
At leaſt 'tis prov'd againſt your argument,
The rule is far from plain, where all diſſent.

If not by Scriptures how can we be ſure
(Reply'd the *Panther*) what tradition's pure?
For you may palm upon us new for old,
All, as they ſay, that glitters is not gold.

How but by following her, reply'd the Dame,
To whom deriv'd from ſire to ſon they came;
Where ev'ry age do's on another move,
And truſts no farther than the next above;
Where all the rounds like *Jacob*'s ladder riſe,
The loweſt hid in earth, the topmoſt in the skyes.

Sternly the ſalvage did her anſwer mark,
Her glowing eye-balls glitt'ring in the dark,
And ſaid but this, ſince lucre was your trade,
Succeeding times ſuch dreadfull gaps have made
'Tis dangerous climbing: to your ſons and you
I leave the ladder, and its omen too.

(*Hind.*) The *Panther*'s breath was ever fam'd for ſweet,
But from the *Wolf* ſuch wiſhes oft I meet:
You learn'd this language from the blatant beaſt,
Or rather did not ſpeak, but were poſſeſs'd.
As for your anſwer 'tis but barely urg'd;
You muſt evince tradition to be forg'd;
Produce plain proofs; unblemiſh'd author's uſe
As ancient as thoſe ages they accuſe;
Till when 'tis not ſufficient to defame:
An old poſſeſſion ſtands, till Elder quitts the claim.
Then for our int'reſt which is nam'd alone
To load with envy, we retort your own.
For when traditions in your faces fly,
Reſolving not to yield, you muſt decry:
As when the cauſe goes hard, the guilty man
Excepts, and thins his jury all he can;
So when you ſtand of other aid bereft,
You to the twelve Apoſtles would be left.

Your

Your friend the *Wolfe* did with more craft provide
To ſet thoſe toys traditions quite aſide:
And *Fathers* too, unleſs when reaſon ſpent
He cites 'em but ſometimes for ornament.
But, Madam *Panther*, you, though more ſincere,
Are not ſo wiſe as your Adulterer:
The private ſpirit is a better blind
Than all the dodging tricks your authours find.
For they, who left the Scripture to the crowd,
Each for his own peculiar judge allow'd;
The way to pleaſe 'em was to make 'em proud.
Thus, with full ſails, they ran upon the ſhelf;
Who cou'd ſuſpect a couzenage from himſelf?
On his own reaſon ſafer 'tis to ſtand,
Than be deceiv'd and d amn'd at ſecond hand.
But you who *Fathers* and traditions take,
And garble ſome, and ſome you quite forſake,
Pretending church auctority to fix,
And yet ſome grains of private ſpirit mix.

Are like a *Mule* made up of diff'ring ſeed,
And that's the reaſon why you never breed;
At leaſt not propagate your kind abroad,
For home diſſenters are by ſtatutes aw'd.
And yet they grow upon you ev'ry day,
While you (to ſpeak the beſt) are at a ſtay,
For ſects that are extremes, abhor a middle way.
Like tricks of ſtate, to ſtop a raging flood,
Or mollify a mad-brain'd Senate's mood:
Of all expedients never one was good.
Well may they argue, (nor can you deny)
If we muſt fix on church auctority,
Beſt on the beſt, the fountain, not the flood,
That muſt be better ſtill, if this be good.
Shall ſhe command, who has her ſelf rebell'd?
Is *Antichriſt* by *Antichriſt* expell'd?
Did we a lawfull tyranny diſplace,
To ſet aloft a baſtard of the race?

Why

Why all theſe wars to win the Book, if we
Muſt not interpret for our ſelves, but ſhe?
Either be wholly ſlaves or wholly free.
For *purging* fires traditions muſt not fight;
But they muſt prove Epiſcopacy's right:
Thus thoſe led horſes are from ſervice freed;
You never mount 'em but in time of need.
Like mercenary's, hir'd for home defence,
They will not ſerve againſt their native Prince.
Againſt domeſtick foes of *Hierarchy*
Theſe are drawn forth, to make fanaticks fly;
But, when they ſee their countrey-men at hand,
Marching againſt 'em under church-command,
Streight they forſake their colours, and disband.

Thus ſhe, nor cou'd the *Panther* well enlarge
With weak defence againſt ſo ſtrong a charge;
But ſaid, for what did *Chriſt* his Word provide,
If ſtill his church muſt want a living guide?
And if all ſaving doctrines are not there,
Or ſacred Pen-men cou'd not make 'em clear,

From after-ages we ſhould hope in vain
For truths, which men inſpir'd, cou'd not explain.

Before the Word was written, ſaid the *Hind:*
Our Saviour preach'd his Faith to humane kind;
From his Apoſtles the firſt age receiv'd
Eternal truth, and what they taught, believ'd.
Thus by tradition faith was planted firſt,
Succeeding flocks ſucceeding Paſtours nurs'd.
This was the way our wiſe Redeemer choſe,
(Who ſure could all things for the beſt diſpoſe,)
To fence his fold from their encroaching foes.
He cou'd have writ himſelf, but well foreſaw
Th' event would be like that of *Moyſes* law;
Some difference wou'd ariſe, ſome doubts remain,
Like thoſe, which yet the jarring *Jews* maintain.
No written laws can be ſo plain, ſo pure,
But wit may gloſs, and malice may obſcure,
Not thoſe indited by his firſt command,
A Prophet grav'd the text, an Angel held his hand.

Thus

Thus faith was e'er the written word appear'd,
And men believ'd, not what they read, but heard.
But ſince the Apoſtles cou'd not be confin'd,
To theſe, or thoſe, but ſeverally deſign'd
Their large commiſſion round the world to blow;
To ſpread their faith they ſpread their labours too.
Yet ſtill their abſent flock their pains did ſhare,
They hearken'd ſtill, for love produces care.
And as miſtakes aroſe, or diſcords fell,
Or bold ſeducers taught 'em to rebell,
As charity grew cold, or faction hot,
Or long neglect their leſſons had forgot,
For all their wants they wiſely did provide,
And preaching by Epiſtles was ſupply'd:
So great Phyſicians cannot all attend,
But ſome they viſit, and to ſome they ſend.
Yet all thoſe letters were not writ to all;
Nor firſt intended, but occaſional.
Their abſent ſermons; nor if they contain
All needfull doctrines, are thoſe doctrines plain.

Clearneſs by frequent preaching muſt be wrought,
They writ but ſeldom, but they daily taught.
And what one Saint has ſaid of holy *Paul*,
He darkly writ, is true apply'd to all.
For this obſcurity cou'd heav'n provide
More prudently than by a living guide,
As doubts aroſe, the difference to decide?
A guide was therefore needfull, therefore made;
And, if appointed, ſure to be obey'd.
Thus, with due rev'rence to th' Apoſtles writ,
By which my ſons are taught, to which, ſubmit;
I think, thoſe truths their ſacred works contain,
The church alone can certainly explain;
That following ages, leaning on the paſt,
May reſt upon the Primitive at laſt.
Nor wou'd I thence the word no rule infer,
But none without the church interpreter.
Becauſe, as I have urg'd before, 'tis mute,
And is it ſelf the ſubject of diſpute.

But what th' Apoſtles their ſucceſſours taught,
They to the next, from them to us is brought,
Th' undoubted ſenſe which is in ſcripture ſought.
From hence the church is arm'd, when errours riſe,
To ſtop their entrance, and prevent ſurpriſe;
And ſafe entrench'd within, her foes without defies.
By theſe all feſtring ſores her counſels heal,
Which time or has diſcloas'd, or ſhall reveal,
For diſcord cannot end without a laſt appeal.
Nor can a council national decide
But with ſubordination to her Guide:
(I wiſh the cauſe were on that iſſue try'd.)
Much leſs the ſcripture; for ſuppoſe debate
Betwixt pretenders to a fair eſtate,
Bequeath'd by ſome Legator's laſt intent;
(Such is our dying Saviour's Teſtament:)
The will is prov'd, is open'd, and is read;
The doubtfull heirs their diff'ring titles plead:
All vouch the words their int'reſt to maintain,
And each pretends by thoſe his cauſe is plain.

Shall

Shall then the teſtament award the right?
No, that's the *Hungary* for which they fight;
The field of battel, ſubject of debate;
The thing contended for, the fair eſtate.
The ſenſe is intricate, 'tis onely clear
What vowels and what conſonants are there.
Therefore 'tis plain, its meaning muſt be try'd
Before ſome judge appointed to decide.

Suppoſe, (the fair Apoſtate ſaid,) I grant,
The faithfull flock ſome living guide ſhould want,
Your arguments an endleſs chaſe perſue:
Produce this vaunted Leader to our view,
This mighty *Moyſes* of the choſen crew.

The Dame, who ſaw her fainting foe retir'd,
With force renew'd, to victory aſpir'd;
(And looking upward to her kindred sky,
As once our Saviour own'd his Deity,
Pronounc'd his words--*ſhe whom ye ſeek am I.*)

Nor

Nor leſs amaz'd this voice the *Panther* heard,
Than were thoſe *Jews* to hear a god declar'd.
Then thus the matron modeſtly renew'd;
Let all your prophets and their ſects be view'd,
And ſee to which of 'em your ſelves think fit
The conduct of your conſcience to ſubmit:
Each Proſelyte wou'd vote his Doctor beſt,
With abſolute excluſion to the reſt:
Thus wou'd your *Poliſh* Diet diſagree,
And end as it began in Anarchy:
Your ſelf the faireſt for election ſtand,
Becauſe you ſeem crown-gen'ral of the land;
But ſoon againſt your ſuperſtitious lawn
Some Presbyterian Sabre wou'd be drawn:
In your eſtabliſh'd laws of ſov'raignty
The reſt ſome fundamental flaw wou'd ſee,
And call Rebellion goſpel-liberty.
To church-decrees your articles require
Submiſſion modify'd, if not entire;

Homage

Homage deny'd; to cenſures you proceed;
But when *Curtana* will not doe the deed,
You lay that pointleſs clergy-weapon by,
And to the laws, your ſword of juſtice fly.
Now this your ſects the more unkindly take
(Thoſe prying varlets hit the blots you make)
Becauſe ſome ancient friends of yours declare,
Your onely rule of faith the Scriptures are,
Interpreted by men of judgment ſound,
Which ev'ry ſect will for themſelves expound:
Nor think leſs rev'rence to their doctours due
For ſound interpretation, than to you.
If then, by able heads, are underſtood
Your brother prophets, who reform'd abroad,
Thoſe able heads expound a wiſer way,
That their own ſheep their ſhepherd ſhou'd obey.
But if you mean your ſelves are onely ſound,
That doctrine turns the reformation round,
And all the reſt are falſe reformers found.

Becauſe

Becauſe in ſundry Points you ſtand alone,
Not in Communion join'd with any one ;
And therefore muſt be all the Church, or none.
Then, till you have agreed whoſe judge is beſt,
Againſt this forc'd ſubmiſſion they proteſt :
While *ſound* and *ſound* a diff'rent ſenſe explains
Both play at hard-head till they break their brains :
And from their Chairs each others force defy,
While unregarded thunders vainly fly.
I paſs the reſt, becauſe your Church alone
Of all Uſurpers beſt cou'd fill the Throne.
But neither you, nor any Sect beſide
For this high Office can be qualify'd,
With neceſſary Gifts requir'd in ſuch a Guide.
For that which muſt direct the whole, muſt be
Bound in one Bond of Faith and Unity :
But all your ſev'ral Churches diſagree.
The *Conſubſtantiating* Church and Prieſt
Refuſe Communion to the *Calviniſt* ;

The *French* reform'd, from Preaching you reſtrain,
Becauſe you judge their Ordination vain;
And ſo they judge of yours, but Donors muſt ordain.
In ſhort in Doctrine, or in Diſcipline
Not one reform'd, can with another join:
But all from each, as from Damnation fly;
No Union they pretend, but in *Non-Popery*.
Nor ſhould their Members in a Synod meet,
Cou'd any Church preſume to mount the Seat
Above the reſt, their diſcords to decide;
None wou'd obey, but each wou'd be the Guide:
And face to face Diſſentions wou'd encreaſe;
For only diſtance now preſerves the Peace.
All in their Turns accuſers, and accus'd:
Babel was never half ſo much confus'd.
What one can plead, the reſt can plead as well;
For amongſt equals lies no laſt appeal,
And all confeſs themſelves are fallible.
Now ſince you grant ſome neceſſary Guide,
All who can err are juſtly laid aſide:

Becauſe

Becauſe a truſt ſo ſacred to confer
Shows want of ſuch a ſure Interpreter:
And how can he be needful who can err?
Then granting that unerring guide we want,
That ſuch there is you ſtand oblig'd to grant:
Our Saviour elſe were wanting to ſupply
Our needs, and obviate that Neceſſity.
It then remains that Church can only be
The Guide, which owns unfailing certainty;
Or elſe you ſlip your hold, and change your ſide,
Relapſing from a neceſſary Guide.
But this annex'd Condition of the Crown,
Immunity from Errours, you diſown,
Here then you ſhrink, and lay your weak pretenſions down.
For petty Royalties you raiſe debate;
But this unfailing Univerſal State
You ſhun: nor dare ſucceed to ſuch a glorious weight.
And for that cauſe thoſe Promiſes deteſt
With which our Saviour did his Church inveſt:

But ſtrive t'evade, and fear to find 'em true,
As conſcious they were never meant to you:
All which the mother church aſſerts her own,
And with unrivall'd claim aſcends the throne.
So when of old th'Almighty father ſate
In Council, to redeem our ruin'd ſtate,
Millions of millions at a diſtance round,
Silent the ſacred Conſiſtory crown'd,
To hear what mercy mixt with Juſtice cou'd propound.
All prompt with eager pity, to fulfill
The full extent of their Creatour's will:
But when the ſtern conditions were declar'd,
A mournful whiſper through the hoſt was heard,
And the whole hierarchy, with heads hung down,
Submiſſively declin'd the pondrous proffer'd crown.
Then, not till then, th'eternal Son from high
Roſe in the ſtrength of all the Deity;
Stood forth t'accept the terms, and underwent
A weight which all the frame of heav'n had bent,
Nor he Himſelf cou'd bear, but as omnipotent.

Now,

Now, to remove the leaſt remaining doubt,
That ev'n the blear-ey'd ſects may find her out,
Behold what heav'nly rays adorn her brows,
What from his Wardrobe her belov'd allows
To deck the wedding-day of his unſpotted ſpouſe.
Behold what marks of Majeſty ſhe brings;
Richer than antient heirs of Eaſtern kings:
Her right hand holds the ſceptre and the keys,
To ſhew whom ſhe commands, and who obeys:
With theſe to bind, or ſet the ſinner free,
With that t' aſſert ſpiritual Royalty.

Marks of the Catholick Church from the Nicene Creed.

One in herſelf not rent by Schiſm, but ſound,
Entire, one ſolid ſhining Diamond,
Not Sparkles ſhatter'd into Sects like you,
One is the Church, and muſt be to be true:
One central principle of unity.
As undivided, ſo from errours free,
As one in faith, ſo one in ſanctity.

Thus

Thus ſhe, and none but ſhe, th' inſulting Rage
Of Hereticks oppos'd from Age to Age:
Still when the Giant-brood invades her Throne
She ſtoops from Heav'n, and meets 'em half way down,
And with paternal Thunder vindicates her Crown.
But like *Egyptian* Sorcerers you ſtand,
And vainly lift aloft your Magick Wand,
To ſweep away the Swarms of Vermin from the Land:
You cou'd like them; with like infernal Force
Produce the Plague, but not arreſt the Courſe.
But when the Boils and Botches, with diſgrace
And publick Scandal ſat upon the Face,
Themſelves attack'd, the *Magi* ſtrove no more,
They ſaw God's Finger, and their Fate deplore;
Themſelves they cou'd not Cure of the diſhoneſt ſore.
Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely ſpread
Like the fair Ocean from her Mother-Bed;
From Eaſt to Weſt triumphantly ſhe rides,
All Shoars are water'd by her wealthy Tides.

The Goſpel-ſound diffus'd from Pole to Pole,
Where winds can carry, and where waves can roll.
The ſelf ſame doctrin of the Sacred Page
Convey'd to ev'ry clime in ev'ry age.

Here let my ſorrow give my ſatyr place,
To raiſe new bluſhes on my *Britiſh* race;
Our ſayling Ships like common ſhoars we uſe,
And through our diſtant Colonies diffuſe
The draughts of Dungeons, and the ſtench of ſtews.
Whom, when their home-bred honeſty is loſt,
We diſembogue on ſome far *Indian* coaſt:
Thieves, Pandars, Palliards, ſins of ev'ry ſort,
Thoſe are the manufactures we export;
And theſe the *Miſſioners* our zeal has made:
For, with my Countrey's pardon be it ſaid,
Religion is the leaſt of all our trade.

Yet

Yet ſome improve their traffick more than we,
For they on gain, their only God, rely:
And ſet a publick price on piety.
Induſtrious of the needle and the chart
They run full ſail to their *Japponian* Mart:
Prevention fear, and prodigal of fame
Sell all of Chriſtian to the very name;
Nor leave enough of that, to hide their naked ſhame.

Thus, of three marks which in the Creed we view,
Not one of all can be apply'd to you:
Much leſs the fourth; in vain alas you ſeek
Th' ambitious title of Apoſtolick:
God-like deſcent! 'tis well your bloud can be
Prov'd noble, in the third or fourth degree:
For all of ancient that you had before,
(I mean what is not borrow'd from our ſtore)
Was Errour fulminated o'er and o'er.

Old Hereſies condemn'd in ages paſt,
By care and time recover'd from the blaſt.

'Tis ſaid with eaſe, but never can be prov'd,
The church her old foundations has remov'd,
And built new doctrines on unſtable ſands:
Judge that ye winds and rains; you prov'd her, yet ſhe ſtands.
Thoſe ancient doctrines charg'd on her for new,
Shew when, and how, and from what hands they grew.
We claim no pow'r when Hereſies grow bold
To coin new faith, but ſtill declare the old.
How elſe cou'd that obſcene diſeaſe be purg'd
When controverted texts are vainly urg'd?
To prove tradition new, there's ſomewhat more
Requir'd, than ſaying, 'twas not us'd before.
Thoſe monumental arms are never ſtirr'd
Till Schiſm or Hereſie call down *Goliah*'s ſword.

Thus, what you call corruptions, are in truth,
The firſt plantations of the goſpel's youth,

Old ſtandard faith: but caſt your eyes again
And view thoſe errours which new ſects maintain,
Or which of old diſturb'd the churches peaceful reign,
And we can point each period of the time,
When they began, and who begot the crime;
Can calculate how long th' eclipſe endur'd,
Who interpos'd, what digits were obſcur'd:
Of all which are already paſs'd away,
We know the riſe, the progreſs and decay.

Deſpair at our foundations then to ſtrike
Till you can prove your faith Apoſtolick;
A limpid ſtream drawn from the native ſource;
Succeſſion lawfull in a lineal courſe.
Prove any church oppos'd to this our head,
So one, ſo pure, ſo unconfin'dly ſpread,
Under one chief of the ſpiritual ſtate,
The members all combin'd, and all ſubordinate.
Shew ſuch a ſeamleſs coat, from ſchiſm ſo free,
In no communion join'd with hereſie:

If ſuch a one you find, let truth prevail:
Till when your weights will in the balance fail:
A church unprincipl'd kicks up the ſcale.

But if you cannot think, (nor ſure you can
Suppoſe in God what were unjuſt in man,)
That he, the fountain of eternal grace,
Should ſuffer falſhood for ſo long a ſpace
To baniſh truth, and to uſurp her place:
That ſeav'n ſucceſſive ages ſhould be loſt
And preach damnation at their proper coſt;
That all your erring anceſtours ſhould dye,
Drown'd in th' Abyſs of deep Idolatry;
If piety forbid ſuch thoughts to riſe,
Awake and open your unwilling eyes:
God has left nothing for each age undone,
From this to that wherein he ſent his Son:
Then think but well of him, and half your work is done.

See how his church adorn'd with ev'ry grace
With open arms, a kind forgiving face,
Stands ready to prevent her long loſt ſons embrace.
Not more did *Joſeph* o'er his brethren weep,
Nor leſs himſelf cou'd from diſcovery keep,
When in the croud of ſuppliants they were ſeen,
And in their crew his beſt beloved *Benjamin.*
That pious *Joſeph* in the church behold,
To feed your famine, and refuſe your gold;
The *Joſeph* you exil'd, the *Joſeph* whom you ſold.

The renunciation of the Benedictines to the Abby Lands.

Thus, while with heav'nly charity ſhe ſpoke,
A ſtreaming blaze the ſilent ſhadows broke;
Shot from the skyes: a chearfull azure light;
The birds obſcene to foreſts wing'd their flight,
And gaping graves receiv'd the wandring guilty ſpright.

Such were the pleaſing triumphs of the sky
For *James* his late nocturnal victory;

The

The pledge of his Almighty patron's love,
The fire-works which his angel made above.
I saw my self the lambent easie light *Poeta loquitur.*
Guild the brown horrour and dispell the night;
The messenger with speed the tidings bore;
News which three lab'ring nations did restore,
But heav'ns own *Nuntius* was arriv'd before.

By this, the *Hind* had reach'd her lonely cell;
And vapours rose, and dews unwholesome fell.
When she, by frequent observation wise,
As one who long on heav'n had fix'd her eyes,
Discern'd a change of weather in the skyes.
The Western borders were with crimson spread,
The moon descending look'd all flaming red;
She thought good manners bound her to invite
The stranger Dame to be her guest that night.
'Tis true, course dyet and a short repast,
(She said) were weak inducements to the tast
Of one so nicely bred, and so unus'd to fast.

But

But what plain fare her cottage cou'd afford,
A hearty welcome at a homely board
Was freely hers; and to ſupply the reſt,
An honeſt meaning, and an open breaſt.
Laſt, with content of mind, the poor man's Wealth;
A grace-cup to their common Patron's health.
This ſhe deſir'd her to accept and ſtay,
For fear ſhe might be wilder'd in her way,
Becauſe ſhe wanted an unerring guide,
And then the dew-drops on her ſilken hide
Her tender conſtitution did declare,
Too Lady-like a long fatigue to bear,
And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air.
But moſt ſhe fear'd that travelling ſo late,
Some evil minded beaſts might lye in wait;
And without witneſs wreak their hidden hate.

The *Panther*, though ſhe lent a liſt'ning ear,
Had more of *Lyon* in her than to fear:

Yet wiſely weighing, ſince ſhe had to deal
With many foes, their numbers might prevail,
Return'd her all the thanks ſhe cou'd afford;
And took her friendly hoſteſs at her word,
Who ent'ring firſt her lowly roof, (a ſhed
With hoary moſs and winding Ivy ſpread,
Honeſt enough to hide an humble Hermit's head,)
Thus graciouſly beſpoke her welcome gueſt:
So might theſe walls, with your fair preſence bleſt
Become your dwelling-place of everlaſting reſt;
Not for a night, or quick revolving year,
Welcome an owner, not a ſojourner.
This peaceful Seat my poverty ſecures,
War ſeldom enters but where wealth allures;
Nor yet diſpiſe it, for this poor aboad
Has oft rec iv'd, and yet receives a god;
A god victorious of the ſtygian race
Here laid his ſacred limbs, and ſanctified the place.

This

This mean retreat did mighty *Pan* contain;
Be emulous of him, and pomp disdain,
And dare not to debase your soul to gain.

The silent stranger stood amaz'd to see
Contempt of wealth, and wilfull poverty:
And, though ill habits are not soon controll'd,
A while suspended her desire of gold.
But civily drew in her sharpn'd paws,
Not violating hospitable laws,
And pacify'd her tail, and lick'd her frothy jaws.

The *Hind* did first her country Cates provide;
Then couch'd her self securely by her side.

THE

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

The Third Part.

MUCH malice mingl'd with a little wit
Perhaps may cenſure this myſterious writ:
Becauſe the Muſe has peopl'd *Caledon*
With *Panthers*, *Bears* and *Wolves*, and Beaſts unknown,
As if we were not ſtock'd with monſters of our own.

Let *Æsop* answer, who has set to view,
Such kinds as *Greece* and *Phrygia* never knew;
And mother *Hubbard* in her homely dress
Has sharply blam'd a *British Lioness*,
That *Queen*, whose feast the factious rabble keep,
Expos'd obscenely naked and a-sleep.
Led by those great examples, may not I
The wanted organs of their words supply?
If men transact like brutes 'tis equal then
For brutes to claim the privilege of men.

Others our *Hind* of folly will endite,
To entertain a dangrous guest by night.
Let those remember that she cannot dye
Till rolling time is lost in round eternity;
Nor need she fear the *Panther*, though untam'd,
Because the *Lyon's* peace was now proclaim'd;
The wary salvage would not give offence,
To forfeit the protection of her *Prince*;

But watch'd the time her vengeance to compleat,
When all her furry ſons in frequent Senate met.
Mean while ſhe quench'd her fury at the floud,
And with a Lenten ſallad cool'd her bloud.
Their commons, though but courſe, were nothing ſcant,
Nor did their minds an equal banquet want.

For now the *Hind*, whoſe noble nature ſtrove
T'expreſs her plain ſimplicity of love,
Did all the honours of her houſe ſo well,
No ſharp debates diſturb'd the friendly meal.
She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,
To common dangers paſt, a ſadly pleaſing theam;
Remembring ev'ry ſtorm which toſs'd the ſtate,
When both were objects of the publick hate,
And drop'd a tear betwixt for her own childrens fate.

Nor fail'd ſhe then a full review to make
Of what the *Panther* ſuffer'd for her ſake.

Her loſt eſteem, her truth, her loyal care,
Her faith unſhaken to an exil'd Heir,
Her ſtrength t'endure, her courage to defy;
Her choice of honourable infamy.
On theſe prolixly thankfull, ſhe enlarg'd,
Then with acknowledgments herſelf ſhe charg'd:
For friendſhip of it ſelf, an holy tye,
Is made more ſacred by adverſity.
Now ſhould they part, malicious tongues wou'd ſay,
They met like chance companions on the way,
Whom mutual fear of robbers had poſſeſs'd;
While danger laſted, kindneſs was profeſs'd;
But that once o'er, the ſhort-liv'd union ends:
The road divides, and there divide the friends.

The *Panther* nodded when her ſpeech was done,
And thank'd her coldly in a hollow tone.
But ſaid her gratitude had gone too far
For common offices of Chriſtian care.

If to the lawfull Heir ſhe had been true,
She paid but *Cæſar* what was *Cæſar*'s due.
I might, ſhe added, with like praiſe deſcribe
Your ſuff'ring ſons, and ſo return your bribe;
But incenſe from my hands is poorly priz'd,
For gifts are ſcorn'd where givers are deſpis'd.
I ſerv'd a turn, and then was caſt away;
You, like the gawdy fly, your wings diſplay,
And ſip the ſweets, and bask in your Great *Patron*'s day.

This heard, the *Matron* was not ſlow to find
What ſort of malady had ſeiz'd her mind;
Diſdain, with gnawing envy, fell deſpight,
And canker'd malice ſtood in open ſight.
Ambition, int'reſt, pride without controul,
And jealouſie, the jaundice of the ſoul;
Revenge, the bloudy miniſter of ill,
With all the lean tormenters of the will.
'Twas eaſie now to gueſs from whence aroſe
Her new made union with her ancient foes.

Her

Her forc'd civilities, her faint embrace,
Affected kindneſs with an alter'd face:
Yet durſt ſhe not too deeply probe the wound,
As hoping ſtill the nobler parts were ſound;
But ſtrove with Anodynes t'aſſwage the ſmart,
And mildly thus her med'cine did impart.

Complaints of Lovers help to eaſe their pain,
It ſhows a Reſt of kindneſs to complain;
A friendſhip loth to quit its former hold,
And conſcious merit may be juſtly bold.
But much more juſt your jealouſie would ſhow,
If others good were injury to you:
Witneſs ye heav'ns how I rejoice to ſee
Rewarded worth, and riſing loyalty.
Your Warrier Offspring that upheld the crown,
The ſcarlet honours of your peacefull gown,
Are the moſt pleaſing objects I can find,
Charms to my ſight, and cordials to my mind:

When

When vertue ſpooms before a proſperous gale
My heaving wiſhes help to fill the ſail;
And if my pray'rs for all the brave were heard,
Cæſar ſhould ſtill have ſuch, and ſuch ſhould ſtill reward.

The labour'd earth your pains have ſow'd and till'd:
'Tis juſt you reap the product of the field.
Yours be the harveſt, 'tis the beggars gain
To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.
Such ſcatter'd ears as are not worth your care,
Your charity for alms may ſafely ſpare,
And alms are but the vehicles of pray'r.
My daily bread is litt'rally implor'd,
I have no barns nor granaries to hoard;
If *Cæſar* to his own his hand extends,
Say which of yours his charity offends:
You know he largely gives, to more than are his friends.
Are you defrauded when he feeds the poor?
Our mite decreaſes nothing of your ſtore;

I am

I am but few, and by your fare you ſee
My crying ſins are not of luxury.
Some juſter motive ſure your mind withdraws,
And makes you break our friendſhips holy laws,
For bare-fac'd envy is too baſe a cauſe.

Show more occaſion for your diſcontent,
Your love, the *Wolf*, wou'd help you to invent;
Some *German* quarrel, or, as times go now,
Some *French*, where force is uppermoſt, will doe.
When at the fountains head, as merit ought
To claim the place, you take a ſwilling draught,
How eaſie 'tis an envious eye to throw,
And tax the ſheep for troubling ſtreams below;
Or call her, (when no farther cauſe you find,)
An enemy profeſs'd of all your kind.
But then, perhaps, the wicked World wou'd think,
The *Wolf* deſign'd to eat as well as drink.

For charity (reply'd the Matron) tell
What ſad miſchance thoſe pretty birds befell.

Nay, no miſchance, (the ſalvage Dame reply'd)
But want of wit in their unerring guide,
And eager haſte, and gaudy hopes, and giddy pride.
Yet, wiſhing timely warning may prevail,
Make you the moral, and I'll tell the tale.

The *Swallow*, privileg'd above the reſt
Of all the birds, as man's familiar Gueſt,
Purſues the Sun in ſummer brisk and bold,
But wiſely ſhuns the perſecuting cold:
Is well to chancels and to chimnies known,
Though 'tis not thought ſhe feeds on ſmoak alone.
From hence ſhe has been held of heav'nly line,
Endu'd with particles of ſoul divine.
This merry Choriſter had long poſſeſs'd
Her ſummer ſeat, and feather'd well her neſt:

Till frowning skys began to change their chear
And time turn'd up the wrong ſide of the year;
The ſhedding trees began the ground to ſtrow
With yellow leaves, and bitter blaſts to blow.
Sad auguries of winter thence ſhe drew,
Which by inſtinct, or Prophecy, ſhe knew:
When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes
And ſeek a better heav'n, and warmer clymes.

Her ſons were ſummon'd on a ſteeples height,
And, call'd in common council, vote a flight;
The day was nam'd, the next that ſhou'd be fair,
All to the gen'ral rendezvouz repair,
They try their flutt'ring wings, and truſt themſelves in air.
But whether upward to the moon they go,
Or dream the winter out in caves below,
Or hawk at flies elſewhere, concerns not us to know.

Southwards, you may be ſure, they bent their flight,
And harbour'd in a hollow rock at night:

Next morn they roſe and ſet up ev'ry ſail,
The wind was fair, but blew a *mackrel* gale:
The ſickly young ſat ſhiv'ring on the ſhoar,
Abhorr'd ſalt-water never ſeen before,
And pray'd their tender mothers to delay
The paſſage, and expect a fairer day.

With theſe the *Martyn* readily concurr'd,
A church-begot, and church-believing bird;
Of little body, but of lofty mind,
Round belly'd, for a dignity deſign'd,
And much a dunce, as *Martyns* are by kind.
Yet often quoted Canon-laws, and *Code*,
And Fathers which he never underſtood,
But little learning needs in noble bloud.
For, ſooth to ſay, the *Swallow* brought him in,
Her houſhold Chaplain, and her next of kin.
In Superſtition ſilly to exceſs,
And caſting Schemes, by planetary gueſs:

In fine, ſhortwing'd, unfit himſelf to fly,
His fear foretold foul-weather in the sky.

Beſides, a *Raven* from a wither'd Oak,
Left of their lodging, was obſerv'd to croke.
That omen lik'd him not, ſo his advice
Was preſent ſafety, bought at any price:
(A ſeeming pious care, that cover'd cowardiſe.)
To ſtrengthen this, he told a boding dream,
Of riſing waters, and a troubl'd ſtream,
Sure ſigns of anguiſh, dangers and diſtreſs,
With ſomething more, not lawfull to expreſs:
By which he ſlyly ſeem'd to intimate
Some ſecret revelation of their fate.
For he concluded, once upon a time,
He found a leaf inſcrib'd with ſacred rime,
Whoſe antique characters did well denote
The *Sibyl*'s hand of the *Cumæan* Grott:
The mad Diviniereſs had plainly writ,
A time ſhould come (but many ages yet,)

In

In which, ſiniſter deſtinies ordain,
A *Dame* ſhou'd drown with all her feather'd train,
And ſeas from thence be call'd the *Chelidonian* main.
At this, ſome ſhook for fear, the more devout
Aroſe, and bleſs'd themſelves from head to foot.

'Tis true, ſome ſtagers of the wiſer ſort
Made all theſe idle wonderments their ſport:
They ſaid, their onely danger was delay,
And he who heard what ev'ry fool cou'd ſay,
Wou'd never fix his thoughts, but trim his time away.
The paſſage yet was good, the wind, 'tis true,
Was ſomewhat high, but that was nothing new,
Nor more than uſual *Equinoxes* blew.
The Sun (already from the ſcales declin'd)
Gave little hopes of better days behind,
But change from bad to worſe of weather and of wind.
Nor need they fear the dampneſs of the Sky
Should flag their wings, and hinder them to fly,
'Twas onely water thrown on ſails too dry.

But, leaſt of all *Philoſophy* preſumes
Of truth in dreams, from melancholy fumes:
Perhaps the *Martyn* hous'd in holy ground,
Might think of Ghoſts that walk their midnight round,
Till groſſer atoms tumbling in the ſtream
Of fancy, madly met and clubb'd into a dream.
As little weight his vain preſages bear,
Of ill effect to ſuch alone who fear.
Moſt prophecies are of a piece with theſe,
Each *Noſtradamus* can foretell with eaſe:
Not naming perſons, and confounding times,
One caſual truth ſupports a thouſand lying rimes.

Th' advice was true, but fear had ſeiz'd the moſt,
And all good counſel is on cowards loſt.
The queſtion crudely put, to ſhun delay,
'Twas carry'd by the *major* part to ſtay.

His point thus gain'd, Sir *Martyn* dated thence
His pow'r, and from a Prieſt became a Prince.

He

He order'd all things with a buſie care,
And cells, and refectories did prepare,
And large proviſions laid of winter fare.
But now and then let fall a word or two
Of hope, that heav'n ſome miracle might ſhow,
And, for their ſakes, the ſun ſhou'd backward go;
Againſt the laws of nature upward climb,
And, mounted on the *Ram*, renew the prime:
For which two proofs in Sacred ſtory lay,
Of *Ahaz* dial, and of *Joſhuah*'s day.
In expectation of ſuch times as theſe
A chapel hous'd 'em, truly call'd of eaſe:
For *Martyn* much devotion did not ask,
They pray'd ſometimes, and that was all their task.

It happen'd (as beyond the reach of wit
Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit)
That, this accompliſh'd, or at leaſt in part,
Gave great repute to their new *Merlin*'s art.

Some

Some * *Swifts*, the Gyants of the *Swallow* kind,
Large limb'd, ſtout-hearted, but of ſtupid mind,
(For *Swiſſes*, or for *Gibeonites* deſign'd,)
Theſe Lubbers, peeping through a broken pane,
To ſuck freſh air ſurvey'd the neighbouring plain;
And ſaw (but ſcarcely could believe their eyes)
New Bloſſoms flouriſh, and new flow'rs ariſe;
As God had been abroad, and walking there,
Had left his foot-ſteps, and reform'd the year:
The ſunny hills from far were ſeen to glow
With glittering beams, and in the meads below
The burniſh'd brooks appear'd with liquid gold to flow.
At laſt they heard the fooliſh *Cuckow* ſing,
Whoſe note proclaim'd the holy-day of ſpring.

* *Otherwiſe call'd* Martelets.

No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,
And repoſſeſs their patrimonial sky.
The *Prieſt* before 'em did his wings diſplay;
And, that good omens might attend their way,
As luck wou'd have it, 'twas St. *Martyn*'s day.

Who

This breathing-time the *Matron* took; and then,
Resum'd the thrid of her discourse agen.
Be vengeance wholly left to powr's divine,
And let heav'n judge betwixt your sons and mine:
If joyes hereafter must be purchas'd here
With loss of all that mortals hold so dear,
Then welcome infamy and publick shame,
And, last, a long farewell to worldly fame.
'Tis said with ease, but oh, how hardly try'd
By haughty souls to humane honour ty'd!
O sharp convulsive pangs of agonizing pride!
Down then thou rebell, never more to rise,
And what thou didst, and do'st so dearly prize,
That fame, that darling fame, make that thy sacrifice.
'Tis nothing thou hast giv'n, then add thy tears
For a long race of unrepenting years:
'Tis nothing yet; yet all thou hast to give,
Then add those *may-be* years thou hast to live.

Yet nothing ſtill: then poor, and naked come,
Thy father will receive his unthrift home,
And thy bleſt Saviour's bloud diſcharge the mighty ſum.

Thus (ſhe purſu'd) I diſcipline a ſon
Whoſe uncheck'd fury to revenge wou'd run:
He champs the bit, impatient of his loſs,
And ſtarts a-ſide, and flounders at the croſs.
Inſtruct him better, gracious God, to know,
As thine is vengeance, ſo forgiveneſs too.
That ſuff'ring from ill tongues he bears no more
Than what his Sovereign bears, and what his Saviour bore.

It now remains for you to ſchool your child,
And ask why *God's* anointed he revil'd;
A *King* and *Princeſs* dead! did *Shimei* worſe?
The curſer's puniſhment ſhould fright the curſe:
Your ſon was warn'd, and wiſely gave it o're,
But he who councell'd him, has paid the ſcore:

The heavy malice cou'd no higher tend,
But wo to him on whom the weights deſcend:
So to permitted ills the *Dæmon* flyes:
His rage is aim'd at him who rules the skyes;
Conſtrain'd to quit his cauſe, no ſuccour found,
The foe diſcharges ev'ry Tyre around,
In clouds of ſmoke abandoning the fight,
But his own thund'ring peals proclaim his flight.

In *Henry*'s change his charge as ill ſucceeds,
To that long ſtory little anſwer needs,
Confront but *Henry*'s words with *Henry*'s deeds.
Were ſpace allow'd, with eaſe it might be prov'd,
What ſprings his bleſſed reformation mov'd.
The dire effects appear'd in open ſight,
Which from the cauſe, he calls a diſtant flight,
And yet no larger leap than from the ſun to light.

Now laſt your ſons a double *Pæan* ſound,
A *Treatiſe of Humility* is found.

'Tis found, but better it had ne'er been ſought
Than thus in Proteſtant proceſſion brought.
The fam'd original through *Spain* is known,
Rodriguez work, my celebrated ſon,
Which yours, by ill-tranſlating made his own;
Conceal'd its authour, and uſurp'd the name,
The baſeſt and ignobleſt theft of fame.
My Altars kindl'd firſt that living coal,
Reſtore, or practice better what you ſtole:
That vertue could this humble verſe inſpire,
'Tis all the reſtitution I require.

Glad was the *Panther* that the charge was clos'd;
And none of all her fav'rite ſons expos'd.
For laws of arms permit each injur'd man,
To make himſelf a ſaver where he can.
Perhaps the plunder'd merchant cannot tell
The names of Pirates in whoſe hands he fell:

But at the den of thieves he juſtly flies,
And ev'ry *Algerine* is lawfull prize.
No private perſon in the foes eſtate
Can plead exemption from the publick fate.
Yet Chriſtian laws allow not ſuch redreſs;
Then let the greater ſuperſede the leſs.
But let th' Abbetors of the *Panther's* crime
Learn to make fairer wars another time.
Some characters may ſure be found to write
Among her ſons; for 'tis no common ſight
A ſpotted Dam, and all her offspring white.

The *Salvage*, though ſhe ſaw her plea controll'd,
Yet wou'd not wholly ſeem to quit her hold,
But offer'd fairly to compound the ſtrife;
And judge converſion by the convert's life.
'Tis true, ſhe ſaid, I think it ſomewhat ſtrange
So few ſhou'd follow profitable change:
For preſent joys are more to fleſh and bloud,
Than a dull proſpect of a diſtant good.

'Twas

'Twas well alluded by a ſon of mine,
(I hope to quote him is not to purloin;)
Two magnets, heav'n and earth, allure to bliſs;
The larger loadſtone that, the nearer this:
The weak attraction of the greater fails,
We nodd a-while, but neighbourhood prevails:
But when the greater proves the nearer too,
I wonder more your converts come ſo ſlow.
Methinks in thoſe who firm with me remain,
It ſhows a nobler principle than gain.

Your inf'rence wou'd be ſtrong (the *Hind* reply'd)
If yours were in effect the ſuff'ring ſide:
Your clergy ſons their own in peace poſſeſs,
Nor are their proſpects in reverſion leſs.
My Proſelytes are ſtruck with awfull dread,
Your bloudy Comet-laws hang blazing o're their head.
The reſpite they enjoy but onely lent,
The beſt they have to hope, protracted puniſhment.

Be judge your ſelf, if int'reſt may prevail,
Which motives, yours or mine, will turn the ſcale.
While pride and pomp allure, and plenteous eaſe,
That is, till man's predominant paſſions ceaſe,
Admire no longer at my ſlow encreaſe.

By education moſt have been miſled,
So they believe, becauſe they ſo were bred.
The *Prieſt* continues what the nurſe began,
And thus the child impoſes on the man.
The reſt I nam'd before, nor need repeat:
But int'reſt is the moſt prevailing cheat,
The ſly ſeducer both of age and youth;
They ſtudy that, and think they ſtudy truth:
When int'reſt fortifies an argument
Weak reaſon ſerves to gain the wills aſſent;
For ſouls, already warp'd, receive an eaſie bent.

Add long preſcription of eſtabliſh'd laws,
And picque of honour to maintain a cauſe,

And

And ſhame of change, and fear of future ill,
And Zeal, the blind conductor of the will;
And chief among the ſtill miſtaking crowd,
The fame of teachers obſtinate and proud,
And more than all, the private Judge allow'd.
Diſdain of Fathers which the daunce began,
And laſt, uncertain who's the narrower ſpan,
The clown unread, and half-read gentleman.

To this the *Panther*, with a ſcornfull ſmile:
Yet ſtill you travail with unwearied toil,
And range around the realm without controll
Among my ſons, for Proſelytes to prole,
And here and there you ſnap ſome ſilly ſoul.
You hinted fears of future change in ſtate,
Pray heav'n you did not propheſie your fate;
Perhaps you think your time of triumph near,
But may miſtake the ſeaſon of the year;
The *Swallows* fortune gives you cauſe to fear.

This laſt alluſion gaul'd the *Panther* more,
Becauſe indeed it rubb'd upon the ſore.
Yet ſeem'd ſhe not to winch, though ſhrewdly pain'd:
But thus her Paſſive character maintain'd.

I never grudg'd, whate'er my foes report,
Your flaunting fortune in the *Lyon*'s court.
You have your day, or you are much bely'd,
But I am always on the ſuff'ring ſide:
You know my doctrine, and I need not ſay
I will not, but I cannot diſobey.
On this firm principle I ever ſtood:
He of my ſons who fails to make it good,
By one rebellious act renounces to my bloud.

Ah, ſaid the *Hind*, how many ſons have you
Who call you mother, whom you never knew!
But moſt of them who that relation plead
re ſuch ungratious youths as wiſh you dead.

They gape at rich revenues which you hold,
And fain would nible at your grandame gold;
Enquire into your years, and laugh to find
Your crazy temper ſhews you much declin'd.
Were you not dim, and doted, you might ſee
A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree,
No more of kin to you, than you to me.
Do you not know, that for a little coin,
Heralds can foiſt a name into the line;
They ask you bleſſing but for what you have,
But once poſſeſs'd of what with care you ſave,
The wanton boyes wou'd piſs upon your grave.

Your ſons of Latitude that court your grace,
Though moſt reſembling you in form and face,
Are far the worſt of your pretended race.
And, but I bluſh your honeſty to blot:
Pray god you prove 'em lawfully begot:
For, in ſome *Popiſh* libells I have read,
The *Wolf* has been too buſie in your bed.

At leaſt their hinder parts, the belly-piece,
The paunch, and all that *Scorpio* claims are his.
Their malice too a ſore ſuſpicion brings;
For though they dare not bark, they ſnarl at kings:
Nor blame 'em for intruding in your line,
Fat Biſhopricks are ſtill of right divine.

Think you your new *French* Proſelytes are come
To ſtarve abroad, becauſe they ſtarv'd at home?
Your benefices twinckl'd from afar,
They found the new *Meſſiah* by the ſtar:
Thoſe *Swiſſes* fight on any ſide for pay,
And 'tis the living that conforms, not they.
Mark with what management their tribes divide,
Some ſtick to you, and ſome to t'other ſide,
That many churches may for many mouths provide.
More vacant pulpits wou'd more converts make,
All wou'd have Latitude enough to take;

The reſt unbenefic'd, your ſects maintain:
For ordinations without cures are vain,
And chamber practice is a ſilent gain.
Your ſons of breadth at home, are much like theſe,
Their ſoft and yielding metals run with eaſe;
They melt, and take the figure of the mould:
But harden, and preſerve it beſt in gold.

Your *Delphick* Sword, the *Panther* then reply'd,
Is double edg'd, and cuts on either ſide.
Some ſons of mine who bear upon their ſhield,
Three ſteeples Argent in a ſable field,
Have ſharply tax'd your converts, who unfed
Have follow'd you for miracles of bread;
Such who themſelves of no religion are,
Allur'd with gain, for any will declare.
Bare lyes with bold aſſertions they can face,
But dint of argument is out of place.
The grim Logician puts 'em in a fright,
'Tis eaſier far to flouriſh than to fight.

Thus

Thus our eighth *Henry*'s marriage they defame;
They ſay the ſchiſm of beds began the game,
Divorcing from the *Church* to wed the Dame.
Though largely prov'd, and by himſelf profeſs'd
That conſcience, conſcience wou'd not let him reſt:
I mean, not till poſſeſs'd of her he lov'd,
And old, uncharming *Catherine* was remov'd.
For ſundry years before did he complain,
And told his ghoſtly Confeſſour his pain.
With the ſame impudence, without a ground,
They ſay, that look the reformation round,
No *Treatiſe of Humility* is found.
But if none were, the Goſpel does not want,
Our *Saviour* preach'd it, and I hope you grant,
The Sermon in the mount was *Proteſtant*:

No doubt, reply'd the *Hind*, as ſure as all
The writings of Saint *Peter* and Saint *Paul*.
On that deciſion let it ſtand or fall.

Now for my converts, who you ſay unfed
Have follow'd me for miracles of bread,
Judge not by hear-ſay, but obſerve at leaſt,
If ſince their change, their loaves have been increaſt.
The *Lyon* buyes no Converts, if he did,
Beaſts wou'd be ſold as faſt as he cou'd bid.
Tax thoſe of int'reſt who conform for gain,
Or ſtay the market of another reign.
Your broad-way ſons wou'd never be too nice
To cloſe with *Calvin*, if he paid their price;
But rais'd three ſteeples high'r, wou'd change their note,
And quit the Caſſock for the Canting-coat.
Now, if you damn this cenſure, as too bold,
Judge by your ſelves, and think not others ſold.

Mean-time my ſons accus'd, by fames report
Pay ſmall attendance at the *Lyon's* court,
Nor riſe with early crowds, nor flatter late,
(For ſilently they beg who daily wait.)

Prefer-

Preferment is beſtow'd that comes unſought,
Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought.
How they ſhou'd ſpeed, their fortune is untry'd,
For not to ask, is not to be deny'd.
For what they have, their *God* and *King* they bleſs,
And hope they ſhou'd not murmur, had they leſs.
But, if reduc'd ſubſiſtence to implore,
In common prudence they wou'd paſs your door;
Unpitty'd *Hudibraſs*, your Champion friend,
Has ſhown how far your charities extend.
This laſting verſe ſhall on his tomb be read,
He ſham'd you living, and upbraids you dead.

With odious *Atheiſt* names you load your foes,
Your lib'ral *Clergy* why did I expoſe?
It never fails in charities like thoſe.
In climes where true religion is profeſs'd,
That imputation were no laughing jeſt.
But *Imprimatur*, with a Chaplain's name,
Is here ſufficient licence to defame.

What

What wonder is't that black detraction thrives,
The Homicide of names is leſs than lives;
And yet the perjur'd murtherer ſurvives.

This ſaid, ſhe paus'd a little, and ſuppreſs'd
The boiling indignation of her breaſt;
She knew the vertue of her blade, nor wou'd
Pollute her ſatyr with ignoble bloud:
Her panting foes ſhe ſaw before her lye,
And back ſhe drew the ſhining weapon dry:
So when the gen'rous *Lyon* has in ſight
His equal match, he rouſes for the fight;
But when his foe lyes proſtrate on the plain,
He ſheaths his paws, uncurls his angry mane;
And, pleas'd with bloudleſs honours of the day,
Walks over, and diſdains th' inglorious Prey,
So *JAMES*, if great with leſs we may compare,
Arreſts his rowling thunder-bolts in air;
And grants ungratefull friends a lengthn'd ſpace,
T'implore the remnants of long ſuff'ring grace.

This

Who but the *Swallow* now triumphs alone,
The Canopy of heaven is all her own,
Her youthfull offspring to their haunts repair;
And glide along in glades, and skim in air,
And dip for inſects in the purling ſprings,
And ſtoop on rivers to refreſh their wings.
Their mothers think a fair proviſion made,
That ev'ry ſon can live upon his trade,
And now the carefull charge is off their hands,
Look out for husbands, and new nuptial bands:
The youthfull widow longs to be ſupply'd;
But firſt the lover is by Lawyers ty'd
To ſettle jointure-chimneys on the bride.
So thick they couple, in ſo ſhort a ſpace,
That *Martyns* marr'age offrings riſe apace;
Their ancient houſes, running to decay,
Are furbiſh'd up, and cemented with clay;
They teem already; ſtore of eggs are laid,
And brooding mothers call *Lucina*'s aid.

Fame ſpreads the news, and foreign fowls appear
In flocks to greet the new returning year,
To bleſs the founder, and partake the cheer.

And now 'twas time (ſo faſt their numbers riſe)
To plant abroad, and people colonies;
The youth drawn forth, as *Martyn* had deſir'd,
(For ſo their cruel deſtiny requir'd)
Were ſent far off on an ill fated day;
The reſt wou'd need conduct 'em on their way,
And *Martyn* went, becauſe he fear'd alone to ſtay.

So long they flew with inconſiderate haſte
That now their afternoon began to waſte;
And, what was ominous, that very morn
The Sun was entr'd into *Capricorn*;
Which, by their bad Aſtronomers account,
That week the virgin balance ſhou'd remount;
An infant moon eclips'd him in his way,
And hid the ſmall remainders of his day:

The

The crow'd amaz'd, purſu'd no certain mark;
But birds met birds, and juſtled in the dark;
Few mind the publick in a Panick fright;
And fear increas'd the horrour of the night.
Night came, but unattended with repoſe,
Alone ſhe came, no ſleep their eyes to cloſe,
Alone, and black ſhe came, no friendly ſtars aroſe.

What ſhou'd they doe, beſet with dangers round,
No neighb'ring Dorp, no lodging to be found,
But bleaky plains, and bare unhoſpitable ground.
The latter brood, who juſt began to fly
Sick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the sky,
For ſuccour to their helpleſs mother call,
She ſpread her wings; ſome few beneath 'em craul,
She ſpread 'em wider yet, but cou'd not cover all.
T'augment their woes, the winds began to move
Debate in air, for empty fields above,
Till *Boreas* got the skyes, and powr'd amain
His ratling hail-ſtones mix'd with ſnow and rain.

The joyleſs morning late aroſe, and found
A dreadfull deſolation reign a-round,
Some buried in the Snow, ſome frozen to the ground:
The reſt were ſtrugling ſtill with death, and lay
The *Crows* and *Ravens* rights, an undefended prey;
Excepting *Martyn*'s race, for they and he
Had gain'd the ſhelter of a hollow tree,
But ſoon diſcover'd by a ſturdy clown,
He headed all the rabble of a town,
And finiſh'd 'em with bats, or poll'd 'em down.
Martyn himſelf was caught a-live, and try'd
For treas'nous crimes, becauſe the laws provide
No *Martyn* there in winter ſhall abide.
High on an Oak which never leaf ſhall bear,
He breath'd his laſt, expos'd to open air,
And there his corps, unbleſs'd, are hanging ſtill,
To ſhow the change of winds with his prophetick bill.

The

The patience of the *Hind* did almoſt fail,
For well ſhe mark'd the malice of the tale:
Which Ribbald art their church to *Luther* owes,
In malice it began, by malice grows,
He ſow'd the *Serpent*'s teeth, an iron-harveſt roſe.
But moſt in *Martyn*'s character and fate,
She ſaw her ſlander'd ſons, the *Panther*'s hate,
The people's rage, the perſecuting ſtate:
Then ſaid, I take th' advice in friendly part,
You clear your conſcience, or at leaſt your heart:
Perhaps you fail'd in your fore-ſeeing skill,
For *Swallows* are unlucky birds to kill:
As for my ſons, the family is bleſs'd,
Whoſe ev'ry child is equal to the reſt:
No church reform'd can boaſt a blameleſs line;
Such *Martyns* build in yours, and more than mine:
Or elſe an old fanatick Authour lyes
Who ſumm'd their Scandals up by Centuries.

But, through your parable I plainly ſee
The bloudy laws, the crowds barbarity:
The ſun-ſhine that offends the purblind ſight,
Had ſome their wiſhes, it wou'd ſoon be night.
Miſtake me not, the charge concerns not you,
Your ſons are male-contents, but yet are true,
As far as non-reſiſtance makes 'em ſo,
But that's a word of neutral ſenſe you know,
A paſſive term which no relief will bring,
But trims betwixt a rebell and a king.

Reſt well aſſur'd the *Pardelis* reply'd,
My ſons wou'd all ſupport the regal ſide,
Though heav'n forbid the cauſe by battel ſhou'd be try'd.

The Matron anſwer'd with a loud Amen,
And thus purſu'd her argument agen.
If as you ſay, and as I hope no leſs,
Your ſons will practiſe what your ſelf profeſs,
What angry pow'r prevents our preſent peace?

The *Lyon*, ſtudious of our common good,
Deſires, (and Kings deſires are ill withſtood,)
To join our Nations in a laſting love;
The barrs betwixt are eaſie to remove,
For ſanguinary laws were never made above
If you condemn that Prince of Tyranny
Whoſe mandate forc'd your *Gallick* friends to fly,
Make not a worſe example of your own,
Or ceaſe to rail at cauſeleſs rigour ſhown,
And let the guiltleſs perſon throw the ſtone.
His blunted ſword, your ſuff'ring brotherhood
Have ſeldom felt, he ſtops it ſhort of bloud:
But you have ground the perſecuting knife,
And ſet it to a razor edge on life.
Curs'd be the wit which cruelty refines,
Or to his father's rod the *Scorpion* joins;
Your finger is more groſs than the great Monarch's loins.
But you perhaps remove that bloudy note,
And ſtick it on the firſt Reformers coat.

Oh let their crime in long oblivion ſleep,
'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep.
Unjuſt, or juſt, is all the queſtion now,
'Tis plain, that not repealing you allow.

To name the Teſt wou'd put you in a rage,
You charge not that on any former age,
But ſmile to think how innocent you ſtand
Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand.
Yet ſtill remember that you weild a ſword
Forg'd by your foes againſt your Sovereign Lord.
Deſign'd to hew th' imperial Cedar down,
Defraud Succeſſion, and diſ-heir the Crown.
T' abhor the makers, and their laws approve,
Is to hate Traytors, and the treaſon love.
What means it elſe, which now your children ſay,
We made it not, nor will we take away.

Suppoſe

Suppoſe ſome great Oppreſſor had by ſlight
Of law, diſſeis'd your brother of his right,
Your common ſire ſurrendring in a fright;
Would you to that unrighteous title ſtand,
Meft by the villain's will to heir the land?
More juſt was *Judas*, who his Saviour ſold;
The ſacrilegious bribe he cou'd not hold,
Nor hang in peace, before he rendr'd back the gold.
What more could you have done, than now you doe,
Had *Oates* and *Bedlow*, and their Plot been true?
Some ſpecious reaſons for thoſe wrongs were found;
The dire Magicians threw their miſts around,
And wiſe men walk'd as on inchanted ground.
But now when time has made th' impoſture plain,
(Late though he follow'd truth, & limping held her train,)
What new deluſion charms your cheated eyes again?
The painted Harlot might awhile bewitch,
But why the Hag uncas'd, and all obſcene with itch?

The firſt Reformers were a modeſt race,
Our Peers poſſeſs'd in peace their native place:
And when rebellious arms o'return'd the ſtate,
They ſuffer'd onely in the common fate;
But now the Sov'reign mounts the regal chair
And mitr'd ſeats are full, yet *David*'s bench is bare:
Your anſwer is, they were not diſpoſſeſs'd,
They need but rub their mettle on the Teſt
To prove their ore: 'twere well if gold alone
Were touch'd and try'd on your diſcerning ſtone;
But that unfaithfull Teſt, unfound will paſs
The droſs of Atheiſts, and ſectarian braſs:
As if th' experiment were made to hold
For baſe productions, and reject the gold:
Thus men ungodded may to places riſe,
And ſects may be preferr'd without diſguiſe:
No danger to the church or ſtate from theſe,
The Papiſt onely has his Writ of eaſe.

No gainfull office gives him the pretence
To grind the Subject or defraud the Prince.
Wrong conſcience, or no conſcience may deſerve
To thrive, but ours alone is privileg'd to ſterve.

Still thank your ſelves you cry, your noble race
We baniſh not, but they forſake the place.
Our doors are open: true, but e'er they come,
You toſs your cenſing Teſt, and fume the room;
As if 'twere *Toby*'s rival to expell,
And fright the fiend who could not bear the ſmell.

To this the *Panther* ſharply had reply'd,
But, having gain'd a Verdict on her ſide,
She wiſely gave the loſer leave to chide;
Well ſatisfy'd to have the But and peace,
And for the Plaintiff's cauſe ſhe car'd the leſs,
Becauſe ſhe ſu'd in *formâ Pauperis*;
Yet thought it decent ſomething ſhou'd be ſaid,
For ſecret guilt by ſilence is betray'd:

So neither granted all, nor much deny'd,
But anſwer'd with a yawning kind of pride.

Methinks ſuch terms of proferr'd peace you bring
As once *Æneas* to th' *Italian* King:
By long poſſeſſion all the land is mine,
You ſtrangers come with your intruding line,
To ſhare my ſceptre, which you call to join.
You plead like him an ancient Pedigree,
And claim a peacefull ſeat by fates decree.
In ready pomp your Sacrificer ſtands,
T'unite the *Trojan* and the *Latin* bands,
And that the League more firmly may be ty'd,
Demand the fair *Lavinia* for your bride.
Thus plauſibly you veil th' intended wrong,
But ſtill you bring your exil'd gods along;
And will endeavour in ſucceeding ſpace,
Thoſe houſhold Poppits on our hearths to place.
Perhaps ſome barb'rous laws have been preferr'd,
I ſpake againſt the *Teſt*, but was not heard;

Theſe to reſcind, and Peerage to reſtore,
My gracious Sov'reign wou'd my vote implore:
I owe him much, but owe my conſcience more.

Conſcience is then your Plea, reply'd the Dame,
Which well-inform'd will ever be the ſame.
But yours is much of the *Camelion* hew,
To change the dye with ev'ry diff'rent view.
When firſt the *Lyon* ſat with awfull ſway
Your conſcience taught you duty to obey:
He might have had your Statutes and your Teſt,
No conſcience but of ſubjects was profeſs'd.
He found your temper, and no farther try'd,
But on that broken reed your church rely'd.
In vain the ſects aſſay'd their utmoſt art
With offer'd treaſure to eſpouſe their part,
Their treaſures were a bribe too mean to move his heart.
But when by long experience you had proov'd,
How far he cou'd forgive, how well he lov'd;

A good-

A goodneſs that excell'd his godlike race,
And onely ſhort of heav'ns unbounded grace:
A floud of mercy that o'erflow'd our Iſle,
Calm in the riſe, and fruitfull as the *Nile*,
Forgetting whence your *Ægypt* was ſupply'd,
You thought your Sov'reign bound to ſend the tide:
Nor upward look'd on that immortal ſpring,
But vainly deem'd, he durſt not be a king:
Then conſcience, unreſtrain'd by fear, began
To ſtretch her limits, and extend the ſpan,
Did his indulgence as her gift diſpoſe,
And made a wiſe Alliance with her foes.
Can conſcience own th' aſſociating name,
And raiſe no bluſhes to conceal her ſhame?
For ſure ſhe has been thought a baſhfull Dame.
But if the cauſe by battel ſhou'd be try'd,
You grant ſhe muſt eſpouſe the regal ſide:
O *Proteus* Conſcience, never to be ty'd!
What *Phœbus* from the *Tripod* ſhall diſcloſe,
Which are in laſt reſort, your friends or foes?

Homer,

Homer, who learn'd the language of the sky,
The seeming *Gordian* knot wou'd soon unty;
Immortal pow'rs the term of conscience know,
But int'rest is her name with men below.

Conscience or int'rest be't, or both in one;
(The *Panther* answer'd in a surly tone,)
The first commands me to maintain the Crown,
The last forbids to throw my barriers down.
Our penal laws no sons of yours admit,
Our *Test* excludes your Tribe from benefit.
These are my banks your ocean to withstand,
Which proudly rising overlooks the land:
And once let in, with unresisted sway
Wou'd sweep the Pastors and their flocks away.
Think not my judgment leads me to comply
With laws unjust, but hard necessity:
Imperious need which cannot be withstood
Makes ill authentick, for a greater good.

Poſſeſs your ſoul with patience, and attend:
A more auſpicious Planet may aſcend;
Good fortune may preſent ſome happier time,
With means to cancell my unwilling crime;
(Unwilling, witneſs all ye Pow'rs above)
To mend my errours and redeem your love:
That little ſpace you ſafely may allow,
Your all-diſpenſing pow'r protects you now.

Hold, ſaid the *Hind*, 'tis needleſs to explain;
You wou'd *poſtpone* me to another reign:
Till when you are content to be unjuſt,
Your part is to poſſeſs, and mine to truſt.
A fair exchange propos'd of future chance,
For preſent profit and inheritance:
Few words will ſerve to finiſh our diſpute,
Who will not now repeal wou'd perſecute;
To ripen green revenge your hopes attend,
Wiſhing that happier Planet wou'd aſcend:

For ſhame let Conſcience be your Plea no more,
To will hereafter, proves ſhe might before;
But ſhe's a Bawd to gain, and holds the Door.

Your care about your Banks, infers a fear
Of threatning Floods, and Inundations near;
If ſo, a juſt Repriſe would only be
Of what the Land uſurp'd upon the Sea;
And all your Jealouſies but ſerve to ſhow
Your Ground is, like your Neighbour-Nation, low.
T' intrench in what you grant unrighteous Laws,
Is to diſtruſt the juſtice of your Cauſe;
And argues that the true Religion lyes
In thoſe weak Adverſaries you deſpiſe.

Tyrannick force is that which leaſt you fear,
The ſound is frightfull in a Chriſtian's ear;
Avert it, Heav'n; nor let that Plague be ſent
To us from the diſpeopled Continent.

But Piety commands me to refrain;
Thoſe Pray'rs are needleſs in this Monarch's Reign.
Behold! how he protects your Friends oppreſt,
Receives the Baniſh'd, ſuccours the Diſtreſs'd:
Behold, for you may read an honeſt open Breaſt.
He ſtands in Day-light, and diſdains to hide
An Act to which, by Honour he is ty'd,
A generous, laudable, and Kingly Pride.
Your Teſt he would repeal, his Peers reſtore,
This when he ſays he means, he means no more.

Well, ſaid the *Panther*, I believe him juſt,
And yet——

And yet, 'tis but becauſe you muſt,
You would be truſted, but you would not truſt.
The *Hind* thus briefly; and diſdain'd t' inlarge
On Pow'r of *Kings*, and their Superiour charge,

As

As Heav'ns Truſtees before the Peoples choice:
Tho' ſure the *Panther* did not much rejoyce
To hear thoſe *Echo*'s giv'n of her once Loyal voice.

The *Matron* woo'd her Kindneſs to the laſt,
But cou'd not win; her hour of Grace was paſt.
Whom, thus perſiſting, when ſhe could not bring
To leave the *Woolf*, and to believe her King,
She gave Her up, and fairly wiſh'd her Joy
Of her late Treaty with her new Ally:
Which well ſhe hop'd wou'd more ſucceſsfull prove,
Than was the *Pigeons*, and the *Buzzards* love.
The *Panther* ask'd, what concord there cou'd be
Betwixt two kinds whoſe Natures diſagree?
The *Dame* reply'd, 'Tis ſung in ev'ry Street,
The common chat of Goſſips when they meet:
But, ſince unheard by you, 'tis worth your while
To take a wholeſome Tale, tho' told in homely ſtile.

A Plain good Man, whoſe Name is underſtood,
(So few deſerve the name of Plain and Good)
Of three fair lineal Lordſhips ſtood poſſeſs'd,
And liv'd, as reaſon was, upon the beſt;
Inur'd to hardſhips from his early Youth,
Much had he done, and ſuffer'd for his truth:
At Land, and Sea, in many a doubtfull Fight,
Was never known a more adven'trous Knight,
Who oftner drew his Sword, and always for the right.

As fortune wou'd (his fortune came tho' late)
He took Poſſeſſion of his juſt Eſtate:
Nor rack'd his Tenants with increaſe of Rent,
Nor liv'd too ſparing, nor too largely ſpent;
But overlook'd his *Hinds*, their Pay was juſt,
And ready, for he ſcorn'd to go on truſt:
Slow to reſolve, but in performance quick;
So true, that he was awkard at a trick.

For

For little Souls on little ſhifts rely,
And coward Arts of mean Expedients try:
The noble Mind will dare do any thing but lye.
Falſe Friends, (his deadlieſt foes,) could find no way
But ſhows of honeſt bluntneſs to betray;
That unſuſpected plainneſs he believ'd;
He look'd into Himſelf, and was deceiv'd.
Some lucky Planet ſure attends his Birth,
Or Heav'n wou'd make a Miracle on Earth;
For proſp'rous Honeſty is ſeldom ſeen:
To bear ſo dead a weight, and yet to win.
It looks as Fate with Nature's Law would ſtrive,
To ſhew Plain dealing once an age may thrive:
And, when ſo tough a frame ſhe could not bend,
Exceeded her Commiſſion to befriend.

This gratefull man, as Heav'n encreas'd his Store,
Gave *God* again, and daily fed his Poor;
His Houſe with all convenience was purvey'd;
The reſt he found, but rais'd the Fabrick where he pray'd;

And

And in that Sacred Place, his beauteous Wife
Employ'd Her happieſt hours of Holy Life.

Nor did their Alms extend to thoſe alone
Whom common Faith more ſtrictly made their own;
A ſort of *Doves* were hous'd too near their Hall,
Who croſs the Proverb, and abound with Gall.
Tho' ſome 'tis true, are paſſively inclin'd,
The greater Part degenerate from their kind;
Voracious Birds, that hotly Bill and breed,
And largely drink, becauſe on Salt they feed.
Small Gain from them their Bounteous Owner draws;
Yet, bound by Promiſe, he ſupports their Cauſe,
As Corporations priviledg'd by Laws.

That Houſe which harbour to their kind affords
Was built, long ſince, God knows, for better Birds;
But flutt'ring there they neſtle near the Throne,
And lodge in Habitations not their own,
By their high Crops, and Corny Gizzards known.

Like

Like *Harpy's* they could ſcent a plenteous board,
Then to be ſure they never fail'd their Lord.
The reſt was form, and bare Attendance paid,
They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd.
The more they fed, they raven'd ſtill for more,
They drain'd from *Dan*, and left *Beerſheba* poor;
All this they had by Law, and none repin'd,
The pref'rence was but due to *Levi's* Kind,
But when ſome Lay-preferment fell by chance
The Gourmands made it their Inheritance.
When once poſſeſs'd, they never quit their Claim,
For then 'tis ſanctify'd to Hea'vens high Name;
And Hallow'd thus they cannot give Conſent,
The Gift ſhould be prophan'd by Wordly management.

Their Fleſh was never to the Table ſerv'd,
Tho' 'tis not thence inferr'd the Birds were ſtarv'd;
But that their Maſter did not like the Food,
As rank, and breeding Melancholy Blood.

Nor

Nor did it with His Gracious Nature ſuite,
Ev'n tho' they were not Doves, to perſecute:
Yet He refus'd, (nor could they take Offence)
Their Glutton Kind ſhould teach him abſtinence.
Nor Conſecrated Grain their Wheat he thought,
Which new from treading in their Bills they brought:
But left his Hinds, each in his Private Pow'r,
That thoſe who like the Bran might leave the Flow'r.
He for himſelf, and not for others choſe,
Nor would He be impos'd on, nor impoſe;
But in their Faces His Devotion paid,
And Sacrifice with Solemn Rites was made,
And Sacred Incenſe on His Altars laid.

Beſides theſe jolly Birds, whoſe Crops impure,
Repay'd their Commons with their Salt Manure;
Another Farm he had behind his Houſe,
Not overſtock't, but barely for his uſe;
Wherein his poor Domeſtick Poultry fed,
And from His Pious Hands receiv'd their Bread.

Our

Our pamper'd Pigeons with malignant Eyes,
Beheld theſe Inmates, and their Nurſeries:
Tho' hard their fare, at Ev'ning, and at Morn
A Cruiſe of Water and an Ear of Corn;
Yet ſtill they grudg'd that Modicum, and thought
A Sheaf in ev'ry ſingle Grain was brought;
Fain would they filch that little Food away,
While unreſtrain'd thoſe happy Gluttons prey.
And much they griev'd to ſee ſo nigh their Hall,
The Bird that warn'd St. *Peter* of his Fall;
That he ſhould raiſe his miter'd Creſt on high,
And clap his Wings, and call his Family
To Sacred Rites; and vex th' Etherial Pow'rs
With midnight Mattins, at uncivil Hours:
Nay more, his quiet Neighbours ſhould moleſt,
Juſt in the ſweetneſs of their Morning reſt.

Beaſt of a Bird, ſupinely when he might
Lye ſnugg and ſleep, to riſe before the light:

What if his dull Forefathers us'd that cry,
Cou'd he not let a Bad Example dye?
The VVorld was fall'n into an eaſier way;
This Age knew better, than to Faſt and Pray.
Good Senſe in Sacred VVorſhip would appear
So to begin, as they might end the year.
Such feats in former times had wrought the falls
Of crowing Chanticleers in Cloyſter'd VValls.
Expell'd for this, and for their Lands they fled;
And Siſter Partlet with her hooded head
Was hooted hence, becauſe ſhe would not pray a Bed.
The way to win the reſtiff, World to God,
Was to lay by the Diſciplining Rod,
Unnatural Faſts, and Foreign Forms of Pray'r;
Religion frights us with a meen ſevere.
'Tis Prudence to reform her into Eaſe,
And put Her in Undreſs to make Her pleas:
A lively Faith will bear aloft the Mind,
And leave the Luggage of Good VVorks behind.

Such Doctrines in the Pigeon-houſe were taught,
You need not ask how wondrouſly they wrought;
But ſure the common Cry was all for theſe
Whoſe Life, and Precept both encourag'd Eaſe.
Yet fearing thoſe alluring Baits might fail,
And Holy Deeds o're all their Arts prevail:
(For Vice, tho' frontleſs, and of harden'd Face
Is daunted at the ſight of awfull Grace)
An hideous Figure of their Foes they drew,
Nor Lines, nor Looks, nor Shades, nor Colours true;
And this Groteſque deſign, expos'd to Publick view.
One would have thought it ſome Ægyptian Piece,
With Garden-Gods, and barking Deities,
More thick than *Ptolomey* has ſtuck the Skies.
All ſo perverſe a Draught, ſo far unlike,
It was no Libell where it meant to ſtrike:
Yet ſtill the daubing pleas'd, and Great and Small
To view the Monſter crowded Pigeon-hall.

There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees
Adoring Shrines, and Stocks of Sainted Trees,
And by him, a miſhapen, ugly Race;
The Curſe of God was ſeen on ev'ry Face:
No *Holland* Emblem could that Malice mend,
But ſtill the worſe the look the fitter for a Fiend.

The Maſter of the Farm diſpleas'd to find
So much of Rancour in ſo mild a kind,
Enquir'd into the Cauſe, and came to know,
The Paſſive Church had ſtruck the foremoſt blow:
VVith groundleſs Fears, and Jealouſies poſſeſt,
As if this troubleſome intruding Gueſt
VVould drive the Birds of *Venus*, from their Neſt.
A Deed his inborn Equity abhorr'd,
But Int'reſt will not truſt, tho God ſhould plight his Word.

A Law, the Source of many Future harms,
Had baniſh'd all the Poultry from the Farms;

With

With loſs of Life, if any ſhould be found
To crow or peck on this forbidden Ground.
That Bloody Statute chiefly was deſign'd
For *Chanticleer* the white, of Clergy kind;
But after-malice did not long forget
The Lay that wore the Robe, and Coronet;
For them, for their Inferiours and Allyes,
Their Foes a deadly *Shibboleth* deviſe:
By which unrighteouſly it was decreed,
That none to Truſt, or Profit ſhould ſucceed,
Who would not ſwallow firſt a poyſonous wicked Weed:
Or that, to which old *Socrates* was curs't,
Or Henbane-Juice to ſwell 'em till they burſt,
The Patron (as in reaſon) thought it hard
To ſee this Inquiſition in his Yard,
By which the Soveraign was of Subjects uſe debarr'd.

All gentle means he try'd, which might withdraw
Th' Effects of ſo unnatural a Law:

But ſtill the Dove-houſe obſtinately ſtood
Deaf to their own, and to their Neighbours good:
And which was worſe, (if any worſe could be)
Repented of their boaſted Loyalty:
Now made the Champions of a cruel Cauſe,
And drunk with Fumes of Popular Applauſe;
For thoſe whom God to ruine has deſign'd,
He fits for Fate, and firſt deſtroys their Mind.

New Doubts indeed they daily ſtrove to raiſe,
Suggeſted Dangers, interpos'd Delays;
And Emiſſary Pigeons had in ſtore,
Such as the *Meccan* Prophet us'd of yore,
To whiſper Counſels in their Patrons Ear;
And veil'd their falſe Advice with Zealous Fear.
The Maſter ſmil'd to ſee 'em work in vain,
To wear him out, and make an idle reign:
He ſaw, but ſuffer'd their Protractive Arts,
And ſtrove by mildneſs to reduce their Hearts;

But they abus'd that Grace to make Allyes,
And fondly clos'd with former Enemies;
For Fools are double Fools, endeav'ring to be wise.

After a grave Consult what course were best,
One more mature in Folly than the rest,
Stood up, and told 'em, with his head aside,
That desp'rate Cures must be to desp'rate Ills apply'd:
And therefore since their main impending fear
Was from th' encreasing race of *Chanticleer*:
Some Potent Bird of Prey they ought to find,
A Foe profess'd to him, and all his kind:
Some haggar'd *Hawk*, who had her eyry nigh,
Well pounc'd to fasten, and well wing'd to fly;
One they might trust, their common wrongs to wreak:
The *Musquet*, and the *Coystrel* were too weak,
Too fierce the *Falcon*, but above the rest,
The noble *Buzzard* ever pleas'd me best;
Of small Renown, 'tis true, for not to lye,
We call him but a *Hawk* by courtesie.

I know he haunts the *Pigeon*-Houſe and Farm,
And more, in time of War, has done us harm;
But all his hate on trivial Points depends,
Give up our Forms, and we ſhall ſoon be friends.
For *Pigeons* fleſh he ſeems not much to care,
Cram'd *Chickens* are a more delicious fare;
On this high Potentate, without delay,
I wiſh you would conferr the Sovereign ſway:
Petition him t' accept the Government,
And let a ſplendid Embaſſy be ſent.

This pithy Speech prevail'd, and all agreed,
Old Enmity's forgot, the *Buzzard* ſhould ſucceed.

Their welcom Suit was granted ſoon as heard,
His Lodgings furniſh'd, and a Train prepar'd,
With *B's* upon their Breaſt, appointed for his Guard.
He came, and Crown'd with great Solemnity,
God ſave King *Buzzard*, was the gen'rall cry.

As

A Portly Prince, and goodly to the sight,
He seem'd a Son of *Anach* for his height:
Like those whom stature did to Crowns prefer;
Black-brow'd, and bluff, like *Homer's Jupiter:*
Broad-back'd, and Brawny built for Loves delight,
A Prophet form'd, to make a female Proselyte.
A Theologue more by need, than genial bent,
By Breeding sharp, by Nature confident.
Int'rest in all his Actions was discern'd;
More learn'd than Honest, more a Wit than learn'd.
Or forc'd by Fear, or by his Profit led,
Or both conjoyn'd, his Native clime he fled:
But brought the Vertues of his Heav'n along;
A fair Behaviour, and a fluent Tongue.
And yet with all his Arts he could not thrive;
The most unlucky Parasite alive.
Loud Praises to prepare his Paths he sent,
And then himself pursu'd his Compliment:

But, by reverſe of Fortune chac'd away,
His Gifts no longer than their Author ſtay:
He ſhakes the Duſt againſt th' ungrateful race,
And leaves the ſtench of Ordures in the place.
Oft has he flatter'd, and blaſphem'd the ſame,
For in his Rage, he ſpares no Sov'rains name:
The Hero, and the Tyrant change their ſtyle
By the ſame meaſure that they frown or ſmile;
When well receiv'd by hoſpitable Foes,
The kindneſs he returns, is to expoſe:
For Courteſies, tho' undeſerv'd and great,
No gratitude in Fellon-minds beget,
As tribute to his VVit, the churl receives the treat.
His praiſe of Foes is venemouſly Nice,
So touch'd, it turns a Vertue to a Vice:
A Greek, *and bountiful forewarns us twice.*
Sev'n Sacraments he wiſely do's diſown,
Becauſe he knows Confeſſion ſtands for one;
Where Sins to ſacred ſilence are convey'd,
And not for Fear, or Love, to be betray'd:

But

But he, uncall'd, his Patron to controul,
Divulg'd the ſecret whiſpers of his Soul:
Stood forth th' accuſing Sathan of his Crimes,
And offer'd to the *Moloch* of the Times.
Prompt to aſſayle, and careleſs of defence,
Invulnerable in his Impudence;
He dares the VVorld, and eager of a name,
He thruſts about, and juſtles into fame.
Frontleſs, and Satyr-proof he ſcowr's the ſtreets,
And runs an *Indian* muck at all he meets.
So fond of loud Report, that not to miſs
Of being known (his laſt and utmoſt bliſs)
He rather would be known, for what he is.

Such was, and is the Captain of the teſt,
Tho' half his Vertues are not here expreſs't;
The modeſty of Fame conceals the reſt.
The ſpleenful *Pigeons* never could create
A Prince more proper to revenge their hate:

Indeed, more proper to revenge, than ſave;
A King, whom in his wrath, th' Almighty gave:
For all the Grace the Landlord had allow'd,
But made the *Buzzard* and the *Pigeons* proud;
Gave time to fix their Friends, and to ſeduce the crowd.
They long their Fellow-Subjects to inthrall,
Their Patrons promiſe into queſtion call,
And vainly think he meant to make 'em Lords of all.

Falſe Fears their Leaders fail'd not to ſuggeſt,
As if the *Doves* were to be diſpoſſeſs't;
Nor Sighs, nor Groans, nor gogling Eyes did want;
For now the *Pigeons* too had learn'd to Cant.
The Houſe of Pray'r is ſtock'd with large encreaſe;
Nor Doors, nor Windows can contain the Preſs:
For Birds of ev'ry feather fill th' abode;
Ev'n Atheiſts out of envy own a God:
And reeking from the Stews, Adult'rers come,
Like *Goths* and *Vandals* to demoliſh *Rome*.

That

That Conſcience which to all their Crimes was mute,
Now calls aloud, and cryes to Perſecute.
No rigour of the Laws to be releas'd,
And much the leſs, becauſe it was their Lords requeſt:
They thought it great their Sov'rain to controul,
And nam'd their Pride, Nobility of Soul.

'Tis true, the *Pigeons*, and their Prince Elect
Were ſhort of Pow'r their purpoſe to effect:
But with their Quills, did all the hurt they cou'd,
And cuff'd the tender *Chickens* from their food:
And much the *Buzzard* in their Cauſe did ſtir,
Tho' naming not the Patron, to infer
With all reſpect, He was a groſs Idolater.

But when th' Imperial owner did eſpy
That thus they turn'd his Grace to villany,
Not ſuff'ring wrath to diſcompoſe his mind,
He ſtrove a temper for th' extreams to find,
So to be juſt, as he might ſtill be kind.

Then,

Then, all Maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a Doom
Of Sacred Strength for ev'ry Age to come.
By this the Doves their Wealth and State poſſeſs,
No Rights infring'd, but Licence to oppreſs:
Such Pow'r have they as Factious Lawyers long
To Crowns aſcrib'd, that Kings can do no wrong.
But, ſince His own Domeſtick Birds have try'd
The dire Effects of their deſtructive Pride,
He deems that Proof a Meaſure to the reſt,
Concluding well within his Kingly Breaſt,
His Fowl of Nature too unjuſtly were oppreſt.
He therefore makes all Birds of ev'ry Sect
Free of his Farm, with promiſe to reſpect
Their ſev'ral Kinds alike, and equally protect.
His Gracious Edict the ſame Franchiſe yields
To all the wild Encreaſe of Woods and Fields,
And who in Rocks aloof, and who in Steeples builds.
To *Crows* the like Impartial Grace affords,
And *Choughs* and *Daws*, and ſuch Republick Birds:

Secur'd

Secur'd with ample Priviledge to feed,
Each has his Diſtrict, and his Bounds decreed:
Combin'd in common Int'reſt with his own,
But not to paſs the Pigeons *Rubicon.*

Here ends the Reign of this pretended Dove;
All Prophecies accompliſh'd from above,
For *Shiloh* comes the Scepter to Remove.
Reduc'd from Her Imperial High Abode,
Like *Dyonyſius* to a private Rod:
The Paſſive Church, that with pretended Grace
Did Her diſtinctive Mark in Duty place,
Now Touch'd, Reviles Her Maker to his Face.

What after happen'd is not hard to gueſs;
The ſmall Beginnings had a large Encreaſe,
And Arts and Wealth ſucceed (the ſecret ſpoils of Peace.)
'Tis ſaid the Doves repented, tho' too late,
Become the Smiths of their own Fooliſh Fate:

Nor

Nor did their Owner haſten their ill hour:
But, ſunk in Credit, they decreas'd in Pow'r:
Like Snows in warmth that mildly paſs away,
Diſſolving in the Silence of Decay.

The *Buzzard* not content with equal place,
Invites the feather'd *Nimrods* of his Race,
To hide the thinneſs of their Flock from Sight,
And all together make a ſeeming, goodly Flight:
But each have ſep'rate Int'reſts of their own,
Two *Czars*, are one too many for a Throne.
Nor can th' Uſurper long abſtain from Food,
Already he has taſted Pigeons Blood:
And may be tempted to his former fare,
When this Indulgent Lord ſhall late to Heav'n repair.
Bare benting times, and moulting Months may come,
When lagging late, they cannot reach their home:
Or Rent in Schiſm, (for ſo their Fate decrees,)
Like the Tumultuous Colledge of the Bees;

They

They fight their Quarrel, by themſelves oppreſt;
The Tyrant ſmiles below, and waits the falling feaſt.

Thus did the gentle *Hind* her fable end,
Nor would the *Panther* blame it, nor commend;
But, with affected Yawnings at the cloſe,
Seem'd to require her natural repoſe.
For now the ſtreaky light began to peep;
And ſetting ſtars admoniſh'd both to ſleep.
The Dame withdrew, and, wiſhing to her Gueſt
The peace of Heav'n, betook her ſelf to reſt.
Ten thouſand Angels on her ſlumbers waite
With glorious Viſions of her future ſtate.

FINIS.

THE

HIND

AND THE

PANTHER

TRANSVERS'D

To the Story of

The *Country-Mouse* and the *City-Mouse.*

Much Malice mingled with a little Wit. *Hind. Pan.*

Nec vult Panthera domari. Quæ Genus.

LONDON:

Printed for *W. Davis,* MDCLXXXVII.

PREFACE.

THE *Favourers of the* Hind *and* Panther *will be apt to say in its Defence, That the best things are capable of being turn'd to Ridicule; that* Homer *has been Burlesque'd, and* Virgil *Travested without suffering any thing in their Reputation from that Buffoonry; and that in like manner, the* Hind *and the* Panther *may be an exact Poem, though 'tis the Subject of our Raillery: But there is this difference, that those Authors are wrested from their true Sense, and this naturally falls into Ridicule; there is nothing Represented here as monstrous and unnatural, which is not equally so in the Original. First as to the General Design, Is it not as easie to imagine two* Mice *talking Coachmen, and supping at the* Devil; *as to suppose a* Hind *entertaining the* Panther *at a* Hermits Cell, *discussing the greatest Mysteries of Religion, and telling you her Son* Rodriguez *wit very good Spanish? What can be more improbable and contradictory to the Rules and Examples of all Fables, and to the very design and use of them? They were first begun and raised to the highest Perfection in the* Eastern *Countries; where they wrote in Signs and spoke in Parables, and delivered the most useful Precepts in delightful stories; which for their Aptness were entertaining to the most Judicious, and led the vulgar into understanding by surprizing them with their Novelty, and fixing their Attention. All their Fables carry a double meaning; the Story is*

one and intire; the Characters the same throughout, not broken or chang'd, and always conformable to the Nature of the Creatures they introduce. They never tell you that the Dog which snapt at a shadow, lost his Troop of Horse, that would be unintelligible; a piece of Flesh is proper for him to drop, and the Reader will apply it to mankind; they would not say that the Daw who was so proud of her borrow'd Plumes lookt very ridiculous when Rodriguez *came and took away all the* book *but the* 17th, 24th, *and* 25th *Chapters, which she stole from him: But this is his new way of telling a story, and confounding the* Moral *and the* Fable *together.*

Before the Word was written, said the Hind,
Our Saviour Preacht the Faith to all Mankind.

What relation has the Hind *to our Saviour? or what notion have we of a* Panther's *Bible? If you say he means the Church, how does the Church feed on Lawns, or range in the Forest? Let it be always a Church, or always the cloven-footed Beast, for we cannot bear his shifting the scene every Line. If it is absurd in Comedies to make a Peasant talk in the strain of a* Hero, *or a Country Wench use the language of the Court; how monstrous is it to make a Priest of a Hind, and a Parson of a Panther? To bring 'em in disputing with all the Formalities and Terms of the School? Though as to the Arguments themselves, those, we confess, are suited to the Capacity of the Beasts, and if we would suppose a Hind expressing her self about these Matters, she would talk at that Rate.*

As to the Absurdity of his expressions, there is nothing wrested to make 'em ridiculous, the terms are sometimes alter'd to make the Blunder more visible; Knowledg misunderstood *is not at all better sense than* Understanding misunderstood, *though 'tis certain the Author can play with words so well, that this and twenty such will pass off at a slight reading.*

There

There are other mistakes which could not be brought in, for they were too gross for Bayes *himself to commit. 'Tis hard to conceive how any man could censure the* Turks *for Gluttony, a People that debauch in Coffee, are voluptuous in a mess of Rice, and keep the strictest* Lent, *without the Pleasures of a* Carnival *to encourage them. But 'tis almost impossible to think that any man who had not renounced his Senses, should read* Duncomb *for* Allen: *He had been told that Mr.* Allen *had written a Discourse of Humility; to which he wisely answers, That that magnified Piece of* Duncombs *was Translated from the* Spanish *of* Rodriguez, *and to set it beyond dispute, makes the infallible Guide affirm the same thing. There are few mistakes, but one may imagine how a Man fell into them, and at least what he aim'd at; but what likeness is there between* Duncomb *and* Allen? *do they so much as Rhime?* Difference betwixt a Protestant and Socinian, p. 62. Page 92.

We may have this comfort under the severity of his Satyr, to see his Abilities equally lessen'd with his Opinion of us; and that he could not be a fit Champion against the Panther *till he had laid aside all his Judgment. But we must applaud his Obedience to his new Mother* Hind; *she* Disciplin'd *him severely, she commanded him it seems, to* Sacrifice *his* darling Fame, *and to do it effectually he publisht this learned Piece. This is the favourable Construction we would put on his faults, tho he takes care to inform us, that it was done from no Imposition, but out of a natural Propensity he has to Malice, and a particular Inclination of doing Mischief. What else could provoke him to* Libel the Court, *Blaspheme* Kings, *abuse the whole* Scotch Nation, *rail at the greatest Part of his own, and lay all the Indignities imaginable on the only establish'd Religion? And we must now Congratulate him this Felicity, that there is no Sect or Denomination of Christians, whom he has not abused.* Page 90. Pref. Pag. 87.

Thus

Thus far his Arms have with Success been crown'd.

Let Turks, Jews *and* Infidels, *look to themselves, he has already begun the War upon them. When once a Conqueror grows thus dreadful, 'tis the Interest of all his Neighbours to oppose him, for there is no Alliance to be made with one that will face about, and destroy his Friends, and like a second* Almanzor, *change sides meerly to keep his hand in ure. This Heroick temper of his, has created him some Enemies, that did by no means affect Hostility; and he may observe this Candor in the Management, that none of his Works are concern'd in these Papers, but his last Piece; and I believe he is sensible this is a favour. I was not ambitious of Laughing at any Perswasion, or making Religion the Subject of such a Trifle; so that no man is here concern'd, but the Author himself, and nothing ridicul'd but his way of arguing.*

But, Gentlemen, if you won't take it so, you must grant my Excuse is more reasonable than our Author's to the Dissenters

THE

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER,

Transvers'd to the Story of the *Country and the City-Mouse*

Bayes. Johnson. Smith.

Johnson.

HAH! my old friend Mr. *Bayes*, what lucky chance has thrown me upon you? Dear Rogue, let me embrace thee.

Bayes. Hold, at your peril, Sir, stand off and come not within my Swords point, for if you are not *come over to the Royal party, I expect neither fair war, nor fair quarter from you.* Pref. p. 1.

Johns. How, draw upon your friend? and assault your old Acquaintance? O' my *conscience* my intentions were Honourable.

Bayes. *Conſcience*! Ay, ay, I know the deceit of that
Pref. ib. word well enough, let me have the *marks* of your *Conſcience* before I truſt it, for if it be not of the ſame ſtamp with mine, Gad I may be *knockt down* for all your fair promiſes.

Smith. Nay, prithee *Bayes*, what damn'd Villany haſt thou been about, that thou'rt under theſe apprehenſions? upon my Honour I'm thy friend; yet thou lookeſt as ſneaking and frighted, as a dog that has been worrying ſheep.

Pref. ib. *Bayes.* Ay Sir, *The Nation is in too high a ferment for me to expect any mercy*, or I'gad, to truſt any body.

Smith. But why this to us, my old friend, who you know never trouble our heads with National concerns, till the third bottle has taught us as much of Politicks, as the next does of Religion?

Bayes. Ah Gentlemen, leave this prophaneneſs, I am alter'd ſince you ſaw me, and cannot bear this looſe talk now; Mr. *Johnſon*, you are a man of Parts, let me deſire you to read *the Guide of Controverſy*; and Mr. *Smith*, I would recommend to you *the Conſiderations on the Council*
Page 5. *of Trent*, and ſo Gentlemen your humble Servant.——— *Good life be now my Task.*

Johnſ. Nay Faith, we wont part ſo: believe us we are both your Friends; let us ſtep to the *Roſe* for one quarter of an hour, and talk over old Stories.

Bayes. I ever took you to be men of Honour, and for your ſakes I will tranſgreſs as far as one Pint.

Johnſ. Well, Mr. *Bayes*, many a merry bout have we had in this Houſe, and ſhall have again, I hope: Come, what Wine are you for?

Bayes. Gentlemen, do you as you pleaſe, for my part he ſhall bring me a ſingle Pint of any thing.

Smith. How ſo, Mr. *Bayes*, have you loſt your pallat? you have been more curious.

Bayes. True, I have ſo, but *ſenſes* muſt be *ſtarv'd* that the

the *ſoul* may be *gratified.* Men of your Kidney make the *ſenſes* the *ſupream Judg*, and therefore bribe 'em high, but we have laid both the uſe and pleaſure of 'em aſide. Page 21.

Smith. What, is not there good eating and drinking on both ſides? you make the ſeparation greater than I thought it.

Bayes. No, no, whenever you ſee a fat Roſie-colour'd fellow, take it from me, he is either a Proteſtant or a *Turk.* Ibid.

Johnſ. At that rate, Mr. *Bayes*, one might ſuſpect your converſion; methinks thou haſt as much the face of an *Heretick* as ever I ſaw.

Bayes. Such was I, ſuch by nature ſtill I am. But I hope ere long I ſhall have drawn this *pamper'd Paunch* fitter for the *ſtraight gate.* Page 5.

Smith. Sure, Sir, you are in ill hands, your Confeſſor gives you more ſevere rules than he practices; for not long ago a *Fat Frier* was thought a *true Character.*

Bayes. Things were miſrepreſented to me: I confeſs I have been unfortunate in ſome of my Writings: but ſince you have put me upon that ſubject, I'le ſhow you a thing I have in my Pocket ſhall wipe off all that, or I am miſtaken.

Smith. Come, now thou art like thy ſelf again. Here's the *Kings* Health to thee——Communicate.

Bayes. Well, Gentlemen, here it is, and I'le be bold to ſay, the exacteſt Piece the world ever ſaw, a *Non Pareillo* I'faith. But I muſt beſpeak your pardons if it reflects any thing upon your perſwaſion.

Joh. Uſe your Liberty, Sir, you know we are no *Bigots.*

Bayes. Why then you ſhall ſee me lay the *Reformation* on its back, I'gad, and juſtifie our Religion by way of *Fable.*

Johnſ. An apt contrivance indeed! what do you make a *Fable* of your *Religion?*

Bayes. Ay I'gad, and without *Morals* too; for I tread in no mans ſteps; and to ſhow you how far I can out-do any thing that ever was writ in this kind, I have taken *Horace*'s deſign, but I'gad, have ſo out-done him, you ſhall be aſham'd for your *old friend*. You remember in him the *Story* of the *Country-Mouſe*, and the *City-Mouſe*; what a plain ſimple thing it is, it has no more life and ſpirit in it, I'gad, than a Hobby-horſe; and his *Mice* talk ſo meanly, ſuch common ſtuff, ſo like *meer Mice*, that I wonder it has pleas'd the world ſo long. But now will I undeceive *Mankind*, and teach 'em to *heighten*, and *elevate a Fable*. I'le bring you in the very ſame *Mice* diſputing the depth of *Philoſophy*, ſearching into the fundamentals of *Religion*, quoting *Texts*, *Fathers*, *Councils*, and all that, I'gad, as you ſhall ſee either of 'em could eaſily make an Aſſe of a *Country Vicar*. Now whereas *Horace* keeps to the dry naked ſtory, I have more copiouſneſs than to do that, I'gad Here, I draw you general *Characters*, and deſcribe all the *beaſts* of the *Creation*; there, I launch out into long *Digreſſions*, and leave my *Mice* for twenty Pages together; then I fall into *Raptures*, and make the fineſt *Soliloquies*, as would raviſh you. Won't this do, think you?

Johnſ. Faith, Sir, I don't well conceive you; all this about two *Mice*?

Bayes. Ay, why not? is it not great and Heroical? but come, you'l underſtand it better when you hear it; and pray be as ſevere as you can, I'gad I defie all *Criticks*. Thus it begins.

Pag. 1.

A milk-white Mouſe *immortal and unchang'd,*
Fed on ſoft Cheeſe, and o're the Dairy *rang'd;*
Without, unſpotted; innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for ſhe knew no Ginn.

Johnſ.

Johnſ. Methinks Mr. *Bayes*, ſoft Cheeſe is a little too coarſe Diet for an *immortal Mouſe*; were there any neceſſity for her eating, you ſhould have conſulted *Homer* for ſome *Cæleſtial Proviſion.*

Bayes. Faith, Gentlemen, I did ſo; but indeed I have not the *Latin* one, which I have mark'd by me, and could not readily find it in the Original.

Tet had She oft been ſcar'd by bloody Claws Pag. 1.
Of *winged* Owls, and ſtern *Grimalkins* Paws
Aim'd at her deſtin'd Head, which made her *fly*, Pag. 2.
Tho She was *doom'd to Death*, and *fated not to dye.*

Smith. How came She that *fear'd no danger* in the line before, to be ſcar'd in this, Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. Why then you may have it *chas'd* if you will; for I hope a Man may run away without being *afraid*; mayn't he?

Johnſ. But pray give me leave; how was She *doom'd to Death*, if She was *fated not to dye*; are not *doom* and *fate*, much the ſame thing?

Bayes. Nay *Gentlemen*, if you queſtion my skill in the Language, I'm your humble Servant; the *Rogues* the *Criticks*, that will allow me nothing elſe, give me that; ſure I that made the Word, know beſt what I meant by it: I aſſure you, *doom'd* and *fated*, are quite different things.

Smith. Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, if you were *doom'd* to be hang'd, whatever you were *fated* to, 'twould give you but ſmall comfort.

Bayes. Never trouble your head with that, Mr. *Smith*, mind the buſineſs in hand.

Not ſo her young; *their* Linſy-woolſy *line*, Pag. 2.
Was Hero's make, *half humane*, *half Divine.*

Smith.

Smith. Certainly these *Hero's, half Humane, half Divine,* have very little of the *Mouse* their *Mother.*

Bayes. Gadsokers! Mr. *Johnson,* does your Friend think I mean nothing but a *Mouse,* by all this? I tell thee, Man, I mean a *Church,* and these young Gentlemen her Sons, signifie *Priests, Martyrs* and *Confessors,* that were hang'd in *Oats's Plot.* There's an excellent *Latin* Sentence, which I had a mind to bring in, *Sanguis Martyrum semen Ecclesiæ,* and I think I have not wrong'd it in the Translation.

Of these a slaughter'd Army lay in Blood,
Pag. 2. *Whose sanguine Seed encreas'd the sacred* Brood;
She multipli'd by these, *now rang'd alone,*
Pag. 3. *And wander'd in the Kingdoms once her own.*

Smith. Was She *alone* when *the sacred Brood was encreased?*

Bayes. Why thy Head's running on the *Mouse* again; but I hope a *Church* may be *alone,* tho the *Members* be *encreased,* may'n't it?

Johns. Certainly Mr. *Bayes,* a *Church* which is a *diffusive Body of Men,* can much less be said to be *alone.*

Bayes. But are you really of that Opinion? Take it from me, Mr. *Johnson,* you are wrong; however to oblige you, I'le clap in some *Simile* or other, about the *Children of Israel,* and it shall do.

Smith. Will you pardon me one word more, Mr. *Bayes?* What could the *Mouse* (for I suppose you mean her now) do more then *range* in the *Kingdoms,* when they were her own?

Bayes. Do? why She *reign'd;* had a *Diadem, Scepter* and *Ball,* till they depos'd her.

Smith. Now her Sons are so *encreas'd,* She may try t'other pull for't.

Bayes.

Bayes. I gad, and ſo She may before I have done with Her; it has coſt me ſome pains to clear Her Title. Well, but Mum for that, Mr. *Smith.*

The common Hunt, She timorouſly paſt by,
For they made tame, *diſdain'd Her company*; Pag 3.
They grin'd, She in a fright *tript* o're the Green,
For She was *lov'd*, whereever She was *ſeen.*

Johnſ. Well ſaid little *Bayes*, I'faith the Critick muſt have a great deal of leaſure, that attacks thoſe Verſes.

Bayes. I gad, I'le warrant him, who ere he is, *offendet ſolido*; but I go on.

The Independent Beaſt.—— Pag. 3.

Smith. Who is that Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. Why a *Bear*: Pox, is not that obvious enough?

——*In groans Her hate expreſt.*

Which I gad, is very natural to that *Animal.* Well! there's for the *Independent*: Now the *Quaker*; what do you think I call him?

Smith. Why, A *Bull*, for ought I know.

Bayes. A *Bull*! O Lord! A Bull! no, no, a *Hare*, a *quaking Hare.*—*Armarillis*, becauſe She wears *Armour*, 'tis the ſame Figure; and I am proud to ſay it, Mr. *Johnſon*, no man knows how to *pun* in *Heroics* but my ſelf. Well, you ſhall hear.

She thought, and reaſon good, the *quaking Hare*
Her cruel Foe, becauſe *She would not ſwear*, Pag. 3.
And had *profeſs'd neutrality.*

Johnſ. A ſhrew'd Reaſon that, Mr. *Bayes*; but what Wars were there?

Bayes.

Bayes. Wars! why there had bin bloody Wars, tho they were pretty well reconcil'd now. Yet to bring in two or three such fine things as these, I don't tell you the Lyon's Peace was proclaim'd till fifty pages after, tho 'twas really done before I had finish'd my Poem.

Pag. 3. *Next Her, the Buffoon Ape* his body *bent*,
And paid at Church a Courtier's complement.

That Gauls somewhere; I gad I can't leave it off, tho I were cudgel'd every day for it.

Pag. 4. *The brisl'd* Baptist *Boar, impure as he.*

Smith. As who?

Bays. As the *Courtier*, let 'em e'n take it as they will, I
Pag. 86. gad, I seldom come amongst 'em.

Pag. 10. *Was whiten'd with the foam of Sanctity.*
The Wolf with Belly-gaunt his rough crest rears,
And pricks up.——Now in one word will I abuse the whole Party most damnably——*and pricks up.*——I gad, I am sure you'l Laugh——*his predestinating Ears.* Prethee Mr. *Johnson*, remember little *Bays*, when next you see a *Presbyterian*, and take notice if he has not *Predestination* in the shape of his *Ear*: I have studied men so long. I'le undertake to know an *Arminian*, by the setting of his Wig.

His predestinating Ears. I gad there's ne're a *Presbyterian* shall dare to show his Head without a Border: I'le put 'em to that expence.

Smith. Pray Mr. *Bays*, if any of 'em should come over to the *Royal Party*, would their Ears alter?

Bayes. Would they? Ay, I gad, they would shed their *Fanatical Lugs*, and have just such well-turn'd *Ears* as I have; mind this *Ear*, this is a true *Roman Ear*, mine are much chang'd for the better within this two years.

Smith.

Smith. Then if ever the Party ſhould chance to fail, you might loſe 'em, *for what may change, may fall.*

Bayes. Mind, mind——

Theſe fiery Zuinglius, *meagre* Calvin *bred.* Pag. 11.

Smith. Thoſe I ſuppoſe are ſome Out-Landiſh Beaſts, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. Beaſts; a good Miſtake! Why they were the chief *Reformers,* but here I put 'em in ſo bad Company becauſe they were Enemies to my *Mouſe,* and anon when I am warm'd, I'gad you ſhall hear me call 'em *Doctors, Captains, Horſes* and *Horſemen* in the very ſame Breath. Pag. 39. You ſhall hear how I go on now,

Or elſe reforming *Corah* ſpawn'd *this Claſs,*
When opening Earth made way for all to paſs. Pag. 11.

John. For *all,* Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. Yes, They were *all* loſt there, but ſome of 'em were thrown up again at the *Leman-Lake:* as a Catholick *Queen* ſunk at *Charing-Croſs,* and roſe again at *Queenhith.*

The Fox and he came ſhuffled in the dark,
If ever they were ſtow'd in Noah's *Ark.* Pag. 11.

Here I put a Quære, Whether there were any *Socinians* before the *Flood,* which I'm not very well ſatisfied in? I have been lately apt to believe that the World was drown'd for that *Hereſy*; which among Friends made me leave it.

Quickned with Fire below, theſe Monſters breed
In Fenny Holland, *and in Fruitful* Tweed. Pag. 12.

Now to write ſomething new and out of the way, to elevate and ſurprize, and all that, I fetch, you ſee this

Quickning Fire from the Bottom of *Boggs* and *Rivers*.

John. Why, Faith, that's as ingenious a Contrivance as the *Virtuoſo*'s making a Burning-Glaſs of Ice.

Bayes. Why was there ever any ſuch thing? Let me periſh if ever I heard of it. The Fancy was ſheer new to me; and I thought no Man had reconcil'd thoſe Elements but my ſelf. Well Gentlemen! Thus far I have followed Antiquity, and as *Homer* has numbred his Ships, ſo I have rang'd my Beaſts. Here is my *Boar* and my *Bear*, and my *Fox*, and my *Wolf*, and the reſt of 'em all againſt my poor *Mouſe*. Now what do you think I do with all theſe?

Smith. Faith I do'nt know, I ſuppoſe you make 'em fight.

Bayes. Fight! I'gad I'd as ſoon make 'em Dance. No, I do no earthly thing with 'em, nothing at all, I'gad: I think they have play'd their Parts ſufficiently already; I have walk'd 'em out, ſhow'd 'em to the Company, and rais'd your Expectation. And now whilſt you hope to ſee 'em bated, and are dreaming of Blood and Battels, they ſculk off, and you hear no more of 'em.

Smith. Why, Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, now you have been at ſuch expence in ſetting forth their Characters, it had been too much to have gone through with 'em.

Bayes. I'gad ſo it had: And then I'le tell you another thing, 'tis not every one that reads a Poem through. And therefore I fill the firſt part with Flowers, Figures, fine Language, and all that; and then I'gad ſink by degrees, till at laſt I write but little better than other People. And whereas moſt Authors *creep ſervilely* after the Old Fellows, and ſtrive to grow upon their Readers; I take another Courſe, I bring in all my Characters together, and let 'em ſee I could go on with 'em; but I'gad, I wo'nt.

John.

John. Could go on with 'em Mr. *Bayes!* there's no Body doubts that; You have a moſt particular *Genius* that way.

Bayes. Oh! Dear Sir, You are mighty obliging: But I muſt needs ſay, at a *Fable* or an *Emblem*, I think no Man comes near me, indeed I have ſtudied it more than any Man. Did you ever take notice, Mr. *Johnſon*, of a little thing that has taken mightily about Town, a *Cat with a Top-knot*?

John. Faith, Sir, 'tis mighty pretty, I ſaw it at the Coffee-Houſe.

Bayes. 'Tis a Trifle hardly worth owning; I was t'other Day at *Will's* throwing out ſomething of that Nature; and I'gad, the hint was taken, and out came that Picture; indeed the poor Fellow was ſo civil to preſent me with a dozen of 'em for my Friends, I think I have one here in my Pocket; would you pleaſe to accept it Mr *Johnſon?*

John. Really 'tis very ingenious.

Bayes. Oh Lord! Nothing at all, I could deſign twenty of 'em in an Hour, if I had but witty Fellows about me to draw 'em. I was proffer'd a Penſion to go into *Holland*, and contrive their *Emblems*. But hang 'em they are dull Rogues, and would ſpoil my Invention. But come, Gentlemen, let us return to our Buſineſs, and here I'le give you a delicate deſcription of a Man.

Smith. But how does that come in?

Bayes. Come in? very naturally. I was talking of a *Wolf*, and that ſuppoſes a Wood, and then I clap an Epithet to't, and call it a *Celtic Wood:* Now when I was there, I could not help thinking of the *French Perſecution*, and I'gad from all theſe Thoughts I took occaſion to rail at the *French King*, and ſhow that he was not

of the ſame make with other Men, which thus I prove.

The Divine Blackſmith *in th' Abyſs of Light,*
Pag. 15. Yawning and lolling *with a careleſs beat,*
Struck out the mute Creation at a Heat.
But he work'd hard to Hammer out our Souls,
He blew the Bellows, and ſtir'd up the Coals;
Long time he thought, and could not on a ſudden
Knead up with unskim'd *Milk* this Reas'ning
Pag. 19. Pudding:
Tender, and mild within its Bag it lay
Confeſſing ſtill the ſoftneſs of its Clay,
And kind as Milk-Maids on their Wedding-Day.
Till *Pride of Empire, Luſt*, and hot Deſire
Did over-boile him, like too great a Fire,
And underſtanding grown, *miſunderſtood,*
Burn'd Him to th' Pot, and ſour'd his curdled Blood.

John. But ſure this is a little prophane, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. Not at all: do's not *Virgil* bring in his *God Vulcan* working at the *Anvil?*

John. Ay Sir, but never thought his Hands the fitteſt to make a Pudding.

Bayes. Why do you imagin Him an Earthly dirty *Blackſmith?* 'Gad you make it prophane indeed. I'le tell you, there's as much difference betwixt 'em, I'gad as betwixt my Man and *Milton*'s. But now, Gentlemen, the Plot thickens, here comes my t'other Mouſe, the City Mouſe.

A ſpotted Mouſe, the prettieſt next the White,
Pag. 16. Ah! were her Spots waſh'd out, as pretty quite,
With *Phylacteries* on her Forehead ſpred,
Pag. 23. *Crozier* in Hand, and *Miter* on her Head.
Pag. 22.

Three

Three Steeples Argent on her Sable Shield, Pag. 84.
Liv'd in the *City*, and disdain'd the *Field.*

John. This is a glorious *Mouse* indeed! but, as you have dress'd her, we do'nt know whether she be *Jew*, *Papist* or *Protestant.*

Bayes. Let me embrace you, Mr. *Johnson*, for that; you take it right. She is a meer *Babel* of *Religions*, and therefore she's a *spotted Mouse* here, and will be a *Mule* presently. But to go on.

This Princess——

Smith. What *Princess*, Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. Why this *Mouse*, for I forgot to tell you, an *Old Lyon* made a *left Hand Marriage* with her Mother, Pag. 20.
and begot *on her Body Elizabeth Schism*, who was married to *Timothy Sacriledg*, and had Issue *Graceless Heresy.* Who all give the same Coat with their Mother, *Three Steeples Argent*, as I told you before.

This Princess, tho *estrang'd* from what was *best*,
Was least Deform'd, because Reform'd the least. Pag. 23.
There's *De* and *Re* as good I'gad as ever was.

She in a Masquerade of Mirth and Love, Pag. 22.
Mistook the Bliss of *Heaven for Bacchanals above,*
And grub'd the Thorns *beneath our tender Feet,*
To make the Paths of Paradise more sweet.

There's a Jolly Mouse for you, let me see any Body else that can shew you such another. Here now have I one damnable severe, reflecting Line, but I want a Rhime to it, can you help me Mr. *Johnson.*

She——
Humbly content to be despis'd at Home,
John. Which is too narrow Infamy for some.

Bayes

Bayes. Sir, I thank you, now I can go on with it.

Pag. 63. *Whoſe Merits are diffus'd from Pole to Pole,*
Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can rowl.

John. But does not this reflect upon ſome of your Friends, Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, let me alone to bring my ſelf off. I'le tell you, lately I writ a damn'd Libel on a whole Party, ſheer Point and Satyr all through, I'gad. Call'd 'em Rogues, Dogs, and all the Names I could think of, but with an exceeding deal of Wit; that I muſt needs ſay. Now it happen'd before I could finiſh this Peice, the Scheme of Affairs was altered, and thoſe People were no longer Beaſts: Here was a Plunge now: Should I loſe my Labour, or Libel my Friends? 'Tis not every Body's Talent to find a *Salva* for this: But what do me I, but write a ſmooth delicate Preface, wherein I tell them that *the Satyr was not intended to them*, and this did the Buſineſs.

Smith. But if it was not intended to them againſt whom it was writ, certainly it had no meaning at all.

Bayes. Poh! There's the Trick on't. Poor Fools, they took it, and were ſatisfied: And yet it maul'd 'em damnably I'gad.

Smith. Why Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, there's this very Contrivance in the *Preface* to *Dear Joys Jeſts.*

Bayes. What a Devil do you think that I'd ſteal from ſuch an Author? Or ever read it?

Smith. I can't tell, but you ſometimes read as bad. I have heard you quote *Reynard the Fox.*

Bayes. Why there's it now; take it from me, Mr. *Smith*, there is as good *Morality*, and as ſound Precepts, in the *delectable Hiſtory of Reynard the Fox*, as in any Book

Book I know, except *Seneca.* Pray tell me where in any other Author could I have found so pretty a Name for a Wolf as *Isgrim?* But prithee, Mr. *Smith,* give me no more trouble, and let me go on with my *Mouse.*

One Evening, when she went away from Court, Pag. 29.
Levee's and Couchee's past without resort.

There's Court Language for you; nothing gives a Verse so fine a turn as an Air of good Breeding.

Smith. But methinks the *Levee's and Couchee's* of a *Mouse* are too great, especially when she is walking from Court to the cooler Shades.

Bayes. I'gad now have you forgot what I told you, that she was a *Princess.* But pray mind; here the two Mice meet.

She met the Country Mouse, whose *fearful Face*
Beheld from far the common watering Place, Pag. 29.
Nor durst approach——

Smith. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes,* this Mouse is strangely alter'd, since she *fear'd no Danger.*——

Bayes. Godsokers! Why no more she does not yet, fear either Man or Beast: But, poor Creature, she's afraid of the Water, for she could not swim, as you see by this.

Nor durst approach, till with an awful Roar
The Soveraign Lyon bad her fear no more. Pag. 30.

But besides, 'tis above thirty Pages off that I told you she *fear'd no Danger*; and I'gad if you will have no variation of the Character, you must have the same thing over and over again; 'tis the Beauty of Writing to strike you still with something new. Well, but to proceed.

But

But when she had this sweetest Mouse *in view*,
Pag. 30. Good *Lord*, *how she admir'd her Heavenly Hiew!*

Here now to show you I am Master of all Stiles, I let my self down from the *Majesty* of *Virgil*, to the *Sweetness* of *Ovid*.

Good *Lord*, *how she admir'd her Heavenly Hiew!*

What more easy and familiar! I writ this Line for the *Ladies*: The little Rogues will be so fond of me to find I can yet be so tender. I hate such a rough unhewen Fellow as *Milton*, that a Man must sweat to read Him; I'gad you may run over this and be almost asleep.

Th' Immortal Mouse, who saw the *Viceroy* come
So far to see Her, did invite her Home.

There's a pretty Name now for the *Spotted Mouse*, the *Viceroy*!

Smith. But pray why d'e call her so?

Bayes. Why! Because it sounds prettily: I'le call her
Pag. 55. the *Crown-General* presently if I've a mind to it. Well.

——did invite her Home
To smoak a Pipe, and o're a sober Pot
Discourse of *Oates* and *Bedloe*, and the *Plot*.
Pag. 31. She made a Court'sy, like a Civil Dame,
And, being *much a Gentlewoman*, came

Pag. 32. Well, Gentlemen, here's my first part finish'd, and I think I have kept my Word with you, and given it the *Majestick turn of Heroick Poesy*. The rest *being matter of Dispute, I had not such frequent occasion for the magnificence of Verse*, tho I'gad they speak very well. And I have heard *Men*, and *considerable Men* too, talk the very same things, a great deal worse.

John.

John. Nay, without doubt, Mr. *Bayes*, they have received no ſmall advantage from the ſmoothneſs of your numbers.

Bayes. Ay, ay, I can do't, if I liſt: though you muſt not think I have been ſo dull as to mind theſe things my ſelf, but 'tis the advantage of our *Coffee-houſe*, that from their talk one may write a very good *polemical* diſcourſe, without ever troubling ones head with the Books of *Controverſie*. For I can take the ſlighteſt of their Arguments, and clap 'em pertly into four Verſes, which ſhall ſtare any *London Divine* in the face. Indeed your knotty Reaſonings with a long train of *Majors* and *Minors*, and the Devil and all, are too barbarous for my ſtile; but 'i gad I can flouriſh better with one of theſe twinkling Arguments, than the beſt of 'em can fight with t'other. But we return to our *Mouſe*, and now I've brought 'em together, let 'em 'en ſpeak for themſelves, which they will do extreamly well, or I'm miſtaken: and pray obſerve, Gentlemen, if in one you don't find all the delicacy of a luxurious City-Mouſe, and in the other all the plain ſimplicity of a ſober ſerious Matron.

Dame, ſaid the Lady of the Spotted Muff, Pag. 32.
Methinks your Tiff is ſour, your *Cates* meer ſtuff.
There did not I tell you ſhe'd be nice?
Your Pipe's ſo foul, that I diſdain to ſmoak;
And the Weed worſe than e're *Tom. I---s took.*

Smith. I did not hear ſhe had a *Spotted Muff* before.

Bayes. Why no more ſhe has not now: but ſhe has a Skin that might make a *Spotted Muff.* There's a pretty Figure now, unknown to the Ancients.

Leave, leave († *ſhe's earneſt you ſee*) this hoary *Shed* † *Poeta Loquitur.*
and lonely Hills,
And eat with me at *Groleau*'s, ſmoak at *Will*'s.

What Wretch would nibble on a Hanging-shelf,
When at *Pontack*'s he may *Regale* himself?
Or to the House of cleanly *Renish* go;
Or that at *Charing-Cross*, or that in *Channel-Row?*

Do you mark me now? I would by this represent the vanity of a *Town-Fop*, who pretends to be acquainted at all those good Houses, though perhaps he nere was in 'em. But heark! she goes on.

Come, at a Crown a Head our selves we'll treat,
Champain our Liquor, and *Ragousts* our Meat.
Then hand in hand we'll go to *Court*, dear *Cuz*,
To visit *Bishop Martin*, and *King Buz*.
With *Evening Wheels* we'll drive about the *Park*,
Finish at *Locket*'s, and reel home i'th' Dark.
Break clattering Windows, and demolish Doors
Pag. 63. *Of English Manufactures----Pimps, and Whores.*

John. Methinks a *Pimp* or a *Whore*, is an odd sort of a *Manufacture*, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. I call 'em so, to give the *Parliament* a hint not to suffer so many of 'em to be exported, to the decay of Trade at home.

With these Allurements *Spotted* did invite
From *Hermits Cell*, the *Female Proselyte*.
Oh! with what ease we follow such a Guide,
Where Souls are starv'd, and Senses gratifi'd.

Now would not you think she's going? but I gad, you're mistaken; you shall hear a long Argument about Infallibility, before she stirs yet.

Pag. 69. But here the *White*, by *observation wise*,
Who long on Heaven had fixt her prying *Eyes*,
With thoughtful Countenance, and grave Remark,
Said, or my Judgment fails me, or 'tis dark. Left

Leſt therefore we ſhould ſtray, and not go right,
Through the *brown horrour* of the ſtarleſs Night.
Haſt thou *Infallibility, that Wight?* Pag. 37.
Sternly the Savage grin'd, and thus reply'd:
That Mice may err, was never yet deny'd.
That I deny, ſaid the immortal Dame,
There is a Guide----Gad I've forgot his Name, Pag. 37.
Who lives in *Heaven or Rome*, the Lord knows where,
Had we but him, Sweet-heart, we could not err.
But heark you, Siſter, this is but a Whim; *Spotted Mouſe, Loquitur.*
For ſtill we want a *Guide* to find out Him.

Here you ſee I don't trouble my ſelf to keep on the Narration, but write *white Speaks* or *dapple Speaks* by the ſide. But when I get any noble thought which I envy a *Mouſe* ſhould ſay, I clap it down in my own Perſon with a *Poeta Loquitur*; which, take notice, is Pag. 69. a ſurer ſign of a fine thing in my Writings, than a Hand in the Margent any-where elſe. Well now ſays *White*,

What need we find Him? we have certain proof
That he is ſomewhere, *Dame*, and that's enough:
For if there is a *Guide* that knows the way,
Although we know not him, we cannot ſtray.

That's true, I Gad: Well ſaid *White*. You ſee her Adverſary has nothing to ſay for her ſelf, and therefore to confirm the Victory, ſhe ſhall make a *Simile*.

Smith. Why then I find Similes are as good after Victory, as after a Surprize.

Bayes. Every Jot, I Gad, or rather better. Well, ſhe can do it two ways, either about *Emiſſion* or *Re-* Pag. 37. *ception* of Light, or elſe about *Epſom-waters*, but I

think the laſt is moſt familiar ; therefore ſpeak, my pretty one.

As though 'tis controverted in the *School*,
If *Waters* paſs by *Urine* or by *Stool*.
Shall we who are *Philoſophers*, thence gather
From this diſſention that they work by neither.

And I Gad, ſhe's in the right on't ; but mind now, ſhe comes upon her ſwop !

All this I did, your Arguments to try.

And I Gad, if they had been never ſo good, this next Line confutes 'em.

Pag. 54. Hear, and be dumb, thou Wretch, *that Guide am I.*

There's a Surprize for you now ! How ſneakingly t'other looks ? Was not that pretty now, to make her ask for a *Guide* firſt, and then tell her ſhe was one ? Who could have thought that this little *Mouſe* had the *Pope* and a whole *General Council* in her Belly ? Now Dapple had nothing to ſay to this; and therefore you'll ſee ſhe grows peeviſh.

Come leave your Cracking tricks, and as they ſay,
Pag. 101. Uſe not, that Barber that trims time, delay
Which I gad is new, and my own.
I've Eyes as well as you to find the way.

Then on they jogg'd, *and ſince an hour of talk*
Might cut a Banter *on the tedious walk* ;
As I remember ſaid the ſober Mouſe,
I've heard much talk of the *Wits Coffee-Houſe*.
Thither, ſays *Brindle*, thou ſhalt go, and ſee
Prieſts ſipping *Coffee*, *Sparks* and *Poets Tea* ;
Here rugged Freeze, there Quality well dreſt,
Theſe baſling the *Grand-Seigniour* ; thoſe the *Teſt*.

And

And hear ſhrew'd gueſſes made, and reaſons given,
That humane Laws were never made in Heaven. Pag. 111.
But above all, what ſhall oblige thy ſight,
And fill thy Eye-Balls with a vaſt delight;
Is the *Poetic Judge* of ſacred *Wit*,
Who do's i' th' *Darkneſs of his Glory ſit.*
And as the Moon who firſt receives the light, Pag. 28.
With which ſhe makes theſe neither Regions bright;
So does he ſhine, reflecting from a far,
The Rayes he borrow'd from a better Star:
For rules which from *Corneille* and *Rapin* flow,
Admir'd by all the ſcribling Herd below.
From *French Tradition* while he does diſpence,
Unerring Truths, 'tis Schiſm, a damn'd offence,
To queſtion his, or truſt your private ſenſe.

Hah! Is not that right, Mr. *Johnſon?* Gad forgive me he is faſt a ſleep! Oh the damn'd ſtupidity of this Age! a ſleep! Well, Sir, Since you're ſo drouſy, your humble Servant.

Johnſ. Nay, Pray Mr. *Bayes*, Faith I heard you all the while. *The white Mouſe.*

Bayes. The white Mouſe! ay, ay, I thought how you heard me. Your Servant, Sir, your Servant.

John. Nay, Dear *Bayes*, Faith I beg thy Pardon, I was up late laſt Night, Prithee lend me a little Snuff, and go on.

Bayes. Go on! Pox I don't know where I was, well I'll begin here; mind, now they are both come to Town.

But now at *Peccadille* they arrive,
And taking Coach, t'wards *Temple-Bar* they drive;
But at St. *Clement's Church*, eat out the Back;
And ſlipping through the *Palſgrave*, bilkt poor *Hack*.

There's

There's the *Vtile*, which ought to be in all Poetry, Many a *young Templer* will ſave his ſhilling by this Stratagem of my Mice.

Smith. Why, will any *young Templer* eat out the back of a Coach?

Bayes. No, I gad, but you'll grant it is mighty natural for a Mouſe.

Thence to the *Devil*, and ask'd if *Chanticleer*,
Pag. 133. *Of Clergy kind*, or Councellour *Chough* was there;
Or Mr. *Dove*, a Pigeon of Renown,
Pag. 126. *By his high crop, and corny Gizzard known*,
Pag. 130. *Or Siſter* Partlet, *with the Hooded head*;
No, Sir. She's *hooted hence*, ſaid *Will*, and fled.
Why ſo? *Becauſe ſhe would not pray a-Bed.*

John. aſide. 'Sdeath! Who can keep awake at ſuch ſtuff? Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, lend me your Box again.

Bayes. Mr. *Johnſon*, How d'e like that Box? Pray take notice of it, 'twas given me by a *perſon* of *Honour* for looking over a Paper of Verſes; and indeed I put in all the lines that were worth any thing in the whole Poem. Well, but where were we? Oh! Here they are, juſt going up ſtairs into the *Apollo*; from whence my White takes occaſion to talk very well of *Tradition*.

Thus to the place where *Johnſon* ſat we climb,
Leaning on the ſame Rail that guided him;
And whilſt we thus on equal helps rely,
Our Wit muſt be as true, our thoughts as high.
Pag. 45. For as an *Author* happily compares
Tradition to a well-fixt pair of *Stairs*,
So this the *Scala Sancta* we believe,
By which his *Traditive Genius* we receive.

Thus

Thus every ſtep I take my Spirits ſoar,
And I grow more a *Wit*, and more, and more.

There's humour! Is not that the livelieſt Image in the World of a Mouſes going up a pair of Stairs. *More a Wit, and more and more?*

Smith. Mr. *Bayes*, I beg your Pardon heartily, I muſt be rude, I have a particular Engagement at this time, and I ſee you are not near an end yet.

Bayes. Godſokers! Sure you won't ſerve me ſo: All my fineſt Diſcriptions and beſt Diſcourſe is yet to come.

Smith. Troth, Sir, if 'twere not an Extraordinary concern I could not leave you.

Bayes. Well; but you ſhall take a little more; and here I'll paſs over two dainty *Epiſodes* of *Swallows*, *Swifts*, *Chickens*, and *Buzzards*.

Johnſ. I know not why they ſhould come in, except to make yours the longeſt *Fable* that ever was told.

Bayes. Why, the excellence of a *Fable* is in the length of it. *Æſop* indeed, like a Slave as he was, made little, ſhort, ſimple ſtories, with a dry Moral at the end of 'em; and could not form any noble deſign. But here I give you *Fable* upon *Fable*; and after you are ſatisfied with Beaſts in the firſt courſe, ſerve you up a delicate Diſh of Fowl for the ſecond; now I was at all this pains to abuſe one particular perſon; for I gad I'll tell you what a trick he ſerv'd me. I was once tranſlating a very good *French Author*, but being ſomething long about it, as you know a Man is not always in the Humour; What does this *Jack* do, but put's out an Anſwer to my Friend before I had half finiſhed the Tranſlation: ſo *Varillas.*

there

there was three whole Months loſt upon his Account. But I think I have my revenge on him ſufficiently,
Pag. 137. for I let all the World know, that he is a *tall, broad-back'd, luſty fellow,* of a *brown Complexion, fair Behaviour,* a *Fluent Tongue,* and *taking* amongſt the *Women*; and to top it all, that he's much a *Scholar*, more a *Wit*, and owns but *two Sacraments*. Don't you think this Fellow will hang himſelf? But beſides, I have ſo nickt his Character in a Name as will make you ſplit. I call him ---- I gad I won't tell you unleſs you remember what I ſaid of him.

Smith. Why that he was much a *Scholar*, and more a *Wit* ---

Bayes. Right; and his name is *Buzzard*, ha! ha! ha

Johnſ. Very proper indeed, Sir.

Bayes. Nay, I have a farther fetch in it yet than perhaps you imagine; for his true name begins with a *B*, which makes me ſlily contrive him this, to begin with the ſame Letter: There's a pretty device, Mr. *Johnſon*; I learn'd it, I muſt needs confeſs, from that ingenious ſport, I love my Love with an *A*, becauſe ſhe's *Amiable*; and if you could but get a knot of merry Fellows together, you ſhould ſee how *little Bayes* would top 'em all at it, I gad.

Smith. Well, but good Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, I muſt leave you, I am half an hour paſt my time.

Bayes. Well, I've done, I've done. Here are eight hundred Verſes upon a rainy Night, and a Birds-Neſt; and here's three hundred more, Tranſlated from two *Paris Gazets*, in which the *Spotted Mouſe* gives an account of the Treaty of Peace between the *Czars* of *Muſcovy*, and the *Emperour*, which is a piece of News, *White* does not believe, and this is her Anſwer. I am reſolv'd you ſhall hear it, for in it I have taken occaſion

ſion to prove *Oral Tradition* better than *Scripture*. Now you muſt know, 'tis ſincerely my Opinion, that it had been better for the World, if we nere had any *Bibles* at all.

E're that *Gazet* was printed, ſaid the *White*, Pag. 50.
Our Robin told another ſtory quite;
This *Oral Truth* more ſafely I believ'd,
My Ears cannot, your Eyes may be deceiv'd.
By word of Mouth unerring Maxims flow,
And *Preaching*'s beſt, if underſtood, or no.
Words I confeſs *bound by, and trip ſo light,* Pag. 3.
We have not time to take a ſteady ſight;
Yet fleeting thus are plainer then when Writ,
To long Examination they ſubmit.

Hard things ---- Mr. *Smith*, if theſe two lines don't recompence your ſtay, ne'r truſt *John Bayes* again.

Hard things at the firſt Bluſh are clear and full,
God mends on ſecond thoughts, but Man grows dull. Pag. 15.

I gad I judge of all Men by my ſelf, 'tis ſo with me, I never ſtrove to be very exact in any thing but I ſpoil'd it.

Smith. But allowing your Character to be true, is it not a little too ſevere?

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, theſe general reflections are daring, and ſavour moſt of a *noble Genius*, that ſpares neither *Friend* nor *Foe*.

John. Are you never afraid of a drubbing for that *daring* of your *noble Genius?*

Bayes. Afraid! Why *Lord* you make ſo much of a beating, I' gad 'tis no more to me than a Flea biting. No, No, if I can but be witty upon 'em, let 'em en lay on, I Faith, I'll ne'r baulk my fancy to ſave my

Carkaſs. Well, but we muſt diſpatch, Mr. *Smith.*

Thus did they merrily carouſe all day,
And, like the gaudy fly, their Wings diſplay;
And ſip the ſweets, and bask in great Apollo's *ray.*

Well there's an end of the Entertainment; and Mr. *Smith*, if your affairs would have permitted, you would have heard the beſt *Bill of Fare* that ever was ſerv'd up in *Heroicks:* but here follows a diſpute ſhall recommend it ſelf, I'll ſay nothing for it. For *Dapple*, who you muſt know was a *Proteſtant*, all this while, truſts her own Judgment, and fooliſhly diſlikes the Wine; upon which our *Innocent* does ſo run her down, that ſhe has not one word to ſay for her ſelf, but what I put in her Mouth; and I gad, you may imagine they won't be very good ones, for ſhe has diſoblig'd me, like an *Ingrate.*

Sirrah, ſays *Brindle*, Thou haſt brought us Wine,
Sour to my taſt, and to my Eyes unfine.
Says *Will*, all *Gentlemen* like it; ah! ſays *White*,
What is approv'd by them, muſt needs be right.
Pag. 38. 'Tis true, I thought it bad, but if the Houſe
Commend it, I ſubmit, a private Mouſe.

Mind that, mind the *Decorum*, and Deference, which our Mouſe pays to the Company.

Nor to their *Catholic* conſent oppoſe
My erring Judgment, and reforming Noſe.

Ah! ah! there ſhe has nick't her, that's up to the Hilts, I gad, and you ſhall ſee *Dapple* reſents it.

Why, what a Devil, ſhan't I truſt my Eyes?
Muſt I drink *Stum* becauſe the *Raſcal* lyes?

And

And *palms* upon us *Catholic* conſent,
To give *ſophiſticated Brewings* vent.
Says *White,* What ancient Evidence can ſway, Pag. 5.
If you muſt Argue thus and not obey ? [vey'd,
Drawers muſt be truſted, through whoſe hands con-
You take the *Liquor,* or you ſpoil the *Trade.*
For ſure thoſe *Honeſt Fellows* have no knack,
Of putting off *ſtum'd Claret* for *Pontack.*
How long, alas! would the poor Vintner laſt,
If all that drink muſt *judge,* and every *Gueſt*
Be allowed to have an underſtanding *Taſt ?*
Thus ſhe : Nor could the Panther well inlarge,
With weak defence, againſt ſo ſtrong a Charge.

There I call her a *Panther,* becauſe ſhe's ſpotted, which is ſuch a blot to the *Reformation,* as I warrant 'em they will never claw off, I Gad.

But with a *weary Tawn* that ſhew'd her pride,
Said, *Spotleſs* was a *Villain,* and ſhe *lyed.*
White ſaw her *canker'd Malice* at that word,
And ſaid her Prayers, and drew her *Delphic Sword.*
T'other cry'd *Murther,* and her *Rage reſtrain'd:*
And thus her paſſive Character maintain'd.
But now alas-----

Mr. *Johnſon,* pray mind me this ; Mr. *Smith,* I'll ask you to ſtay no longer, for this that follows is ſo engaging ; hear me but two Lines, I Gad, and go away afterwards if you can.

But now, alas, I grieve, I grieve to tell
What ſad miſchance theſe pretty things *befel*
Theſe Birds of Beaſts-----
There's a tender Expreſſion, *Birds of Beaſts:* 'tis the greateſt Affront that you can put upon any *Bird,*

to

Pag. 129. to call it, *Beaſt of a Bird*: and a *Beaſt* is ſo fond of being call'd a *Bird*, as you can't imagine.

Theſe Birds of Beaſts, theſe learned Reas'ning Mice,
Were ſeparated, baniſh'd in a trice.
Who would be learned for their ſakes, who wiſe?

Ay, who indeed? There's a *Pathos*, I Gad, Gentlemen, if that won't move you, nothing will, I can aſſure you: But here's the ſad thing I was afraid of.

The *Conſtable* alarm'd by this noiſe,
Enter'd the Room, directed by the voice,
Pag. 135. And ſpeaking to the *Watch, with head aſide*,
Said, Deſperate Cures muſt be to deſperate Ills apply'd.
Theſe *Gentlemen*, for ſo their Fate decrees,
Pag. 115. Can n'ere enjoy at once *the But and Peace.*
Pag. 144. *When each have ſeparate Intereſts of their own,*
Two Mice are one too many for a Town.
By *Schiſm* they are torn; and therefore, *Brother*,
Look you to one, and I'll ſecure the t'other.
Now whither *Dapple* did to *Bridewell* go,
Pag. 98. Or in the *Stocks* all night her Fingers blow,
Or in the *Compter* lay, *concerns not us to know.*
But the *immortal Matron, ſpotleſs White*,
Forgetting *Dapple*'s Rudeneſs, Malice, Spight,
Look'd kindly back, and wept, and ſaid, *Good Night.*
Pag. 145. *Ten thouſand Watchmen waited* on this Mouſe,
With Bills, and Halberds, to her Country-Houſe.

This laſt Contrivance I had from a judicious Author, that makes *Ten thouſand Angels* wait upon his *Hind*, and ſhe aſleep too, I Gad. ----

John. Come, let's ſee what we have to pay.

Bayes. What a Pox, are you in ſuch haſt? You han't told me how you like it.

John. Oh, extreamly well. Here, Drawer.

FINIS.

THE

WEESILS.

A

Satyrical Fable:

GIVING

An Account of ſome Argumental Paſſages happening in the Lion's Court about *Weeſilion*'s taking the Oaths.

I tell thee Mufti, *if the World were wiſe*
They would not wag one Finger in your Quarrels;
Your Heaven you Promiſe, but our Earth you covet;
The Phaetons *of Mankind, who fire that World,*
Which you were ſent by Preaching but to warm.

Mr. Dryden in Don Sebaſtian.

London, Printed in the Year 1691.

THE WEESILS.

The Argument of the first Section.

Husband and Wife at Variance are
About the Oathes, till Female Art
Informs his Conscience, he must Swear,
And brings him over to her part.

SECTION

NEAR to an Ancient Famous House of Prayer,
Where pious Rules were taught for many a year;
Where the Knights Templers lie with Legs across,
Expecting what may never come to pass;
In a close Cell, secure from Storms of Fate
Weesilion liv'd, in Matrimonial State;
Lucky, and Learn'd, he bore no Cross in Life,
Unless Mankind's Domestick Cross, a Wife;
But in the Lion's Court was prosperous long,
An Awful Bard, and reverenc'd was his Song;
Of Stature tall, and of right Weesil Size,
A Grace to all his Tribe, learn'd, pious, wise;
In favour with his Prince above the rest,
And had the knack of Preaching with the best;
Passive Obedience own'd to Legal Power,
And to defend it, true Allegiance swore.

It chanc'd the Lion for Oppressions laid
On's Subjects, not long after was betray'd:

Sly

Sly Foxes first the Faction 'gan to spread,
And then each free-born English Brute made Head;
Tyrannick Sway resolving to subdue,
They turn'd him out, and strait set up a new.

And now Obedience in a second Sphere,
To their ador'd new Monarch does appear?
Conscience Anatomiz'd in numbers was,
For true Belief, for Quiet, and for Place;
Whilst others the new Oaths would not receive,
Because the Lion late depos'd did live;
And tho from Pastoral Office dispossest,
Thought Perjury improper for a Priest.

Amongst the Learned Ministerial Crew
Weesilion was the first that thought this true,
As suiting with the Argumental Lore,
Which to the World he often taught before;
And therefore as his tender Conscience us'd
Still to direct him right, the Oaths refus'd,
As thinking he should else be much in fault,
And contradict the Doctrin he had taught:
But his dear Wife, whose Heart was fond of Gain,
And known a *Weesil* of another strain,
Whose Worldly Thoughts still rather did incline
To temporal Blessings than to Grace Divine,
Perceiving that her Bacon did decrease,
And that she miss'd her late supplies of Cheese;
The Pye-crust lost that feasted her before,
And all upon his starving Conscience score,
Resolv'd, as th' Sex oft do to Men most wise,
To work upon his fond uxorious Vice;
And thus as if she felt some mighty Pang
Of sudden Grief, began her first Harangue.

Wife Weesil. What signifies it, as our case now lies,
That thou art thought of Weesils the most wise,
That through our large Precinct art lov'd and fear'd,
And my Lord Cat himself not more rever'd;
(Tho Robes Episcopal much Reverence draw)
T' instruct and keep Parochial Mice in awe?

If

If Conscience bounds the Blessings of thy Life,
Conscience may get thee Fame, but starve thy Wife:
The Malecontents may cry thee up for good,
But I shall have the lesser store of Food;
And the least Vermin of the poorest Race,
Whose Husband swears, will make me give her place;
A thing that to our Sex more trouble draws,
Than loss of Life, Religion, or the Laws.

Hus Weesil. Take heed how solid Judgment you disgrace,
You must consider, Dearest, on our case,
What pains we take to tie our Flocks to Rules,
And what hard shifts we make to bubble Fools;
The wise begin to pry into our Trade,
And many see what Blockheads they are made;
You must not then my cautious Deeds revile,
Because our state is lessened for a while:
For yet e're I recant, 'tis fit I know
Whether the Government will stand or no.

Wife Weesil. Your Scruple in this case is plain and clear,
The Government well setled does appear,
Which by your own late Tenets safe may bring
Your true Allegiance unto any King.

Hus. Weesil, Opinions variously the Wise endite;
Ne're build too much, Sweet-heart, on what I write;
Thou art my own, and I may boldly say
My Pen can travel this and t'other way,
And Fallacies for Truths to Crowds make out,
The Ignorant are ever most devout.

Wife Weesil. If Profit be your Aim, why won't you swear?
Our Wants are great, and you know Winter's near.

Hus. Weesil. Tho my Preferments I retrieve agen,
My Conscience tells me 'tis a mighty sin.

W. Weesil. Does not your Conscience find the Scripture saith,
Preserve thy self?

Hus. Weesil. Sweet-heart, you must have Faith.

Wife Weesil. Feed on your musty Morals if you please,
A little Faith's good, with a little Cheese.

I love Devotion well, as being your Wife,
But good White Bread is still the staff of Life.
Hus. Weesil. Can you then murmur?
Wife Weesil. 'Tis in vain to sit
And think to feed upon your scraps of Wit;
I must lay up against a rainy Day,
And hoard a Stock, lest you are snatch'd away;
As with your own Diseases, and my draining
You quickly may, for you'r each day complaining;
And then perhaps at last you'l have the Grace
To Joynture me in your *Resistance case*;
Or else instead of Treasure will bequeath
Some *Practical Discourses about Death*;
But for a good support I may go seek,
If puking Conscience thus can make you squeak.
Hus. Weesil. Wouldst have a Clergyman be such a Wretch
To have no Conscience!
Wife Weesil. None that would not stretch;
To be cramp'd with it is a sordid Fate,
And a worse pain than wearing Shoes too streight:
Conscience in all things should our Comfort be,
No wise Man lets it starve his Family.
Hus. Weesil. Yet *Job* had Patience.
Wife Weesil. *Job* was curs'd alone;
And tho he Patience had, his Wife had none;
The better part on's Family stood out,
Much more inclin'd to curse than be devout:
And if I should my secret Thoughts confess,
I find my self a little in her Case.
How many savoury Bits were mine before?
No Weesil in the Town I'm sure had more:
Gammons and Marrow-Puddings my delight,
Besides Bribe-pyes when-ever you did write;
With Visitants still throng'd, the Hind, the Hare,
Councellor Fox, and my great Lord the Bear,
But now no Bruit of Fashion e're comes here,
Unless a sullen Male-contented Crew,
That having lost their Tales, would have yours too.

Hus.

Hus, Weesil. 'Tis fit we should on Providence depend,
Which in its own due time will Succour send;
To that with modest Patience let us fix.
Wife Weesil. But the mean time I want my Coach and six.
The Neighboring Wives already slight me too,
Justle to the Wall, and take the Upper Pew.
Hus. Weesil. Your Heart, Religion, to be humble, shews.
Wife Weesil A Coach, a Treat, a Title, and fine Cloathes,
Is all th' Religion that a Woman knows.
Therefore if my Contentment you hold dear,
Redeem your Loss, and if you love me, Swear.
Hus. Weesil. Suppose I should, what would the Subject say,
That I thus long have seem'd to disobey?
Wife Weesil. The Subjects are a Crew of little Mice,
Rich drowsie Moles, blunt Rats, and Bruits unwise;
You Clergy top upon them all with ease,
Your Name will quash a thousand when you please;
Write 'em your Reasons, pop some Logick in't,
'Twill get at least Ten Pound a Sheet for Print?
Tell 'em your Prudent Part was then disarm'd,
And that you're ne're too wise to be inform'd.
They'le then agree you only were mistaken.
Hus. Weesil. No, they'l conclude I do't to save my Bacon.
Wife Weesil. Though that one Reason is enough, by *Jove*
You're safe, because 'tis more than they can prove:
Why, is it strange you should past Errors see?
To be infallible is Popery.
Come, come, Sweet-hart, you must resolve upon't;
Must I give place, Is't fit that I should want?
Hus. Weesil. Consider if I should your Wishes Crown,
What a strange Noise 'twould make about the Town,
How many galling Censures must I bear?
Wife Weesil. What's Censure, to six hundred Pounds a year?
Hus. Weesil. That's true, but yet the headlong Multitude
Seeing thee pass along may be so rude
To point and laugh in Scorn.
Wife Weesil. I'le take a Chair,
And shew my Motion in an higher Sphere.

Come,

Come, come, excuse is vain, this Oath must be,
If you intend to live in peace with me.
Hus. Weesil. How much unable was Mankind decreed
To contradict, when Love and Beauty plead?
Strict Conscience o're our Souls has mighty Power,
But yet alas! dear Womankind has more:
I'le do't, and to excuse my Error better,
Lay all the Fault upon my Human Nature.
Wife Weesil. Not so, but use your Sophistry agen,
Amuse the Town with Notions from your Pen;
Preach on, look gravely, that still Credit draws;
If you own Frailty, you give up the Cause.

At this *Weesilion* with a close embrace
Seal'd his Resolve upon her charming Face;
And to oblige her, without more delay,
Resolv'd to swear Allegiance the next day,
Which was perform'd, and round the Lions Court
The News the Beasts did variously report;
The Bulls and Horses shew their different sense,
Th' one spoke him perjur'd, t' other in's defence:
But on his Spouse's side the Cows and Mares
Were resolute, as if the Case was theirs;
Who now (Preferments being all return'd)
No longer for her late Misfortunes mourn'd;
But pleas'd and jocund flaunts it up and down,
The happiest briskest Weesil in the Town.

The End of the First Section.

THE WEESILS.

The Argument of the second Section.

A Weesil of his former Flock,
Our Convert's Double-dealing shews,
Who patiently receives the Shock,
And lays the Fault upon his Spouse.

SECT. II.

AND now *Weesilion* was in prosperous state,
And daily expectation to be great:
His Wife too, in her Cock'd Comode well dreſt,
And richeſt Silks, can ruſtle with the beſt;
When yet ſome *Weesils* of a former Herd,
His Neighbouring Friends before he was prefer'd,
Perceiving that his Doctrin different was,
From what he taught 'em in another place,
With daily Grumblings vex, from time to time,
The wav'ring Brute, for his Apoſtate Crime:
All doubting much the ſafety of their Souls,
That had depended on his former Scrowls;
Mongſt whom a *Weesil* of a weightier Brain
Than generally the Party did retain,
Remembring what he late had heard him ſay,
And now had ſeen him ſwear another way,
A Friendly Viſit made, to ſtate the Caſe,
And find if he were utterly paſt Grace.

Weesilion, tho he late had been much teiz'd,
And was not with more Diſputants well pleas'd,
Yet with a chearful Look invites him in,
When thus the Stranger does his Tale begin.

Viſitant W. What crack-brain'd Whimſie have you lately done?
What can you mean by Preaching *pro & con?*
Strangely miſtaking thus your Reverend Place,
And bringing your whole Function in diſgrace:
Can you believe that you are grown ſo wiſe,
To charm our Senſes, and blind all our Eyes;
And that we are ſo ſtupid all of late,
That none can ſee how you prevaricate;
And with ſlight Sophiſtry and ſhallow Rules
Top and impoſe upon us all like Fools;
One while affirm, *We may reſiſt a King*;
Another, *contradict the ſelf ſame thing*,
Diſguiſing ſtreight what now your ſenſe unfolds,
As if you plaid the Jugler with our Souls;
By which Proceedings all we can remark,
Is, you deſign to leave us in the dark;
And to our Judgments make thoſe Tenets vain
In th' Temple, which you taught in *Buttolph-Lane*;
Elſe why this Turn of Humour?

Hus. Weeſel. Hear me ſpeak,
And then you will not think this Turn a Freak:
'Tis Conſcience which can never add to Crimes,
That makes our Doctrins alter with the Times;
Th' unhappy Land with Blood might over-flow,
If we ſhould Preach now as ſome years ago;
'Tis our Profeſſion ſtill to calm the vext.

Viſitant W. And as the Nation veers to turn your Text.
How e're unlike this your Profeſſion be,
That 'tis your Topick now we plainly ſee;
You leave true Senſe and Reaſon in the Lurch,
And yet pretend 'tis to ſupport the Church;
That Conſcience prompts you to promote a Peace;
You'd better own ſelf-intereſt in the Caſe,

And that you contradict your former Rules,
Only beause you took us all for Fools.

But who the Devil, if this be your way,
Will ever value what you Preach or Pray?
For if your Doctrin now in truth excels,
By consequence the former must be false,
And all the Notions you did late avow,
Dash'd and exploded by your Reasons now.
How oft alas! have I been one of those,
On whom you long did formerly Impose?
How oft have argued what you gravely taught,
Which you as gravely now prove good for nought;
Altho' perhaps I've laid my Soul upon't,
Eccho'd your Stuff, and justified your Cant;
And would have laid my Wives and Childrens too,
On knotty Points you ty'd, and now undo.

Hus. Weesil. These angry things are fit for all to say,
That are but little knowing in our way;
When once the Flock can give the Pastor Rules,
The Ignorant are wise, th' Instructors Fools:
We oft Designs Political must own,
As well as pious Rules, t' instruct the Town;
Your sense runs all upon Soul-saving Graces,
Ours is sometimes on Titles, and on Places;
For if we must explain all things we do,
We are not the Instructors then, but you;
Besides you Err in your Imagination,
For tho my Doctrins upon that occasion,
With others are not rightly understood,
They in one point agree, for all are good;
And you as wholsom Rules might learn from thence,
As the Case stood, as from my *Reasons* since.

Vis. W. There lies the Fallacy with which you cheat,
You never gave us your true Reasons yet.
You'd have us think 'twas Conscience made you swear;
Conscience, alas! was the least Motive there;

For

For Conſcience working when your Cauſe was ſtrong,
No Cauſe gave to defer the Oath ſo long:
Another Motive more your Senſe amuz'd,
That Ireland *was in doubt to be reduc'd*,
The Government not ſetled, and the ſcorn
You'd bear, if the late Lion ſhould return.
Conqueſt unſure made you refuſe before,
But when you found we were in hopes, you ſwore.
Hus. Weeſel Let vulgar Inſolents think what they pleaſe,
I beſt can tell what gave my Conſcience eaſe,
I found one Book that the Caſe plain expreſs'd.
Vif. Weeſil. Faith, then let me adviſe, burn all the reſt:
If you have read thus long, and are taught now
By one, what in this point you ought to do,
Leave off to ſtudy, and be rul'd by me,
Turn and begin again at *A B C*.
Hus. Weeſil. Should any think Inſtruction out of ſeaſon?
Vif. Wheeſil. Could any Man of Senſe give ſuch a Reaſon?
Eſpecially where Free-will is his own,
No ſtrict Commands, nor Impoſitions known;
The Gracious Lion lets our Conſciences
Lie cloſe, or elſe dilated as we pleaſe;
When tho his Power may remand a place,
He never touches our Spiritual Caſe,
But fairly lets us ſwear, or diſobey;
Stand out for Conſcience, or come in for Pay.
Hus. Weeſil. Altho he does not force, he may require.
Vif. Weeſil. Ah, that's a thing we find you all deſire;
Spite of Devotion we can ſee an Itch
In Sanctity, ſtill longing to be rich;
And though the Scripture has confirm'd it true,
That no one can ſerve God and Mammon too;
Yet the Long Robe, in all their ſtricteſt Zeal,
I find by you the Miſers Murrain feel;
Gold on the craving Boſom of a Prieſt,
Adorns his *Urim* and his *Thummim* beſt;
And Gold 'tis thought by all your Neighbours round
Inform'd your Faith more than the Book you found.

Hus.Weefil. Prithee no more, I'm teez'd enough already.
Vif.Weefil. Your Tribe ſhould all be in Opinion ſteddy.
Not turn and wind for Title and for Place,
Nor covet Wealth, but in ſpiritual Grace;
The Gifts of Mammon you ſhould ne're implore,
Nor wiſh for Gold, unleſs to give the Poor;
It makes your Trade contemptible appear,
Leſs follow'd too, and look'd into more near:
For if all thoſe that ſell us Paradice
Muſt have their ſhares of every Human Vice,
They ſhall cant long enough e're I believe,
Or pin my Soul's Salvation on their Sleeve.
But come, to leave all Fallacies and Tricks,
Swear as if 'twere upon a Crucifix,
Declare, as you would merit to be bleſs'd,
Why you refus'd ſo long, why ſwore at laſt;
Was not a Female Serpent in the caſe?
Was't not your Wife?
Hus. Weefil. To ſay the Truth, it was; [*weeping.*
Profit with Argument my Heart did win,
Fix'd my long wavering Faith, and drew me in;
Her flowing Reaſons mine in Publick brought,
Vif.Weefil. And to deal plainly with thee, ſo 'tis thought;
Her ebbing Stores did this Deſire inflame,
She wanted Counters too to play at Pam;
And Toys and Treats, and Trappings for the Head,
Theſe Knacks ſet you a ſwearing.
Hus.Weefil. Yes indeed,
The pureſt work of Nature's Artful Hand
Winning my Heart, did ſoon my Senſe command;
Nor had I power to deny my *Eve*,
No more than he whom ſhe did firſt deceive.
Vif. Weefil. Worſt work of Heaven's Creation! How much ill
In every Age is done by Woman ſtill?
Born to deſtroy, by Nature dreſs'd for ſin,
Their Soul's their outward Form, they 've none within:
To be impos'd on by a Female Brain
Exalts your Fault, and makes Excuſe more vain:

To each proud Dame you give Example now,
They'd fain rebel, and you have ſhewn them how:
They'l always quote your Reaſons as ſublime,
And Cuckoldom's entail'd upon your Crime:
Courage, they cry, let's make the Men obey,
Mark how the D----r's Wife has led the way.
Thus you not only Diſobedience draw
From them, but ſet us up a Salique Law,
But almoſt make us leave our Souls in th' Lurch,
By bringing a juſt Scandal on the Church.
Hus. Weeſil. My Reaſons ſhall hereafter be more ſtrong,
Scandal you know is ne're but ſeven days long;
Tho Pamphlets now the Vulgar dare repeat,
The Tone will alter'd be when I am great;
And then I ſhall in a right Poſture be
To do my Friends ſome good, and ſome to thee.
Vif. Weeſil. If Temporal Good you mean, with all my Heart,
But I'le ne're truſt again your Preaching Art.
Purſue your Work, gain the Pontifick Field,
Advance the Mitre, and the Croſier Wield;
But may I be of all Male rights diſarm'd,
If ever I come t'ye to be confirm'd.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT

INstead of a Preface I only ſhall let you know, That I have a Veneration for the Church of England *and Monarchical Government; and only preſume to give this little Jerk to ſome, who, I am afraid, byas'd by Intereſt, either wink at, or abſolutely forget her admirable, tho plain Principles.*

FINIS.

FINIS.

Table-Talk:

BEING THE

DISCOURSES

OF

John Selden Esq;

OR HIS

SENCE

Of Various

MATTERS

OF

WEIGHT and High CONSEQUENCE

Relating especially to

Religion and State.

Distingue Tempora.

LONDON,
Printed for *E. Smith*, in the Year MDCLXXXIX.

To the Honourable

Mr. Juſtice Hales,

One of the JUDGES

OF THE

Common-Pleas;

Aud to the much Honoured

EDWARD HEYWOOD, JOHN VAUGHAN and *ROWLAND JEWKS* Eſquires.

Moſt worthy Gentlemen,

WEre you not Executors to that Perſon, who (while he liv'd) was the Glory of the Nation; yet I am Confident any thing of his would find Acceptance with you, and truly the Senſe and Notion here is wholy his, and moſt of the words. I had the opportunity to hear his Diſcourſe twenty Years together, and leaſt all thoſe Excellent things that uſually fell from him might be loſt, ſome of them from time to time I faithfully committed to Writing, which here digeſted into this Method, I humbly preſent to your Hands; you will quickly perceive them to be his by the familiar Illuſtrations wherewith they are ſet off, and in which way you know he was ſo happy, that (with a marvelous delight to thoſe that heard him) he would preſently convey the higheſt Points of Religion, and the moſt important Affairs of State to an ordinary apprehenſion.

In reading be pleas'd to diſtinguiſh Times, and in your Fancy carry along with you, the When *and the* Why, *many of theſe things were ſpoken; this will give them the more Life, and the ſmarter Reliſh. 'Tis poſſible the Entertainment you find in them, may render you the more inclinable to pardon the Preſumption of*

Your moſt Obliged and

moſt Humble Servant

RI: MILWARD.

THE

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THE

THE DISCOURSES OF John Selden, Esq;

Abbies, Priories, &c.

1. THE unwillingness of the Monks to part with their Land, will fall out to be just nothing, because they were yielded up to the King by a Supream Hand (*viz.*) a Parliament. If a King conquer another Country, the People are loth to loose their Lands, yet no Divine will deny, but the King may give them to whom he please. If a Parliament make a Law concerning Leather, or any other Commodity, you and I for Example are Parliament Men, perhaps in respect to our own private Interests, we are against it, yet the Major part conclude it, we are then involv'd and the Law is good.

2. When the Founder of Abbies laid a Curse upon those that should take away those Lands, I would fain know what Power they had to curse me; 'Tis not the Curses that come from the Poor, or from any body, that hurt me, because they come from them, but because I do something ill against them that deserves God should curse me for it. On the other side 'tis not a mans Blessing me that makes me blessed, he only declares me to be so, and if I do well I shall be blessed, whether any bless me or not.

3. At the time of Dissolution, they were tender in taking from the Abbots and Priors their Lands and their Houses, till they surrendred them (as most of them did) indeed the Prior of St. *John's*, Sir *Richard Weston*, being a stout Man, got into *France*, and stood out a whole year, at last submitted, and the King took in that Priory also, to which the Temple belonged, and many other Houses in *England*, they did not then cry no Abbots, no Priors, as we do now no Bishops, no Bishops.

4. *Henry* the Fifth put away the Friars, Aliens, and seiz'd to himself 100000 *l.* a year, and therefore they were not the Protestants only that took away Church Lands.

5. In Queen *Elizabeths* time, when all the Abbies were pulled down, all good Works defaced, then the Preachers must cry up Justification by Faith, not by good Works.

Articles.

1. THE nine and thirty Articles are much another thing in Latin, (in which Tongue they were made) then they are tranſlated into Engliſh, they were made at three ſeveral Convocations, and confirmed by Act of Parliament ſix or ſeven times after. There is a Secret concerning them: Of late Miniſters have ſubſcribed to all of them, but by Act of Parliament that confirm'd them, they ought only to ſubſcribe to thoſe Articles which contain matter of Faith, and the Doctrine of the Sacraments, as appears by the firſt Subſcriptions. But Biſhop *Bancroft* (in the Convocation held in King *James*'s days) he began it, that Miniſters ſhould ſubſcribe to three things, to the Kings Supremacy, to the Common-prayer, and to the Thirty nine Articles; many of them do not contain matter of Faith. Is it matter of Faith how the Church ſhould be govern'd? Whether Infants ſhould be Baptized? Whether we have any Property in our Goods? *&c.*

Baptiſm.

1. 'TWas a good way to perſwade men to be chriſtned, to tell them that they had a Foulneſs about them, *viz.* Original Sin, that could not be waſhed away but by Baptiſm.

2. The Baptizing of Children with us, does only prepare a Child againſt he comes to be a Man, to underſtand what Chriſtianity means. In the Church of *Rome* it hath this effect, it frees Children from Hell. They ſay they go into *Limbus Infantum*. It ſucceeds Circumciſion, and we are ſure the Child underſtood nothing of that at eight days old; why then may not we as reaſonably baptiſe a Child at that Age? in *England* of late years I ever thought the Parſon baptiz'd his own Fingers rather than the Child.

3. In the Primitive times they had God-fathers to ſee the Children brought up in the Chriſtian Religion, becauſe many times, when the Father was a Chriſtian, the Mother was not, and ſometimes when the Mother was a Chriſtian, the Father was not, and therefore they made choice of two or more that were Chriſtians, to ſee their Children brought up in that Faith.

Baſtard.

1. 'TIS ſaid the 23d. of *Deuteron.* 2. [*A Baſtard ſhall not enter into the Congregation of the Lord, even to the tenth Generation.*] *Non ingredietur in Eccleſiam Domini*, he ſhall not enter into the Church. The meaning of the Phraſe is, he ſhall not marry a Jewiſh Woman. But upon this groſly miſtaken; a Baſtard at this day in the Church of *Rome*, without a Diſpenſation, cannot take Orders; the thing haply well enough, where 'tis ſo ſetled; but 'tis upon a Miſtake (the Place having no reference to the Church) appears plainly by what follows at the third Verſe [*An Ammonite or Moabite ſhall not enter into the Congregation of the Lord, even to the tenth Generation.*] Now you know with the Jews an Ammonite, or a Moabite could never be a Prieſt, becauſe their Prieſts were born ſo, not made.

Bible, Scripture.

1. 'TIS a great queſtion how we know Scripture to be Scripture, whether by the Church, or by Mans private Spirit, Let me ask you how I know any thing? how I know this Carpet to be Green? Firſt, becauſe ſomebody told me it was Green; that you call the Church in your Way. Then after I have been told it is green, when I ſee that Colour again, I know it to be Green, my own Eyes tell me it is Green, that you call the private Spirit.

2. The Engliſh Tranſlation of the Bible, is the beſt Tranſlation in the World, and renders the Senſe of the Original beſt, taking in for the Engliſh Tranſlation, the Biſhops Bible, as well as King *James's*. The Tranſlation in King *James's* time took an excellent way. That part of the Bible was given to him who was moſt excellent in ſuch a Tongue (as the *Apochrypha* to *Andrew Downs*) and then they met together, and one read the Tranſlation, the reſt holding in their Hands ſome Bible, either of the learned Tongues, or *French*, *Spaniſh*, *Italian*, &c. if they found any Fault they ſpoke, if not, he read on.

3. There is no Book ſo tranſlated as the Bible for the purpoſe. If I tranſlate a *French* Book into *Engliſh*, I turn it into *Engliſh* Phraſe, not into *French Engliſh* [*Il fait froid*] I ſay 'tis cold, not, it makes cold, but the Bible is rather tranſlated into *Engliſh* Words, than into *Engliſh* Phraſe. The Hebraiſms are kept, and the Phraſe of that Language is kept: As for Example [he uncovered her Shame] which is well enough, ſo long as Scholars have to do with it; but when it comes among the Common People, Lord, what Gear do they make of it!

4. *Scrutamini Scripturas.* Theſe two Words have undone the World, becauſe Chriſt ſpake it to his Diſciples, therefore we muſt all, Men, Women and Children, read and interpret the Scripture.

5. *Henry* the Eighth made a Law, that all Men might read the Scripture, except Servants, but no Woman, except Ladies and Gentlewomen, who had Leiſure, and might ask ſomebody the meaning. The Law was repealed in *Edward* the Sixth's days.

6. Lay-men have beſt interpreted the hard places in the Bible, ſuch as *Johannes Picus*, *Scaliger*, *Grotius*, *Salmanſius*, *Heinſius*, &c.

7. If you ask which of *Eraſmus*, *Beza* or *Grotius* did beſt upon the New Teſtament, 'tis an Idle queſtion; for they all did well in their way. *Eraſmus* broke down the firſt Brick, *Beza* added many things, and *Grotius* added much to him, in whom we have either ſomething new, or ſomething heightned, that was ſaid before, and ſo 'twas neceſſary to have them all three.

8. The Text ſerves only to gueſs by, we muſt ſatisfie our ſelves fully out of the Authors that liv'd about thoſe times.

9. In interpreting the Scripture, many do, as if a man ſhould ſee one have ten pounds, which he reckoned by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. meaning four, was but four Unites, and five, five Unites, &c. and that he had in all but ten pounds; the other that ſees him, takes not the Figures together as he doth, but picks here and there, and thereupon reports, that he hath five pounds in one Bag, and ſix pounds in another Bag, and nine pounds in another Bag, &c. when as in truth he

hath but ten pounds in all. So we pick out a Text here, and there to make it serve our turn; whereas, if we take it all together, and consider'd what went before, and what followed after, we should find it meant no such thing.

10. Make no more Allegories in Scripture than needs must, the Fathers were too frequent in them, they indeed, before they fully understood the litteral Sence, look'd out for an Allegory. The Folly whereof you may conceive thus; here at the first sight appears to me in my Window, a Glass and a Book, I take it for granted 'tis a Glass and a Book, thereupon I go about to tell you what they signifie; afterwards, upon nearer view, they prove no such thing, one is a Box made like a Book, the other is a Picture made like a Glass, where's now my Allegory?

11. When Men meddle with the Litteral Text, the question is, where they should stop; in this case a Man must venture his Discretion, and do his best to satisfie himself and others in those places where he doubts, for although we call the Scripture the Word of God (as it is) yet it was writ by a Man, a mercenary Man, whose Copy, either might be false, or he might make it false: For Example, here were a thousand Bibles printed in *England* with the Text thus, [*Thou shalt commit Adultery*] the Word [*not*] left out; might not this Text be mended?

12. The Scripture may have more Senses besides the Literal, because God understands all things at once, but a Mans Writing has but one true Sence, which is that which the Author meant when he writ it.

13. When you meet with several Readings of the Text, take heed you admit nothing against the Tenets of your Church, but do as if you were going over a Bridge, be sure you hold fast by the Rail, and then you may dance here and there as you please, be sure you keep to what is setled, and then you may flourish upon your various Lections.

14. The *Apochrypha* is bound with the Bibles of all Churches that have been hitherto. Why should we leave it out? the Church of *Rome* has her *Apochrypha* (*viz.*) *Susanna*, and *Bell and the Dragon*, which she does not esteem equally with the rest of those Books that we call *Apochrypha*.

Bishops before the Parliament.

1. A Bishop as a Bishop, had never any Ecclesiastial Jurisdiction; for as soon as he was *Electus Confirmatus*, that is, after the three Proclamations in *Bow-Church*, he might exercise Jurisdiction, before he was consecrated, not till then, he was no Bishop, neither could he give Orders. Besides, *Suffragans* were Bishops, and they never claim'd any Jurisdiction.

2. Antiently, the Noble Men lay within the City for Safety and Security. The Bishops Houses were by the Water-side, because they were held Sacred Persons which no body would hurt.

3. There was some Sence for *Commendams* at first, when there was a Living void, and never a Clerk to serve it, the Bishops was to keep it till they found a fit Man, but now 'tis a Trick for the Bishop to keep it for himself.

4. For a Bishop to preach, 'tis to do other Folks Office, as if the Steward of the House should execute the Porters or the Cooks Place; 'tis his Business to see that they and all other about the House perform their Duties. 5. That

5. That which is thought to have done the Bishops hurt, is their going about to bring men to a blind Obedience, imposing things upon them [though perhaps small and well enough] without preparing them, and insinuating into their Reasons and Fancies, every man loves to know his Commander. I wear those Gloves, but perhaps if an Alderman should command me, I should think much to do it; what has he to do with me? Or if he has, peradventure I do not know it. This jumping upon things at first dash will destroy all; to keep up Friendship, there must be little Addresses and Applications, whereas Bluntness spoils it quickly: To keep up the Hierarchy, there must be little Applications made to men, they must be brought on by little and little: So in the Primitive times the Power was gain'd, and so it must be continued. *Scaliger* said of *Erasmus*: *Si minor esse voluit, major fuisset.* So we may say of the Bishops, *Si minores esse voluerint, majores fuissent.*

6. The Bishops were too hasty, else with a discreet slowness they might have had what they aim'd at: The old Story of the Fellow, that told the Gentleman, he might get to such a place, if he did not ride too fast, would have fitted their turn.

7. For a Bishop to cite an old Cannon to strengthen his new Articles, is as if a Lawyer should plead an old Statute that has been repeal'd God knows how long.

Bishops in the Parliament.

1. BIshops have the same Right to sit in Parliament as the best Earls and Barons, that is, those that were made by Writ: If you ask one of them [*Arundel, Oxford, Northumberland*] why they sit in the House? they can only say, their Fathers sate there before them, and their Grand-father before him, &c. And so says the Bishops, he that was a Bishop of this Place before me, sate in the House, and he that was a Bishop before him, &c. Indeed your later Earls and Barons have it expressed in their Patents, that they shall be called to the Parliament. *Objection*, But the Lords sit there by Blood, the Bishops not. *Answer*, 'Tis true, they sit not there both the same way, yet that takes not away the Bishops Right: If I am a Parson of a Parish, I have as much Right to my Gleab and Tyth, as you have to your Land which your Ancestors have had in that Parish eight hundred years.

2. The Bishops were not Barons, because they had Baronies annext to their Bishopricks (for few of them had so, unless the old ones, *Canterbury*, *Winchester*, *Durham*, &c. the new erected we are sure had none, as *Gloceſter*, *Peterborough*, &c. besides, few of the Temporal Lords had any Baronies.) But they are Barons, because they are called by Writ to the Parliament, and Bishops were in the Parliament ever since there was any mention or sign of a Parliament in *England*.

3. Bishops may be judged by the Peers, though in time of Popery it never hapned, because they pretended they were not obnoxious to a Secular Court, but their way was to cry, *Ego sum Frater Domini Papæ*, I am Brother to my Lord the Pope, and therefore take not my self to be judged by you; in this Case they impannelled a Middlesex Jury, and dispatcht the Business.

4. Whether may Bishops be present in cases of Blood? *Answ.* That they had a Right to give Votes, appears by this, always when they did go out, they left a

Proxy, and in the time of the Abbots, one man had 10. 20. or 30. Voices. In *Richard* the Seconds time, there was a Proteſtation againſt the Canons, by which they were forbidden to be preſent in caſe of Blood. The Statute of 25th. of *Henry* the Eighth may go a great way in this Buſineſs. The Clergy were forbidden to uſe or cite any Cannon, &c. but in the latter end of the Statute, there was a Clauſe, that ſuch Cannons that were in uſage in this Kingdom, ſhould be in force till the thirty two Commiſſioners appointed ſhould make others, provided they were not contrary to the Kings Supremacy. Now the Queſtion will be, whether theſe Cannons for Blood were in uſe in this Kingdom or no? the contrary whereof may appear by many Preſidents, in *R.* 3. and *H.* 7. and the beginning of *H.* 8. in which time there were more attainted than ſince, or ſcarce before: The Cannons of Irregularity of Blood were never received in *England*, but upon pleaſure. If a Lay Lord was attainted, the Biſhops aſſented to his Condemning, and were always preſent at the paſſing of the Bill of Attainder: But if a Spiritual Lord, they went out as if they cared not whoſe Head was cut off, ſo none of their own. In thoſe days the Biſhops being of great Houſes, were often entangled with the Lords in Matters of Treaſon. But when d'ye hear of a Biſhop a Traytor now?

5. You would not have Biſhops meddle with Temporal Affairs, think who you are that ſay it. If a Papiſt, they do in your Church; if an *Engliſh* Proteſtant, they do among you; if a Presbiterian, where you have no Biſhops, you mean your Presbiterian Lay Elders ſhould meddle with Temporal Affairs as well as Spiritual. Beſides, all Juriſdiction is Temporal, and in no Church, but they have ſome Juriſdiction or other. The Queſtion then will be reduced to *Magis* and *Minus*; they meddle more in one Church than in another.

6. *Objection.* Biſhops give not their Votes by Blood in Parliament, but by an Office annext to them, which being taken away, they ceaſe to vote, therefore there is not the ſame reaſon for them as for Temporal Lords. *Anſw.* We do not pretend they have that Power the ſame way, but they have a Right: He that has an Office in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, for his Life, the Office is as much his, as his Land is his that hath Land by Inheritance.

7. Whether had the inferior Clergy ever any thing to do in the Parliament? *Anſw.* No, no otherwiſe than thus, There were certain of the Clergy that uſed to aſſemble near the Parliament, with whom the Biſhops, upon occaſion might conſult (but there were none of the Convocation, as 'twas afterwards ſetled, (*viz.*) the Dean, the Arch-Deacon, one for the Chapter, and two for the Dioceſs) but it hapned by continuance of time (to ſave Charges and Trouble) their Voices and the Conſent of the whole Clergy were involved in the Biſhops, and at this day the Biſhops Writs run, to bring all theſe to the Parliament, but the Biſhops themſelves ſtand for all.

8. Biſhops were formerly one of theſe two Conditions, either Men bred Canoniſts and Civilians, ſent up and down Ambaſſadors to *Rome* and other Parts, and ſo by their Merit came to that Greatneſs, or elſe great Noble Mens Sons, Brothers, and Nephews, and ſo born to govern the State: Now they are of a low Condition, their Education nothing of that way; he gets a Living, and then a greater Living, and then a greater then that, and ſo comes to govern.

9. Biſhops

9. Bishops are now unfit to Govern because of their Learning, they are bred up in another Law, they run to the Text for something done amongst the *Jews* that nothing concerns *England*; 'tis just as if a Man would have a Kettle and he would not go to our *Brazier* to have it made; as they make Kettles, but he would have it made as *Hiram* made his Brass-work, who wrought in *Solomons* Temple.

10. To take away Bishops Votes, is but the beginning to take them away; for then they can be no longer useful to the King or State. 'Tis but like the little Wimble, to let in the greater Auger. Objection. But they are but for their Life, and that makes them always go for the King as he will have them. *Answer.* This is against a double Charity, for you must always suppose a bad King and bad Bishops. Then again, whether will a Man be sooner content, himself should be made a Slave or his Son after him? [when we talk of our Children we mean our selves,] besides they that have posterity are more obliged to the King, then they that are only for themselves, in all the reason in the World.

11. How shall the Clergy be in the Parliament if the Bishops are taken away? *Answer.* By the Layety, because the Bishops in whom the rest of the Clergy are included, are sent to the taking away their own Votes, by being involv'd in the major part of the House. This follows naturally.

12. The Bishops being put out of the House, whom will they lay the fault upon now? When the Dog is beat out of the Room, where will they lay the stink?

Bishops out of the Parliament.

1. IN the beginning Bishops and Presbyters were alike, like the Gentlemen in the Country, whereof one is made Deputy Livetenant, another Justice of Peace, so one is made a *Bishop*, another a Dean; and that kind of Government by Arch-Bishops, and Bishops no doubt came in, in imitation of the Temporal Government, not *Jure Divino*. In time of the *Roman* Empire, where they had a Legatus, there they placed an Arch-Bishop, where they had a Rector there a Bishop, that every one might be instructed in Christianity, which now they had received into the Empire,

2. They that speak ingeniously of Bishops and Presbyters, say, that a Bishop is a great Presbyter, and during the time of his being Bishop, above a Presbyter: as your President of the Colledge of Phisitians, is above the rest, yet he himself is no more than a Doctor of Physick.

3. The words [Bishop and Presbyter] are promiscuously used, that is confessed by all: and though the word [Bishop] be in *Timothy* and *Titus*, yet that will not prove the Bishops ought to have a Jurisdiction over the Presbyter, though *Timothy* or *Titus* had by the order that was given them: some Body must take care of the rest, and that Jurisdiction was but to Excommunicate, and that was but to tell them they should come no more into their Company. Or grant they did make Canons one for another, before they came to be in the State, does it follow they must do so when the State has

receiv'd them into it? What if *Timothy* had Power in *Ephesus*, and *Titus* in *Crete* over the *Presbyters*? Does it follow therefore the Bishop must have the same in *England*? Must we be govern'd like *Ephesus* and *Crete*?

4. However some of the Bishops pretend to be *Jure Divino*, yet the Practice of the Kingdom had ever been otherwise, for whatever Bishops do otherwise then the Law permits, *Westminster-Hall* can controul, or send them to absolve, *&c.*

5. He that goes about to prove Bishops *Jure Divino*, does as a Man that having a Sword shall strike it against an Anvil, if he strike it a while there, he may peradventure loosen it, though it be never so well riveted, 'twill serve to strike another Sword (or cut Flesh) but not against an Anvil.

6. If you should say you hold your Land by *Moses* or Gods Law, and would try it by that, you may perhaps loose, but by the Law of the Kingdom you are sure of it, so may the Bishops by this Plea of *Jure Divino* loose all; The Pope had as good a Title by the Law of *England* as could be had, had he not left that, and claim'd by Power from God.

7. There is no Government enjoyn'd by Example, but by Precept; it does not follow we must have Bishops still, because we have had them so long. They are equally mad who say Bishops are so *Jure Divino* that they must be continued, and they who say they are so Antichristian, that they must be put away, all is as the State pleases.

8. To have no Ministers, but Presbyters, 'tis as in the Temporal State they should have no Officers but Constables. Bishops do best stand with Monarchy, that as amongst the Laity, you have Dukes, Lords, Lieutenants, Judges, *&c.* to send down the Kings pleasure to his Subjects; So you have Bishops to govern the inferiour Clergy: These upon occasion may address themselves to the King, otherwise every Parson of the Parish must come, and run up to the Court.

9. The Protestants have no Bishops in *France*, because they live in a Catholic Country, and they will not have Catholic Bishops; therefore they must govern themselves as well as they may.

10. What is that to the purpose, to what end Bishops Lands were given to them at first? you must look to the Law and Custom of the place. What is that to any Temporal Lords Estate, how Lands were first divided, or how in *William* the Conquerours days? And if Men at first were juggled out of their Estates, yet they are rightly their Successours. If my Father cheat a Man, and he content to it, the Inheritance is rightly mine.

11. If there be no Bishops, there must be something else, which has the Power of Bishops, though it be in many, and then had you not as good keep them? If you will have no Half Crowns, but only single Pence, yet Thirty single Pence are a Half Crown; and then had you not as good keep both? But the Bishops have done ill, 'twas the Men, not the Function; As if you should say, you would have no more Half Crowns, because they were stolen, when the truth is they were not stolen because they were Half Crowns, but because they were Money and light in a Theives hand.

12. They that would pull down the Bishops and erect a new way of Govern ment, do as he that pulls down an old House, and builds another, in another fashion

fashion, there's a great deal of do, and a great deal of trouble, the old rubbish must be carryed away, and new materials must be brought, Workmen must be provided, and perhaps the old one would have serv'd as well.

13. If the Parliament and *Presbyterian Party* should dispute who should be Judge? Indeed in the beginning of Queen *Elizabeth*, there was such a difference, between the *Protestants* and *Papists*, and Sir *Nicholas Bacon* Lord Chancellor was appointed to be Judge, but the Conclusion was the stronger *Party* carryed it: For so Religion was brought into Kingdoms, so it has been continued, and so it may be cast out, when the State pleases.

14. 'Twill be a great discouragement to Scholars that *Bishops* should be put down: For now the Father can say to his Son, and the Tutor to his *Pupil, Study hard, and you shall have Vocem & Sedem in Parliamento*; then it must be, *Study hard, and you shall have a hundred a year if you please your Parish.* *Obj.* But they that enter into the Ministry for preferment, are like *Judas* that lookt after the *Bag.* *Ans.* It may be so, if they turn Scholars at *Judas's* Age, but what Arguments will they use to perswade them to follow their *Books* while they are young?

Books, Authors.

1. THE giving a *Bookseller* his price for his *Books* has this advantage, he that will do so, shall have the refusal of whatsoever comes to his hand, and so by that means get many things, which otherwise he never should have seen. So 'tis in giving a *Bawd* her price.

2. In buying Books or other Commodities, 'tis not always the best way to bid half so much as the seller asks: witness the Country fellow that went to buy two groat Shillings, they askt him three Shillings, and he bid them Eighteen pence.

3. They counted the price of the Books (*Acts* 19. 19.) and found Fifty Thousand peices of Silver, that is so many Sextertii, or so many three half pence of our Money, about Three Hundred pound Sterling.

4. Popish Books teach and inform, what we know, we know much out of them. The Fathers, Church Story, Schoolmen, all may pass for Popish Books, and if you take away them, what Learning will you leave? Besides who must be Judge? The Customer or the Waiter? If he disallows a Book it must not be brought into the Kingdom, then Lord have mercy upon all Schollars. These Puritan Preachers if they have any things good, they have it out of Popish Books, though they will not acknowledg it, for fear of displeasing the people, he is a poor Divine that cannot sever the good from the bad.

5. 'Tis good to have Translations, because they serve as a Comment, so far as the Judgment of the Man goes.

6. In Answering a Book, 'tis best to be short, otherwise he that I write against will suspect I intend to weary him, not to satisfy him. Besides in being long I shall give my Adversary a huge advantage, somewhere or other he will pick a hole.

1. In quoting of Books, quote such Authors as are usually read, others you may read for your own Satisfaction, but not name them.

8. Quoting

8. Quoting of Authors is moſt for matter of Fact, and then I write them as I would produce a Witneſs, ſometimes for a free Expreſſion, and then I give the Author his due, and gain my ſelf praiſe by reading him.

9. To quote a modern *Dutch* Man where I may uſe a Claſic Author, is as if I were to juſtify my Reputation, and I neglect all Perſons of Note and Quality that know me, and bring the Teſtimonial of the Scullion in the Kitchen.

Cannon-Law.

IF I would ſtudy the Cannon-Law as it is uſed in *England*, I muſt ſtudy the Heads here in uſe, then go to the Practicers in thoſe Courts where that Law is practiced, and know their Cuſtoms, ſo for all the ſtudy in the World.

Ceremony.

1. CEremony keeps up all thiugs; 'Tis like a Penny-Glaſs to a rich Spirit, or ſome Excellent Water, without it the water were ſpilt, the Spirit loſt.

2. Of all people Ladies have no reaſon to cry down Ceremonies, for they take themſelves ſlighted without it. And were they not uſed with Ceremony, with Complements and Addreſſes, with Legs, and kiſſing of Hands, they were the pittyfulleſt Creatures in the World, but yet methinks to kiſs their Hands after their Lips as ſome do, is like little Boys, that after they eat the Apple, fall to the paring, out of a Love they have to the Apple.

Chancellor.

1. THE Biſhop is not to ſit with the Chancellor in his Court (as being a thing either beneath him, or beſide him) no more then the King is to ſit in the *Kings-Bench* when he has made a Lord-Chief-Juſtice.

2. The Chancellor govern'd in the Church, who was a Layman. And therefore 'tis falſe which they charge the Biſhops with, that they Challenge ſole Juriſdiction. For the Biſhop can no more put out the Chancellor than the Chancellor the Biſhop. They were many of them made Chancellors for their Lives, and he is the fitteſt Man to Govern, becauſe Divinity ſo overwhelms the reſt.

Changing Sides.

1. TIS the Tryal of a Man to ſee if he will Change his ſide; and if he be ſo weak as to Change once, he will Change again. Your Country Fellows have a way to try if a Man be weak in the Hams, by coming behind him, and giving him a blow unawares, if he bend once, he will bend again.

2. The Lords that fall from the King after they have got Eſtates, by baſe Flattery at Court, and now pretend Conſcience, do as a Vintner, that when he firſt ſets up, you may bring your Wench to his Houſe, and do your things there, but when he grows Rich, he truns Conſcientious, and will ſell no Wine upon the Sabbath-day.

3. Collonel *Goring* ſerving firſt the one ſide and then the other, did like a good Miller that knows how to grind which way ſoever the Wind ſits.

4. After

4. After *Luther* had made a Combustion in *Germany* about Religion, he was sent to by the *Pope*, to be taken off, and offer'd any preferment in the Church, that he would make choice of, *Luther* answer'd, if he had offered half as much at first, he would have accepted it, but now he had gone so far, he could not come back, in Truth he had made himself a greater thing than they could make him, the *German* Princes Courted him, he was become the Author of a Sect ever after to be called *Lutherans*. So have our Preachers done that are against the Bishops, they have made themselves greater with the People, than they can be made the other way, and therefore there is the less Charity probably in bringing them of. Charity to Strangers is injoyned in the Text, by Strangers is there understood those that are not of our own kin, Strangers to your Blood, not those you cannot tell whence they come, that is be Charitable to your Neighbours whom you know to be honest poor People.

Christmas.

1. *Christmas* succeeds the *Saturnalia*, the same time, the same number of Holy days, then the Master waited upon the Servant like the Lord of *Misrule*.

2. Our Meats and our Sports (much of them) have relation to Church-works. The Coffin of our *Christmas* Pies in shape long, is in imitation of the Cratch, our Choosing Kings and Queens on Twelfth night, hath reference to the Three Kings. So likewise our eating of Fritters, whipping of Tops, Roasting of Herrings, Jack of Lents, &c. they were all in imitation of Church-works, Emblems of *Martyrdom*. Our Tansies at *Easter* have reference to the bitter Herbs: though at the same time 'twas always the Fashion for a Man to have a Gammon of Bakon, to show himself to be no *Jew*.

Christians.

1. IN the High Church of *Jerusalem*, the Christians were but another Sect of *Jews*, that did believe the *Messias* was come. To be called was nothing else, but to become a Christian, to have the Name of a Christian, it being their own Language, for amongst the *Jews*, when they made a Doctor of Law, 'twas said he was called.

2. The *Turks* tell their People of a Heaven where there is sensible Pleasure, but of a Hell where they shall suffer they do not know what. The Christians quite invert this order, they tell us of a Hell where we shall feel sensible Pain, but of a Heaven where we shall enjoy we cannot tell what.

3. Why did the Heathens object to the Christians, that they Worship an Asses Head? you must know, that to a Heathen, a *Jew* and a Christian were all one, that they regarded him not, so he was not one of them. Now that of the Asses Head might proceed from such a mistake as this, by the *Jews* Law all the Firstlings of Cattle were to be offered to God, except a Young Ass, which was to be redeem'd, a Heathen being present, and seeing young Calves, and young Lambs killed at their Sacrifices, only young Asses redeem'd might very well think they had that silly Beast in some high Estimation, and thence might imagine they worshipt it as a God.

Church

Church.

1. HEretofore the Kingdom let the Church alone, let them do what they would, becauſe they had ſomething elſe to think of (*viz.*) Wars, but now in time of peace, we begin to examine all things, will have nothing but what we like, grow dainty and wanton, juſt as in a Family the Heir uſes to go a hunting, he never conſiders how his Meal is dreſt, takes a bit, and away, but when he ſtays within, then he grows curious, he does not like this, nor he does not like that, he will have his Meat dreſt his own way, or peradventure he will dreſs it himſelf.

2. It hath ever been the gain of the Church when the King will let the Church have no Power to cry down the King and cry up the Church: but when the Church can make uſe of the Kings Power, then to bring all under the Kings Prerogative, the Catholicks of *England* go one way, and the Court Clergy another.

3. A glorious Church is like a Magnificent Feaſt there is all the variety that may be, but every one chooſes out a diſh or two that he likes, and lets the reſt alone, how Glorious ſoever the Church is, every one chooſes out of it his own Religion, by which he governs himſelf and lets the reſt alone.

4. The Laws of the Church are moſt Favourable to the Church, becauſe they were the Churches own making, as the Heralds are the beſt Gentlemen becauſe they make their own Pedigree.

5. There is a Queſtion about that Article, Concerning the Power of the Church, whether theſe words [of having Power in Controverſies of Faith] were not ſtoln in, but 'tis moſt certain they were in the Book of Articles that was Confirm'd, though in ſome Editions they have been left out: But the Article before tells you, who the Church is, not the Clergy, but *Cœtus fidelium.*

Church of Rome.

1. BEfore a Juglars Tricks are diſcovered we admire him, and give him Money, but afterwards we care not for them, ſo 'twas before the diſcovery of the Jugling of the Church of *Rome.*

2. Catholics ſay, we out of our Charity, believe they of the Church of *Rome* may be ſaved: But they do not believe ſo of us. Therefore their Church is better according to our ſelves; firſt, ſome of them no doubt believe as well of us, as we do of them, but they muſt not ſay ſo; beſides is that an Argument their Church is better than Ours, becauſe it has leſs Charity?

3. One of the *Church* of *Rome* will not come to our Prayers, does that agree he doth not like them? I would fain ſee, a *Catholic* leave his Dinner, becauſe a Nobleman's *Chaplain* ſays Grace, nor haply would he leave the Prayers of the *Church*, if going to *Church* were not made a mark of diſtinction between a *Proteſtant* and a *Papiſt.*

Churches.

1. THE Way coming into our great Churches was Antiently at the Weſt door, that Men might ſee the Altar, and all the Church before them, the other Doors were but Poſterns.

City

City.

1. WHat makes a City? Whether a Bishoprick or any of that nature? *Answer.* 'Tis according to the first Charter which made them a Corporation. If they are Incorporated by Name of *Civitas* they are a City, if by the name of *Burgum*, then they are a Burrough.

2. The Lord Mayor of *London* by their first Charter was to be presented to the King, in his absence to the Lord Cheif Justiciary of *England*, afterwards to the Lord Chancellor, now to the Barons of the Exchequer, but still there was a Reservation, that for their Honour they should come once a Year to the King, as they do still.

Clergy.

1. THough a Clergy-Man have no Faults of his own, yet the Faults of the whole Tribe shall be laid upon him, so that he shall be sure not to lack.

2. The Clergy would have us believe them against our own Reason, as the Woman would have had her Husband against his own Eyes: What! will you believe your own Eyes before your own sweet Wife?

3. The Condition of the Clergy towards their Prince, and the Condition of the Physitian is all one: the Physitians tell the Prince they have Agrick and Rubarb, good for him, and good for his Subjects bodies, upon this he gives them leave to use it, but if it prove naught, then away with it, they shall use it no more; So the Clergy tell the Prince they have Physick good for his Soul, and good for the Souls of his People, upon that he admits them: but when he finds by Experience they both trouble him and his People, he will have no more to do with them, what is that to them or any body else if a King will not go to Heaven.

4. A Clergy Man goes not a dram further than this, you ought to obey your Prince in general [if he does he is lost] how to obey him you must be inform'd by those whose profession it is to tell you. The Parson of the Tower (a good discreet Man) told Dr. *Mosely* (who was sent to me, and the rest of the Gentlemen Committed the 3. *Caroli*, to perswade Us to submit to the King) that they found no such words as [Parliament, *Habeas Corpus*, *Return*, *Tower*, &c.] Neither in the Fathers, nor the School-Men, nor in the Text, and therefore for his part he believed he understood nothing of the business. A Satyr upon all those Clergy Men that meddle with Matters they do not understand.

All Confess there never was a more Learned Clergy, no Man taxes them with Ignorance. But to talk of that, is like the Fellow that was a great Wentcher he wisht God would forgive him his Leachery, and lay Usury to his Charge. The Clergy have worse Faults.

6. The Clergy and Laity together are never like to do well, 'tis as if a Man were to make an Excellent Feast and should have his Apothecary and Physitian come into the Kitchen: The Cooks if they were let alone would make Excellent Meat, but then comes the Apothecary and he puts Rubarb into one Sauce, and Agrick into another Sauce. Chain up the Clergy on both sides.

High Commission.

1. MEn cry out upon the High-Commission, as if the Clergy-men only had to do in it, when I believe there are more Lay-men in Commission there, than Clergymen, if the Laymen will not come, whose fault is that? So of the Star-Chamber, the People think the Bishops only censur'd *Prin*, *Burton*,

and *Baſtwick*, when there were but two there, and one ſpeak not in his own Cauſe.

House of Commons.

1. THere be but two Erroneous Opinions in the Houſe of Commons, That the Lords ſit only for themſelves, when the truth is, they ſit as well for the Common-wealth. The Knights and Burgeſſes ſit for themſelves and others, ſome for more, ſome for fewer, and what is the reaſon? Becauſe the Room will not hold all, the Lords being few, they all come, and imagine the Room able to hold all the Commons of *England*, then the Lords and Burgeſſes would ſit no otherwiſe than the Lords do. The ſecond Error is, that the Houſe of Commons are to begin to give Subſidies, yet if the Lords diſſent they can give no Money.

2. The Houſe of Commons is called the Lower Houſe in Twenty Acts of Parliament, but what are Twenty Acts of Parliament amongſt Friends?

3. The Form of a Charge runs thus, *I Accuſe in the Name of all the Commons of* England, how then can any man be as a Witneſs, when every man is made the Accuſer?

Confeſſion.

1. IN time of Parliament it uſed to be one of the firſt things the Houſe did, to petition the King that his Confeſſor might be removed, as fearing either his power with the King, or elſe, leaſt he ſhould reveal to the Pope what the Houſe was in doing, as no doubt he did, when the Catholick Cauſe was concerned.

2. The difference between us and the *Papiſts* is, we both allow Contrition, but the *Papiſts* make Confeſſion a part of Contrition, they ſay a Man is not ſufficiently contrite, till he confeſs his ſins to a Prieſt.

3. Why ſhould I think a Prieſt will not reveal Confeſſion, I am ſure he will do any thing that is forbidden him, haply not ſo often as I, the utmoſt puniſhment is Deprivation, and how can it be proved, that ever any man reveal'd Confeſſion, when there is no Witneſs? And no man can be Witneſs in his own Cauſe. A meer Gullery. There was a time when 'twas publick in the Church, and that is much againſt their Auricular Confeſſion.

Competency.

1. THat which is a Competency for one Man, is not enough for another, no more than that which will keep one Man warm, will keep another Man warm; one Man can go in Doublet and Hoſe, when another Man cannot be without a Cloak, and yet have no more Cloaths than is neceſſary for him.

Great-Conjunction.

THe greateſt Conjunction of *Saturn* and *Jupiter*, happens but once in Eight Hundred Years, and therefore Aſtrologers can make no Experiments of it, nor foretel what it means, (not but that the Stars may mean ſomthing, but we cannot tell what) becauſe we cannot come at them. Suppoſe a Planet were a Simple, or an Herb, How could a Phyſician tell the Vertue of that Simple, unleſs he could come at it, to apply it?

Conſcience.

1. HE that hath a Scrupulous Conſcience, is like a Horſe that is not well weigh'd, he ſtarts at every Bird that flies out of the Hedge.

2. A knowing Man will do that, which a tender Conſcience Man dares not do, by reaſon of his Ignorance, the other knows there is no hurt, as a Child is afraid to go into the dark, when a Man is not, becauſe he knows there is no danger.

3. If we once come to leave that outlooſe, as to pretend Conſcience againſt Law, who knows what inconvenience may follow? For thus Suppoſe an Ana-

baptist comes and takes my Horse, I Sue him, he tells me he did according to his Conscience, his Conscience tells him all things are common amongst the Saints, what is mine is his; therefore you do ill to make such a Law, If any Man takes anothers Horse he shall be hang'd. What can I say to this Man? He does according to his Conscience. Why is not he as honest a Man as he that pretends a Ceremony establisht by Law, is against his Conscience? Generally to pretend Conscience against Law is dangerous, in some cases haply we may.

4. Some men make it a case of Conscience, whether a man may have a Pidgeon-house, because his Pidgeons eat other Folks Corn. But there is no such thing as Conscience in the business, the matter is, whether he be a man of such Quality, that the State allows him to have a Dove-house, if so there's an end of the business, his Pidgeons have a right to eat where they please themselves.

Consecrated Places.

1. THe *Jews* had a peculiar way of Consecrating things to God, which we have not.

2. Under the Law, God, who was Master of all, made choice of a Temple to Worship in, where he was more especially present: Just as the Master of the House, who ows all the House, makes choice of one Chamber to lie in, which is called the Master's Chamber, but under the Gospel there was no such thing, Temples and Churches are set apart for the conveniency of men to Worship in; they cannot meet upon the point of a Needle, but God himself makes no choice.

3. All things are Gods already, we can give him no right by consecrating any, that he had not before, only we set it apart to his Service. Just as a Gardiner brings his Lord and Master a Basket of Apricocks, and presents them, his Lord thanks him, perhaps gives him something for his pains, and yet the Apricocks were as much his Lords before as now.

4. What is Consecrated, is given to some particular man, to do God Service, not given to God, but given to Man, to serve God: And there's not any thing, Lands, or Goods, but some men or other have it in their power, to dispose of as they please. The saying things Consecrated cannot be taken away, makes men afraid of Consecration.

5. Yet Consecration has this Power, when a Man has Consecrated any thing to God, he cannot of himself take it away.

Contracts.

1. IF our Fathers have lost their Liberty, why may not we labour to regain it? *Answ.* We must look to the Contract, if that be rightly made we must stand to it, if we once grant we may recede from Contracts upon any inconveniency that may afterwards happen, we shall have no Bargain kept. If I sell you a Horse, and do not like my Bargain, I will have my Horse again.

2. Keep your Contracts, so far a Divine goes, but how to make our Contracts is left to our selves, and as we agree upon the conveying of this House, or that Land, so it must be, if you offer me a hundred pounds for my Glove. I tell you what my Glove is, a plain Glove, pretend no virtue in it, the Glove is my own, I profess not to sell Gloves, and we agree for an hundred pounds, I do not know why I may not with a safe Conscience take it. The want of that common Obvious Distinction of *Jus præceptivum*, and *Jus permissivum*, does much trouble men.

3. Lady *Kent* Articled with Sir *Edward Herbert*, that he should come to her when she sent for him, and stay with her as long as she would have him, to

which he set his hand; then he Articled with her, That he should go away when he pleas'd, and stay away as long as he pleas'd, to which she set her hand. This is the Epitome of all the Contracts in the World, betwixt man and man, betwixt Prince and Subject, they keep them as long as they like them, and no longer.

Council.

1. THey talk (but blasphemously enough) that the Holy Ghost is President of their General-Councils, when the truth is, the odd man is still the Holy-Ghost.

Convocation.

1. WHen the King sends his Writ for a Parliament, he sends for two Knights for a Shire, and two Burgesses for a Corporation: But when he sends for two Archbishops for a Convocation, he commands them to assemble the whole Clergy, but they out of custome amongst themselves send to the Bishops of their Provinces to will them to bring two Clarks for a Diocese, the Dean, one for the Chapter, and the Arch-deacons, but to the King every Clergy-man is there present.

2. We have nothing so nearly expresses the power of a Convocation, in respect of a Parliament, as a Court-Leet, where they have a power to make By-Laws, as they call them; as that a man shall put so many Cows, or Sheep in the Common, but they can make nothing that is contrary to the Laws of the Kingdom.

Creed.

1. *Athanasius*'s Creed is the shortest, take away the Preface, and the force, and the Conclusion, which are not part of the Creed. In the *Nicene* Creed it is εἰς ἐκκλησίαν, I believe in the Church, but now, as our Common-prayer has it, I believe one Catholick and Apostolick Church; they like not Creeds, because they would have no Forms of Faith, as they have none of Prayer, though there be more reason for the one than for the other.

Damnation.

1. IF the Physician sees you eat any thing that is not good for your Body, to keep you from it, he crys 'tis poyson, if the Divine sees you do any thing that is hurtful for your Soul, to keep you from it, he crys you are damn'd.

2. To preach long, loud, and Damnation is the way to be cry'd up. We love a man that Damns us, and we run after him again to save us. If a man had a sore Leg, and he should go to an Honest Judicious Chyrurgeon, and he should only bid him keep it warm, and anoint with such an Oyl (an Oyl well known) that would do the Cure, haply he would not much regard him, because he knows the Medicine before hand an ordinary Medicine. But if he should go to a Surgeon that should tell him, your Leg will Gangreen within three days, and it must be cut off, and you will die, unless you do something that I could tell you, what listning there would be to this Man? Oh for the Lord's sake, tell me what this is, I will give you any content for your pains.

Devils.

1. WHy have we none possest with Devils in *England*? The old Answer is, the Protestants the Devil hath already, and the Papists are so Holy, he dares not meddle with them. Why, then beyond Seas where a Nun is possest, when a *Hugonot* comes into the Church, does not the Devil hunt them out? The Priest teaches him, you never saw the Devil throw up a Nuns Coats, mark that, the Priest will not suffer it, for then the People will spit at him.

2. Casting out Devils is meer Juggling, they never cast out any but what they first cast in. They do it where for Reverence no Man shall dare to Examine it, they do it in a Corner, in a Mortice-hole, not in the Market-place. They do nothing but what may be done by Art, they make the Devil fly out of the Window in the likeness of a Bat, or a Rat, why do they not hold him? Why, in the likeness of a Bat, or a Rat, or some Creature? That is why not in some shape we Paint him in, with Claws and Horns? By this trick they gain much, gain upon Mens fancies, and so are reverenc'd, and certainly if the Priest deliver me from him, that is my most deadly Enemy, I have all the Reason in the World to Reverence him. Objection. But if this be Juggling. why do they punish Impostures? *Answer.* For great Reason, because they do not play their part well, and for fear others should discover them, and so all of them ought to be of the same Trade.

3. A Person of Quality came to my Chamber in the Temple, and told me he had two Devils in his head [I wonder'd what he meant] and just at that time, one of them bid him kill me, [with that I begun to be afraid and thought he was mad] he said he knew I could Cure him, and therefore intreated me to give him something, for he was resolv'd he would go to no body else. I perceiving what an Opinon he had of me, and that 'twas only Melancholy that troubl'd him, took him in hand, warranted him, if he would follow my directions, to Cure him in a short time. I desired him to let me be alone about an hour, and then to come again, which he was very willing to. In the mean time I got a Card, and lapt it up handsome in a piece of Taffata, and put strings to the Taffata, and when he came gave it to him, to hang about his Neck, withal charged him, that he should not disorder himself neither with eating or drinking, but eat very little of Supper, and say his Prayers duly when he went to Bed, and I made no question but he would be well in three or four days. Within that time I went to Dinner to his House and askt him how he did? He said he was much better, but not perfectly well, for in truth he had not dealt clearly with me, he had four Devils in his head, and he perceiv'd two of them were gone, with that which I had given him, but the other two troubled him still. Well said I, I am glad two of them are gone I make no doubt but to get away the other two likewise. So I gave him another thing to hang about his Neck, three days after he came to me to my Chamber and profest he was now as well as ever he was in his life, and did extreamly thank me for the great care I had taken of him, I fearing least he might relapse into the like Distemper, told him that there was none but my self, and one Physitian more in the whole Town that could Cure the Devils in the head, and that was Dr. *Harvey* (whom I had prepar'd) and wisht him if ever he found himself ill in my absence to go to him, for he could Cure his Disease, as well as my self. The Gentleman lived many Years and was never troubl'd after.

Self Denyal.

1. 'TIS much the Doctrine of the times that Men should not please themselves, but deny themselves every thing they take delight in, not look upon Beauty, wear no good Clothes, eat no good Meat, *&c.* which seems the greatest Accusation that can be upon the maker of all good things. If they be not to be us'd why did God make them? The truth is, they that Preach against

them, cannot make uſe of them their ſelves, and then again they get Eſteem by ſeeming to contemn them. But mark it while you live, if they do not pleaſe themſelves as much as they can, and we live more by Example than precept.

Duell.

1. A Duell may ſtill be granted in ſome Caſes by the Law of *England*, and only there. That the Church allow'd it Antiently, appears by this, in their publick Liturgies there were Prayers appointed for the Dueliſts to ſay, the Judge uſed to bid them go to ſuch a Church and pray, &c. But whether is this Lawful? If you grant any War Lawful, I make no doubt but to Convince it, War is Lawful, becauſe God is the only Judge between two, that is Supream. Now if a difference happen between two Subjects, and it cannot be decided by Human Teſtimony, why may they not put it to God to Judge between them by the Permiſſion of the Prince? Nay what if we ſhould bring it down for Arguments ſake, to the Swordmen. One gives me the Lye, 'tis a great diſgrace to take it, the Law has made no proviſion to give Remedy for the Injury (if you can ſuppoſe any thing an Injury for which the Law gives no Remedy) why am not I in this caſe Supream, and may therefore right my ſelf.

2. A Duke ought to fight with a Gentleman, the Reaſon is this, the Gentleman will ſay to the Duke 'tis True, you hold a higher Place in the State than I, there's a great diſtance between you and me, but your Dignity does not Priviledge you to do me an Injury, as ſoon as ever you do me an Injury, you make your ſelf my equal, and as you are my equal I Challenge you, and in ſence the Duke is bound to Anſwer him. This will give you ſome light to underſtand the the Quarrel betwixt a Prince and his Subjects, though there be a vaſt diſtance between him and them, and they are to obey him, according to their Contract, yet he hath no power to do them an Injury, then they think themſelves as much bound to Vindicate their right, as they are to obey his Lawful Commands, nor is there any other meaſure of Juſtice left upon Earth but Arms.

Epitaph.

1. AN *Epitaph* muſt be made fit for the Perſon for whom it is made, for a Man to ſay all the Excellent things, that can be ſaid upon one, and call that his *Epitaph*, is as if a Painter ſhould make the handſomeſt peice he can poſſibly make, and ſay 'twas my Picture. It holds in a Funeral Sermon.

Equity.

1. EQuity in Law is the ſame that the ſpirit is in Religion, what every one pleaſes to make it, ſometimes they go according to Conſcience, ſometimes according to Law, ſometimes according to the Rule of Court.

2. Equity is a Roguiſh thing, for Law we have a meaſure, know what to truſt to, Equity is according to the Conſcience of him that is Chancellor, and as that is larger or narrower, ſo is Equity. 'Tis all one as if they ſhould make the Standard for the meaſure, we call a Chancellors Foot, what an uncertain meaſure would this be? One Chancellor has a long Foot, another a ſhort Foot, a Third an indifferent Foot: 'Tis the ſame thing in the Chancellors Conſcience.

3. That ſaying, do as you would be done to, is often miſunderſtood, for 'tis not thus meant that I a private Man, ſhould do to you a private Man, as I would have you to me, but do, as we have agreed to do one to another by publick Agreement, If the Priſoner ſhould ask the Judge, whether he would be content to be hanged were he in his caſe, he would Anſwer no. Then ſays the Priſoner

do as you would be done to, neither of them must do as private Men, but the Judge must do by him as they have publickly agreed, that is both Judge and Prisoner have consented to a Law that if either of them Steal, they shall be hanged.

Evil-Speaking.

1. HE that speaks ill of another commonly before he is aware, makes himself such a one as he speaks against, for if he had Civility or breeding he would forbear such kind of Language.

2. A Gallant Man is above ill words: an Example we have in the old Lord of *Salisbury* (who was a great wise Man) *Stone* had call'd some Lord about Court, Fool, the Lord complains and has *Stone* whipt, *Stone* cries, I might have called my Lord of *Salisbury* Fool often enough, before he would have had me whipt.

3. Speak not ill of a great Enemy but rather give him good words, that he may use you the better, if you chance to fall into his Hands, the Spaniard did this when he was dying; his Confessor told him (to work him to Repentance) how the Devil Tormented the wicked that went to Hell: the *Spaniard* replying, called the Devil my Lord. I hope my Lord the Devil is not so Cruel, his Confessor reproved him. Excuse me said the *Don*, for calling him so, I know not into what hands I may fall, and if I happen into his, I hope he will use me the better for giving him good words.

Excommunication.

1. THat place they bring for Excommunication [put away from among your selves that wicked person, 1. *Cor.* 5. *Cha:* 13. *verse.*] is corrupted in the *Greek*. for it should be, τὸ πονηρὸν, put away that Evil from among you, not τὸν πονηρὸν, that Evil Person, besides ὁ πονηρὸς is the Devil in Scripture, and it may be so taken there, and there is a new Edition of *Theodoret* come out, that has it right τὸ πονηρὸν, 'Tis true the Christians before the Civil State became Christian, did by Covenant and Agreement set down how they should live, and he that did not observe what they agreed upon, should come no more amongst them, that is, be Excommunicated. Such Men are spoken of by the *Apostle* [*Romans* 1. 31.] whom he calls ἀσυνθέτους καὶ ἀσυνθέτους, the Vulgar has it, *Incompositi, et sine fœdere*, the last word is pretty well, but the first not at all, *Origen* in his Book against *Celsus*, speaks of the Christians συνθήκαι: the Translation renders it *Conventus*, as it signifies a Meeting, when it is plain it signifies a Covenant, and the *English* Bible turned the other word well, Covenant-breakers. *Pliny* tells us, the Christians took an Oath amongst themselves to live thus, and thus.

2. The other place [*Dic Ecclesiæ*] tell the Church, is but a weak Ground to raise Excommunication upon, especially from the Sacrament, the lesser Excommunication, since when that was spoken, the Sacrament was instituted. The *Jews Ecclesia* was their *Sanhedrim*, their Court: so that the meaning is; if after once or twice *Admonition* this Brother will not be reclaim'd, bring him thither.

3. The first Excommunication was 180. Years after Christ and that by Victor, Bishop of *Rome*. But that was no more than this, that they should Communicate and receive the Sacrament amongst themselves, not with those of the other Opinion: The Controversie (as I take it) being about the Feast of *Easter*. Men do not care for Excommunication because they are shut out of the Church, or delivered up to *Satan*, but because the Law of the Kingdom takes hold of them, after so many days a Man cannot Sue, no, not for his Wife, if you take her from him, and there may be as much Reason, to grant it for a small Fault, if there be Contumacy, as for a great One, in *Westminster-Hall* you may Out-law a Man for forty Shillings, which is their Excommunication, and you can do no more for forty Thousand Pound.

4. When *Constantine* became Christian, he so fell in Love with the Clergy, that he let

them be Judges of all things, but that continued not above three or four Years, by reason they were to be Judges of matters they underſtood not, and then they were allowed to meddle with nothing but Religion, all Juriſdiction belonged to him, and he ſcanted them out as much as he pleaſed, and ſo things have ſince continued. They Excommunicate for three or four things, matters concerning Adultery, Tythes, Wills, &c. which is the Civil Puniſhment the State allows for ſuch Faults. If a Biſhop Excommunicate a Man for what he ought not, the Judge has Power to abſolve, and puniſh the Biſhop, if they had that Juriſdiction from God, why does not the Church Excommunicate for Murder, for Theft? If the Civil Power might take away all but three things, why may they not take them away too? If this Excommunication were taken away, the Presbyters would be quiet; 'tis that they have a mind to, 'tis that they would fain be at, like the Wench that was to be Married; ſhe asked her Mother when 'twas done, if ſhe ſhould go to Bed preſently: no ſays her Mother you muſt Dine firſt, and then to Bed Mother? no you muſt Dance after Dinner, and then to Bed Mother, no you muſt go to Supper, and then to Bed Mother, &c.

Faith and Works.

1. 'TWas an unhappy Diviſion that has been made between Faith and Works; though in my Intellect I may divide them, juſt as in the Candle, I know there is both light and heat. But yet put out the Candle, and they are both gone, one remains not without the other: So 'tis betwixt *Faith* and Works; nay, in a right Conception *Fides eſt opus*, if I believe a thing becauſe I am commanded, that is *Opus*.

Faſting-days.

1. VVHat the Church debars us one day, ſhe gives us leave to take out in another. *Firſt* we *Faſt*, and then we *Feaſt*; firſt there is a Carnival, and then a Lent.

2. Whether do Human Laws bind the Conſcience? If they do, 'tis a way to enſnare: If we ſay they do not, we open the door to diſobedience. *Anſw.* In this Caſe we muſt look to the Juſtice of the Law, and intention of the Law-giver, If there be no Juſtice in the Law, 'tis not to be obey'd, if the intention of the Law-giver be abſolute, our obedience muſt be ſo too. If the intention of the Law-giver enjoyn a Penalty as a Compenſation for the Breach of the Law, I ſin not, if I ſubmit to the Penalty, if it enjoyn a Penalty, as a further enforcement of Obedience to the Law, than ought I to obſerve it, which may be known by the often repetition of the Law. The way of *Faſting* is enjoyn'd unto them, who yet do not obſerve it, The Law enjoyns a Penalty as an enforcement to Obedience; which intention appears by the often calling upon us, to keep that Law by the King, and the Diſpenſation of the Church to ſuch as are not able to keep it, as Young Children, Old *Folks*, Diſeas'd Men, &c.

Fathers and Sons.

1. IT hath ever been the way for Fathers, to bind their Sons, to ſtrengthen this by the Law of the Land, every one at Twelve Years of age, is to take the Oath of Allegiance in Court-Leets, whereby he ſwears Obedience to the King.

Fines.

1. THe old Law was, That when a Man was Fin'd, he was to be Fin'd *Salvo Contenemento*, ſo as his Countenance might be ſafe, taking Countenance in the ſame ſenſe as your Countryman does, when he ſays, if you will come unto my Houſe, I will ſhow you the beſt Countenance I can, that is not the beſt Face, but the beſt Entertainment. The meaning of the Law was, that ſo much ſhould be taken from a man, ſuch a Gobbet ſliced off, that yet notwithſtanding he might live in the ſame Rank and Condition he lived in before; but now they Fine men ten times more than they are worth.

Free-will.

1. THe *Puritans* who will allow no free-will at all, but God does all, yet will allow the Subject his Liberty to do, or not to do, notwithſtanding the King, the God upon Earth. The *Arminians*, who hold we have free-will, yet ſay, when we come to the King, there muſt be all Obedience, and no Liberty to be ſtood for.

Fryars.

Fryers.

1. The Fryers say they possess nothing, whose then are the Lands they hold? not their Superiour's, he hath vow'd Poverty as well as they, whose then? To answer this, 'twas Decreed they should say they were the Popes. And why must the Fryers be more perfect than the Pope himself?

2. If there had been no Fryers, *Christendome* might have continu'd quiet, and things remain'd at a stay.

If there had been no Lecturers (which succeed the Friers in their way) the Church of *England* might have stood, and flourisht at this day.

Friends.

1. Old Friends are best. King *James* us'd to call for his Old Shoos, they were easiest for his Feet.

Genealogy of Christ.

1. They that say the reason why *Joseph*'s Pedigree is set down, and not *Mary's*, is, because the descent from the Mother is lost, and swallow'd up, say something; but yet if a *Jewish* Woman, marry'd with a *Gentil*, they only took notice of the Mother, not of the Father; but they that say they were both of a Tribe, say nothing; for the Tribes might Marry one with another, and the Law against it was only Temporary, in the time while *Joshua* was dividing the Land, lest the being so long about it, there might be a confusion.

2. That Christ was the Son of *Joseph* is most exactly true. For though he was the Son of God, yet with the *Jews*, if any man kept a Child, and brought him up, and call'd him Son, he was taken for his Son; and his Land (if he had any) was to descend upon him; and therefore the Genealogy of *Joseph* is justly set down.

Gentlemen.

1. What a Gentleman is, 'tis hard with us to define, in other Countries he is known by his Priviledges; in *Westminster* Hall he is one that is reputed one; in the Court of Honour, he that hath Arms. The King cannot make a Gentleman of Blood [what have you said] nor God Almighty, but he can make a Gentleman by Creation. If you ask which is the better of these two, Civilly, the Gentleman of Blood, Morally the Gentleman by Creation may be the better; for the other may be a Debauch'd man, this a Person of worth.

2. Gentlemen have ever been more Temperate in their Religion, than the Common People, as having more Reason, the others running in a hurry. In the beginning of Christianity, the Fathers writ *Contra gentes*, and *Contra Gentiles*, they were all one: But after all were Christians, the better sort of People still retain'd the name of Gentiles, throughout the four Provinces of the *Roman Empire*; as *Gentil-homme* in *French*, *Gentil homo* in *Italian*, *Gentil-huombre* in *Spanish*, and *Gentil-man* in *English*. And they, no question, being Persons of Quality, kept up those Feasts which we

borrow from the Gentils; as *Chriſtmas*, *Candlemas*, *May-day*, &c. continuing what was not directly againſt Chriſtianity, which the Common people would never have endured.

Gold.

1. There are two Reaſons, why theſe words (*Jeſus autem tranſiens per medium eorum ibat*) were about our old Gold: the one is, becauſe *Ripley* the Alchymiſt, when he made Gold in the *Tower*, the firſt time he found it, he ſpoke theſe words [*per medium eorum*] that is, *per medium ignis, & Sulphuris*. The other, becauſe theſe words were thought to be a Charm, and that they did bind whatſoever they were written upon, ſo that a Man could not take it away. To this Reaſon I rather incline.

Hall.

1. The Hall was the place where the great Lord us'd to eat, (wherefore elſe were the Halls made ſo big?) Where he ſaw all his Servants and Tenants about him. He eat not in private, Except in time of ſickneſs; when once he became a thing Coopt up, all his greatneſs was ſpoil'd. Nay the King himſelf uſed to eat in the Hall, and his Lords ſate with him, and then he underſtood Men.

Hell.

1. There are two Texts for Chriſt's deſcending into Hell: The one *Pſalm.* 16. The other *Acts* the 2*d.* where the Bible that was in uſe when the thirty nine Articles were made has it (*Hell.*) But the Bible that was in Queen *Elizabeth*'s time, when the Articles were confirm'd, reads it (*Grave*,) and ſo it continu'd till the New Tranſlation in King *Jame*'s time, and then 'tis *Hell* again. But by this we may gather the Church of *England* declined as much as they could, the deſcent, otherwiſe they never would have alter'd the Bible.

2. (*He deſcended into Hell*) this may be the Interpretation of it. He may be dead and buried, then his Soul aſcended into Heaven. Afterwards he deſcended again into *Hell*, that is, into the Grave, to fetch his Body, and to riſe again. The ground of this Interpretation is taken from the Platonick Learning, who held a Metempſychoſis, and when a Soul did deſcend from Heaven to take another Body, they call'd it Κατὰ βάσιν εἰς ἅδην, taking ἅδης, for the lower World, the ſtate of Mortality: Now the firſt Chriſtians many of them were Platonick Philoſophers, and no queſtion ſpake ſuch Language as then was underſtood amongſt them. To underſtand by *Hell* the Grave is no Tautology, becauſe the Creed firſt tells what Chriſt ſuffer'd, *he was Crucified, Dead, and Buried*; then it tells us what he did, *he deſcended into Hell, the third day he roſe again, he aſcended, &c.*

Holy-Days.

1. They ſay the Church impoſes Holy-days, there's no ſuch thing, though the number of Holy-days is ſet down in ſome of our Common-Prayer Books.

Books. Yet that has relation to an Act of Parliament, which forbids the keeping of any Holy-Days in time of Popery, but those that are kept, are kept by the Custom of the Country, and I hope you will not say the Church imposes that.

Humility.

1. Humility is a Vertue all preach, none practise, and yet every body is content to hear. The Master thinks it good Doctrine for his Servant, the Laity for the Clergy, and the Clergy for the Laity.

2. There is *Humilitas quædam in Vitio.* If a man does not take notice of that excellency and perfection that is in himself, how can he be thankful to God, who is the Author of all Excellency and Perfection? Nay, if a Man hath too mean an Opinion of himself, 'twill render him unserviceable both to God and Man.

3. Pride may be allow'd to this or that degree, else a man cannot keep up his Dignity. In Gluttons there must be Eating, in drunkenness there must be drinking; 'tis not the eating, nor t'is not the drinking that is to be blam'd, but the Excess. So in Pride.

Idolatry.

1. Idolatry is in a Man's own thought, not in the Opinion of another. Put Case I bow to the Altar, why am I guilty of Idolatry? because a stander by thinks so? I am sure I do not believe the Altar to be God, and the God I worship may be bow'd to in all places, and at all times.

Jews.

1. God at the first gave Laws to all Mankind, but afterwards he gave peculiar Laws to the Jews, which they were only to observe. Just as we have the Common Law for all *England*, and yet you have some Corporations, that, besides that, have peculiar Laws and priviledges to themselves.

2. Talk what you will of the Jews, that they are Cursed, they thrive where e're they come, they are able to oblige the Prince of their Country by lending him money, none of them beg, they keep together, and for their being hated, my life for yours, Christians hate one another as much.

Invincible Ignorance.

1. 'Tis all one to me if I am told of Christ, or some Mystery of Christianity, if I am not capable of understanding, as if I am not told at all, my Ignorance is as invincible, and therefore 'tis vain to call their Ignorance only invincible, who never were told of Christ. The trick of it is to advance the Priest, whilst the Church of *Rome* says a Man must be told of Christ, by one thus and thus ordain'd.

Images.

1. The Papists taking away the second, is not haply so horrid a thing, nor so unreasonable amongst Christians as we make it. For the *Jews* could make no figure of God, but they must commit Idolatry, because he had taken no shape; but since the Assumption of our flesh, we know what shape

to picture God in. Nor do I know why we may not make his Image, provided we be sure what it is: as we say Saint *Luke* took the picture of the Virgin *Mary*, and Saint *Veronica* of our Saviour. Otherwise it would be no honour to the King, to make a Picture, and call it the King's Picture, when 'tis nothing like him.

2. Though the Learned Papists pray not to Images, yet 'tis to be feared the ignorant do; as appears by that Story of St. *Nicholas* in *Spain*. A Countrey-man us'd to offer daily to St. *Nicholas*'s Image, at length by mischance the Image was broken, and a new one made of his own Plumb-Tree; after that the man forbore, being complain'd of to his Ordinary, he answer'd, 'tis true, he us'd to offer to the Old Image, but to the new he could not find in his heart, because he knew 'twas a piece of his own Plumb-Tree. You see what Opinion this man had of the Image, and to this tended the bowing of their Images, the twinkling of their Eyes, the Virgins Milk, *&c.* Had they only meant representations, a Picture would have done as well as these tricks. It may be with us in *England* they do not worship images, because living amongst Protestants, they are either laught out of it, or beaten out of it by shock of Argument.

3. 'Tis a discreet way concerning Pictures in Churches, to set up no new, nor to pull down no old.

Imperial Constitutions.

1. They say Imperial Constitutions did only confirm the Canons of the Church, but that is not so, for they inflicted punishment, when the Canons never did. (*viz.*) If a man Converted a Christian to be a Jew, he was to forfeit his Estate, and lose his Life. In *Valentines* Novels 'tis said, *Constat Episcopus Forum Legibus non habere, & Judicant tantum de Religione.*

Imprisonment.

1. Sir *Kenelme Digby* was several times taken and let go again, at last Imprison'd in *Winchester-House*. I can compare him to nothing but a great Fish that we catch and let go again, but still he will come to the Bait, at last therefore we put him into some great Pond for Store.

Incendiaries.

1. Fancy to your self a Man sets the City on Fire at *Cripplegate*, and that Fire continues by means of others, 'till it come to *White-Fryers*, and then he that began it would fain quench it, does not he deserve to be punisht most that first set the City on Fire? So 'tis with the Incendiaries of the State. They that first set it on Fire, [by Monopolizing, Forrest Business, Imprisoning Parliament Men, *tertio Caroli*, &c] are now become regenerate, and would fain quench the Fire; Certainly they deserv'd most to be punish'd, for being the first Cause of our Distractions.

Independency.

1. Independency is in use at *Amsterdam*, where forty Churches or Congregations

Congregations have nothing to do one with another. And 'tis no question agreeable to the Primitive times, before the Emperour became Christian. For either we must say every Church govern'd it self, or else we must fall upon that old foolish Rock, that St. *Peter* and his Successours govern'd all, but when the Civil State became Christian, they appointed who should govern them, before they govern'd by agreement and consent; if you will not do this, you shall come no more amongst us, but both the Independant man, and the Presbyterian man do equally exclude the Civil Power, though after a different manner.

2. The Independant may as well plead, they should not be subject to temporal Things, not come before a Constable, or a Justice of Peace, as they plead they should not be subject in Spiritual things, becaufe St. *Paul* says, *Is it so, that there is not a wise man amongst you?*

3. The Pope challenges all Churches to be under him, the King and the two Arch-Bishops challenge all the Church of *England* to be under them. The Presbyterian man divides the Kingdom into as many Churches as there be Presbyteries, and your Independant would have every Congregation a Church by it self.

Things Indifferent.

1. In time of a Parliament, when things are under debate, they are indifferent, but in a Church or State setled, there's nothing left indifferent.

Publick Interest.

1. All might go well in the Common-Wealth, if every one in the Parliament would lay down his own Interest, and aim at the general good. If a man were sick, and the whole Colledge of Physicians should come to him, and administer severally, haply so long as they observ'd the Rules of Art he might recover, but if one of them had a great deal of Scamony by him, he must put off that, therefore he prescribes Scamony. Another had a great deal of Rubarb, and he must put off that, and therefore he prescribes Rubarb, *&c.* they would certainly kill the man. We destroy the Common-wealth, while we preserve our own private Interests, and neglect the Publick.

Humane Invention.

1. You say there must be no Human Invention in the Church, nothing but the pure word. *Answer.* If I give any Exposition, but what is express'd in the Text, that is my invention: if you give another Exposition, that is your invention, and both are Human. For Example, suppose the word [Egg] were in the Text, I say, 'tis meant an Henn-Egg, you say a Goose-Egg, neither of these are expresst, therefore they are Humane Invention, and I am sure the newer the Invention the worse, old Inventions are best.

2. If we must admit nothing, but what we read in the Bible, what will become of the Parliament? for we do not read of that there.

Judgments.

Judgments.

1. We cannot tell what is a Judgment of God, 'tis presumption to take upon us to know. In time of Plague we know we want health, and therefore we pray to God to give us health; in time of War we know we want peace, and therefore we pray to God to give us peace. Commonly we say a Judgment falls upon a man for something in him we cannot abide. An Example we have in King *James*, concerning the death of *Henry* the Fourth of *France*; one said he was kill'd for his Wenching, another said he was kill'd for turning his Religion. No, says King *James* (who could not abide fighting) he was kill'd for permitting Duels in his Kingdom.

Judge.

1. We see the Pageants in *Cheapside*, the Lions, and the Elephants, but we do not see the men that carry them; we see the Judges look big, look like Lions, but we do not see who moves them.

2. Little things do great works, when great things will not. If I should take a Pin from the ground, a little pair of Tongues will do it, when a great pair will not. Go to a Judge to do a business for you, by no means he will not hear of it; but go to some small Servant about him, and he will dispatch it according to your hearts desire.

3. There could be no mischief done in the Common-wealth without a Judge. Though there be false Dice brought in at the Groom-Porters, and cheating offer'd, yet unless he allow the Cheating, and judge the Dice to be good, there may be hopes of fair play.

Juggling.

1. 'Tis not Juggling that is to be blam'd, but much Juggling, for the World cannot be Govern'd without it. All your Rhetorick, and all your Elenchs in Logick come within the compass of Juggling.

Jurisdiction.

1. There's no such Thing as Spiritual Jurisdiction, all is Civil, the Churches is the same with the Lord Mayors; suppose a Christian came into a Pagan Country, how can you fancy he shall have any Power there? he finds faults with the Gods of the Country, well, they will put him to Death for it; when he is a Martyr, what follows? Does that argue he has any Spiritual Jurisdiction? If the Clergy say the Church ought to be govern'd thus, and thus, by the word of God, that is Doctrine all, that is not Discipline.

2. The Pope he challenges Jurisdiction over all, the Bishops they pretend to it as well as he, the Presbyterians they would have it to themselves, but over whom is all this? the poor Laymen.

Jus Divinum.

1. All things are held by *Jus Divinum*, either immediately or mediately.

2. Nothing has lost the Pope so much in his Supremacy, as not acknow-

ledging

ledging what Princes gave him. 'Tis a ſcorn upon the Civil Power, and an unthankfulneſs in the Prieſt. But the Church runs to *Jus Divinum*, leſt if they ſhould acknowledge what they have they have by poſitive Law, it might be as well taken from them as given to them.

King.

1. A King is a thing men have made for their own ſakes, for quietneſs ſake. Juſt as in a Family one Man is appointed to buy the Meat; if every man ſhould buy, or if there were many buyers, they would never agree, one would buy what the other lik'd not, or what the other had bought before, ſo there would be a confuſion. But that Charge being committed to one, he according to his Diſcretion pleaſes all; if they have not what they would have one day, they ſhall have it the next, or ſomething as good.

2. The word King directs our Eyes, ſuppoſe it had been Conſul, or Dictator, to think all Kings alike is the ſame folly, as if a Conſul of *Aleppo* or *Smyrna*, ſhould claim to himſelf the ſame power that a Conſul at *Rome*, What, am not I a Conſul? or a Duke of *England* ſhould think himſelf like the Duke of *Florence*; nor can it be imagin'd, that the word Βασιλεὺς did ſignifie the ſame in Greek, as the Hebrew word כלר did with the *Jews*. Beſides, let the Divines in their Pulpits ſay what they will, they in their practice deny that all is the Kings: They ſue him, and ſo does all the Nation, whereof they are a part. What matter is it then, what they Preach or Teach in the Schools?

3. Kings are all individual, this or that King, there is no Species of Kings.

4. A King that claims Priviledges in his own Country, becauſe they have them in another, is juſt as a Cook, that claims Fees in one Lords Houſe, becauſe they are allow'd in another. If the Maſter of the Houſe will yield them, well and good.

5. The Text [*render unto Cæſar the things that are Cæſars*] makes as much againſt Kings, as for them, for it ſays plainly that ſome things are not *Cæſars*. But Divines make choice of it, firſt in flattery, and then becauſe of the other part adjoin'd to it [*render unto God the things that are Gods*] where they bring in the Church.

6. A King outed of his Country, that takes as much upon him as he did at home, in his own Court, is as if a man on high, and I being upon the ground, us'd to lift up my voice to him, that he might hear me, at length ſhould come down, and then expects I ſhould ſpeak as loud to him as I did before.

King of England.

1. The King can do no wrong, that is no Proceſs can be granted againſt him, what muſt be done then? Petition him, and the King writes upon the Petition *ſoit droit fait*, and ſends it to the Chancery, and then the buſineſs is heard. His Confeſſor will not tell him he can do no wrong.

2. There's a great deal of difference between Head of the Church, and Supream Governour, as our Canons call the King. Conceive it thus, there

is

is in the Kingdom of *England* a Colledge of Phiſicians, the King is Supream Governour of thoſe, but not Head of them, nor Preſident of the Colledge, nor the beſt Phiſician.

3. After the diſſolution of Abbies, they did not much advance the King's Supremacy, for they only car'd to Exclude the Pope, hence have we had ſeveral Tranſlations of the Bible put upon us. But now we muſt look to it, otherwiſe the King may put upon us what Religion he pleaſes.

4. 'Twas the old way when the King of *England* had his Houſe, there were Canons to ſing Service in his Chappel; ſo at *Weſtminſter* in St. *Stephen*'s Chappel (where the Houſe of Commons ſits) from which Canons the Street call'd *Canon-row* has its name, becauſe they liv'd there, and he had alſo the Abbot and his Monks, and all theſe the King's Houſe.

5. The Three Eſtates are the Lords Temporal, the Biſhops are the Clergy, and the Commons, as ſome would have it [take heed of that] for then if two agree the third is involv'd, but he is King of the Three Eſtates.

6. The King hath a Seal in every Court, and tho' the great Seal be call'd *Sigillum Angliæ*, the Great Seal of *England*, yet 'tis not becauſe 'tis the Kingdoms Seal, and not the Kings, but to diſtinguiſh it from *Sigillum Hiberniæ*, *Sigillum Scotiæ*.

7. The Court of *England* is much alter'd. At a ſolemn Dancing, firſt you had the grave Meaſures, then the Corrantoes and the Galliards, and this is kept up with Ceremony, at length to *French*-more, and the Cuſhion-Dance, and then all the Company Dance, Lord and Groom, Lady and Kitchin-Maid, no diſtinction. So in our Court in Queen *Elizabeth*'s time Gravity and State were kept up. in King *James*'s time things were pretty well. But in King *Charles*'s time, there has been nothing but *French*-more and the Cuſhion Dance, *omnium gatherum*, tolly, polly, hoite come toite.

The King.

1. 'Tis hard to make an accommodation between the King and the Parliament. If you and I fell out about Money, you ſaid I ow'd you twenty Pounds, I ſaid I ow'd you but ten Pounds, it may be a third Party allowing me twenty Marks, might make us Friends. But if I ſaid I ow'd you twenty Pounds in Silver, and you ſaid I ow'd you twenty pound of Diamonds, which is a ſum innumerable, 'tis impoſſible we ſhould ever agree, this is the caſe.

2. The King uſing the Houſe of Commons, as he did in Mr. *Pymm* and his Company, that is charging them with Treaſon, becauſe they charg'd my Lord of *Canterbury* and Sir *George Ratcliff*, it was juſt with as much Logick as the Boy, that would have lain with his Grandmother, us'd to his Father, you lay with my Mother, why ſhould not I lye with yours?

3. There is not the ſame reaſon for the King's accuſing Men of Treaſon, and carrying them away, as there is for the Houſes themſelves, becauſe they accuſe one of themſelves. For every one that is accuſed, is either a Peer or a Commoner, and he that is accuſed hath his Conſent going along with

with him; but if the King accuſes, there is nothing of this in it.

4. The King is equally abus'd now as before, then they flatter'd him and made him do ill things, now they would force him againſt his Conſcience. If a Phiſician ſhould tell me, every thing I had a mind to was good for me, tho' in truth 'twas Poiſon, he abus'd me; and he abuſes me as much, that would force me to take ſomething whether I will or no.

5. The King ſo long as he is our King, may do with his Officers what he pleaſes, as the Maſter of the Houſe may turn away all his Servants, and take whom he pleaſe.

6. The King's Oath is not ſecurity enough for our Property, for he ſwears to Govern according to Law; now the Judges they interpret the Law, and what Judges can be made to do we know.

7. The King and the Parliament now falling out, are juſt as when there is foul Play offer'd amongſt Gameſters, one ſnatches the others ſtake, they ſeize what they can of one anothers. 'Tis not to be askt whether it belongs not to the King to do this or that: before when there was fair Play, it did. But now they will do what is moſt convenient for their own ſafety. If two fall to ſcuffling, one tears the others Band, the other tears his, when they were Friends they were quiet, and did no ſuch thing, they let one anothers Bands alone.

8. The King calling his Friends from the Parliament, becauſe he had uſe of them at *Oxford*, is as if a man ſhould have uſe of a little piece of wood, and he runs down into the Cellar, and takes the Spiggot, in the mean time all the Beer runs about the Houſe; when his Friends are abſent the King will be loſt.

Knights-Service.

1. Knights-Service in earneſt means nothing, for the Lords are bound to wait upon the King when he goes to War with a Foreign Enemy, with it may be one Man and one Horſe, and he that doth not, is to be rated ſo much as ſhall ſeem good to the next Parliament. And what will that be? So 'tis for a private Man, that holds of a Centleman.

Land.

1. When men did let their Land underfoot, the Tenants would fight for their Landlords, ſo that way they had their Retribution, but now they will do nothing for them, may be the firſt, if but a Conſtable bid them, that ſhall lay the Landlord by the heels, and therefore 'tis vanity and folly not to take the full value.

2. *Allodium* is a Law-word contrary to *Feudum*, and it ſignifies Land that holds of no body, we have no ſuch Land in *England*. 'Tis a true Propoſition, all the Land in *England* is held, either immediately, or mediately of the King.

Language.

1. To a living Tongue new words may be added, but not to a dead Tongue, as Latine, Greek, Hebrew, *&c.*

2. *Latimer* is the Corruption of *Latiner*, it ſignifies he that interprets Latine, and though he interpreted *French*, *Spaniſh*, or *Italian*, he was call'd the King's *Latiner*, that is, the King's Interpreter.

3. If you look upon the Language ſpoken in the Saxon time, and the Language ſpoken now, you will find the difference to be juſt, as if a man had a Cloak that he wore plain in Queen *Elizabeth's* days, and ſince, here has put in a piece of Red, and there a piece of Blew, and here a piece of Green, and there a piece of Orange-tawny. We borow words from the *French*, *Italian*, *Latine*, as every Pedantick Man pleaſes.

4. We have more words than Notions, half a dozen words for the ſame thing. Sometime we put a new ſignification to an old word, as when we call a Piece a Gun. The word Gun was in uſe in *England* for an Engine to caſt a thing from a man, long before there was any Gun-powder found out.

5. Words muſt be fitted to a man's mouth; 'twas well ſaid of the Fellow that was to make a Speech for my Lord Mayor, he deſir'd to take meaſure of his Lordſhips mouth.

Law.

1. A Man may plead not guilty, and yet tell no Lye, for by the Law no Man is bound to accuſe himſelf, ſo that when I ſay Not guilty, the meaning is, as if I ſhould ſay by way of Paraphraſe, I am Not ſo guilty as to tell you; if you will bring me to a Tryal, and have me puniſht for this you lay to my Charge, prove it againſt me.

2. Ignorance of the Law excuſes no man, not that all Men know the Law, but becauſe 'tis an excuſe every man will plead, and no man can tell how to confute him.

3. The King of *Spain* was out-law'd in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, I being of Councel againſt him. A Merchant had recover'd Coſts againſt him in a Suit, which becauſe he could not get, we advis'd to have him Out-law'd for not appearing, and ſo he was. As ſoon as *Gondimer* heard that, he preſently ſent the money, by reaſon, if his Maſter had been Out-law'd he could not have the benefit of the Law, which would have been very prejudicial, there being then many ſuits depending betwixt the King of *Spain* and our Engliſh Merchants.

4 Every Law is a Contract between the King and the People, and therefore to be kept. An hundred men may owe me an hundred pounds, as well as any one man, and ſhall they not pay me becauſe they are ſtronger than I? *Object.* Oh but they loſe all if they keep that Law. *Anſw.* Let them look to the making of their Bargain. If I ſell my Lands, and when I have done, one comes and tells me I have nothing elſe to keep me. I and my Wife and Children muſt ſtarve, If I part with my Land. Muſt I not therefore let them have my Land that have bought it and paid for it?

5. The Parliament may declare Law, as well as any other inferiour Court may, (*viz.*) the Kings Bench. In that or this particular Caſe the Kings Bench will declare unto you what the Law is, but that binds no body whom the Caſe concerns: So the higheſt Court, the Parliament may doe, but not declare Law, that is, make Law that was never heard of before.

Law of Nature.

1. I cannot fancy to my ſelf what the Law of Nature means, but the Law of God. How ſhould I know I ought not to ſteal, I ought not to commit Adultery, unleſs ſome body had told me ſo? Surely 'tis becauſe I have been told ſo? 'Tis not becauſe I think I ought not to do them, nor becauſe you think

I ought not; if ſo, our minds might change, whence then comes the reſtraint? from a higher Power, nothing elſe can bind. I cannot bind my ſelf, for I may untye my ſelf again; nor an equal cannot bind me, for we may untie one another. It muſt be a ſuperiour Power, even God Almighty. If two of us make a Bargain, why ſhould either of us ſtand to it? What need you care what you ſay, or what need I care what I ſay? Certainly becauſe there is ſomething about me that tells me *Fides eſt ſervanda*, and if we after alter our minds, and make a new Bargain, there's *Fides ſervanda* there too.

Learning.

1. No man is the wiſer for his Learning, it may Adminiſter matter to work in, or Objects to work upon, but Wit and Wiſdom are born with a Man.

2. Moſt mens Learning is nothing but Hiſtory duly taken up. If I quote *Thomas Aquinus* for ſome Tenet and believe it, becauſe the Schoolmen ſay ſo, that is but Hiſtory. Few Men make themſelves Maſters of the things they write or ſpeak.

3. The Jeſuits and the Lawyers of *France*, and the Low-Country-men have engroſſed all Learniug. The reſt of the world make nothing but Homilies.

4. 'Tis obſervable, that in *Athens* where the Arts flouriſht, they were govern'd by a Democraſie, Learning made them think themſelves as wiſe as any body, and they would govern as well as others; and they ſpake as it were by way of Contempt, that in the *Eaſt* and in the *North* they had Kings, and why? Becauſe the moſt part of them follow'd their buſineſs, and if ſome one man had made himſelf wiſer than the reſt, he govern'd them, and they willingly ſubmitted themſelves to him. *Ariſtotle* makes the Obſervation. And as in *Athens* the Philoſophers made the People knowing, and therefore they thought themſelves wiſe enough to govern, ſo does preaching with us, and that makes us affect a Democraſie: For upon theſe two grounds we all would be Governours, either becauſe we think our ſelves as wiſe as the beſt, or becauſe we think our ſelves the Elect, and have the Spirit, and the reſt a Company of Reprobates that belong to the Devil.

Lecturers.

1. Lecturers do in a Pariſh Church what the Fryers did heretofore, get away not only the Affections, but the Bounty, that ſhould be beſtow'd upon the Miniſter.

2. Lecturers get a great deal of money, becauſe they preach the People tame [as a man watches a Hawk] and then they do what they liſt with them.

3. The Lectures in Black Fryers, perform'd by Officers of the Army, Trades-men, and Miniſters, is as if a great Lord ſhould make a Feaſt, and he would have his Cook dreſs one Diſh, and his Coachman another, his Porter a third, *&c.*

Libels.

1. Tho' ſome make ſlight of *Libels*, yet you may ſee by them how the wind ſits: As take a ſtraw and throw it up into the Air, you ſhall ſee by that which way the Wind is, which you ſhall not do by caſting up a Stone. More ſolid things do not ſhew the Complexion of the times ſo well, as Ballads and Libels.

Liturgy.

1. There is no Church without a Liturgy, nor indeed can there be conveniently, as there is no School without a Grammar. One Scholar may be taught otherwise upon the Stock of his Acumen, but not a whole School. One or two that are piously dispos'd, may serve themselves their own way, but hardly a whole Nation.

2. To know what was generally believ'd in all Ages, the way is to consult the Liturgies, not any private man's writing. As if you would know how the Church of *England* serves God. Go to the Common prayer-Book, consult not this nor that man. Besides Liturgies never Complement, nor use high Expressions. The Fathers oft-times speak Oratoriously.

Lords in the Parliament.

1. The Lords giving Protections is a scorn upon them. A Protection means nothing actively, but passively, he that is a Servant to a Parliament man is thereby Protected. What a scorn is it to a person of Honour to put his hand to two Lyes at once, that such a man is my Servant, and imployed by me, when haply he never saw the man in his life, nor before never heard of him.

2 The Lords protesting is foolish. To protest is properly to save to a man's self some right. But to protest as the Lords protest, when they their selves are involv'd, 'tis no more than if I should go into *Smith-field*, and sell my Horse, and take the money, and yet when I have your Money, and you my Horse, I should protest this Horse is mine, because I love the Horse, or I do not know why I do protest, because my Opinion is contrary to the rest. Ridiculous, when they say the Bishops did antiently protest, it was only dissenting, and that in the case of the Pope.

Lords before the Parliament.

1. Great Lords by reason of their Flatterers, are the first that know their own Vertues, and the last that know their own Vices; Some of them are asham'd upwards, because their Ancestors were too great. Others are asham'd downwards, because they were too little.

2. The *Prior* of St. *John* of *Jerusalem* is said to be *Primus Baro Angliæ*, the first Baron of *England*, because being last of the Spiritual Barons, he chose to be first of the Temporal. He was a kind of an Otter, a Knight half-Spiritual, and half-Temporal.

3. *Quest.* Whether is every Baron a Baron of some place?

Answ. 'Tis according to his Patent, of late years they have been made Baron of some place, but antiently not, call'd only by their Sir-name, or the Sir-name of some Family, into which they have been married.

4 The making of new Lords lessens all the rest. 'Tis in the business of Lords, as 'twas with St. *Nicholas*'s Image: the Countryman, you know, could not find in his heart to adore the new Image, made of his own Plumb-Tree, though he had formerly Worship'd the old one. The Lords that are antient we honour, because we know not whence they come, but the new ones we slight, because we know their beginning.

5. For the *Irish* Lords to take upon them here in *England*, is as if the Cook in the Fair should come to my Lady *Kents* Kitchen, and take upon him to roast the meat there, because he is a Cook in another place. *Mar-*

Marriage.

1. Of all Actions of a mans life, his Marriage does leaſt concern other people, yet of all Actions of our Life 'tis moſt medled with by other people.

2. Marriage is nothing but a Civil Contract, 'tis true 'tis an Ordinance of God: ſo is every other Contract, God commands me to keep it when I have made it.

3. Marriage is a deſperate thing, the Frogs in *Æſop* were extream wiſe, they had a great mind to ſome water, but they would not leap into the Well, becauſe they could not get out again.

4. We ſingle out particulars, and apply Gods Providence to them, thus, when two are marry'd and have undone one another, they cry it was God's Providence we ſhould come together, when Gods Providence does equally concurr to every thing.

Marriage of Couſin-Germans.

1. Some men forbear to Marry Couſin-Germans out of this kind of ſcruple of Conſcience, becauſe it was unlawful before the Reformation, and is ſtill in the Church of *Rome*. And ſo by reaſon their Grandfather, or their great Grandfather did not do it, upon that old Score they think they ought not to do it; as ſome men forbear fleſh upon *Friday*, not reflecting upon the Statute, which with us makes it unlawful, but out of an old Score, becauſe the Church of *Rome* forbids it, and their Fore-fathers always forbore fleſh upon that day. Others forbear it out of a Natural Conſideration, becauſe it is obſerv'd (for Example) in Beaſts, if two couple of a near kind, the breed proves not ſo good; The ſame obſervation they make in Plants and Trees, which degenerate being grafted upon the ſame Stock. And 'tis alſo further obſerv'd, thoſe Matches between Couſin Germans ſeldom prove fortunate. But for the lawfulneſs there is no colour but Couſin-Germans in *England* may marry, both by the Law of God and man: for with us we have reduc'd all the degrees of Marriage to thoſe in the *Levitical Law*, and 'tis plain there's nothing againſt it. As for that that is ſaid Couſin-Germans once remov'd may not Marry, and therefore being a further degree may not, 'tis preſumed a nearer ſhould not, no man can tell what it means.

Meaſure of Things.

1. We meaſure from our ſelves, and as things are for our uſe and purpoſe, ſo we approve them; bring a Pear to the Table that is rotten, we cry it down, 'tis naught; but bring a Medlar that is rotten, and 'tis a fine thing, and yet I'le warrant you the Pear thinks as well of it ſelf as the Medlar does.

2. We meaſure the Excellency of other men, by ſome Excellency we conceive to be in our ſelves. *Naſh* a Poet, poor enough (as Poets us'd to be) ſeeing an Alderman with his Gold Chain, upon his great Horſe, by way of ſcorn ſaid to one of his Companions, do you ſee yon fellow, how goodly, how big he looks, why that fellow cannot make a blank Verſe.

3. Nay we meaſure the goodneſs of God from our ſelves, we meaſure his Goodneſs, his Juſtice, his Wiſdom, by ſomething we call juſt, good, or wiſe in our ſelves; and in ſo doing, we judge proportionably to the Country fellow in the Play, who ſaid if he were a King, he would live like a Lord, and have Peaſe and Bacon every day, and a Whip that cry'd Slaſh.

Difference

Difference of Men.

1. The difference of men is very great, you would ſcarce think them to be of the ſame Species, and yet it conſiſts more in the Affection than in the Intellect. For as in the ſtrength of Body, two men ſhall be of an equal ſtrength, yet one ſhall appear ſtronger than the other, becauſe he exerciſes, and puts out his ſtrength, the other will not ſtir nor ſtrain himſelf. So 'tis in the ſtrength of the Brain, the one endeavours, and ſtrains, and labours, and ſtudies, the other ſits ſtill, and is idle, and takes no pains, and therefore he appears ſo much the inferiour.

Miniſter Divine.

1. The impoſition of hands upon the Miniſter when all is done, will be nothing but a deſignation of a Perſon to this or that Office or Employment in the Church. 'Tis a ridiculous Phraſe that of the Canoniſts [*Conferre Ordines*] 'Tis *Coaptare aliquem in Ordinem*, to make a man one of us, one of our Number, one of our Order. So *Cicero* would underſtand what I ſaid, it being a Phraſe borrow'd from the *Latines*, and to be underſtood proportionably to what was amongſt them.

2. Thoſe words you now uſe in making a Miniſter [*receive the Holy Ghoſt*] were us'd amongſt the *Jews* in making of a Lawyer, from thence we have them, which is a villanous key to ſomething, as if you would have ſome other kind of Præfeture, than a Mayoralty, and yet keep the ſame Ceremony that was us'd in making the Mayor.

3. A Prieſt has no ſuch thing as an indelible Character, what difference do you find betwixt him and another man after Ordination? only he is made a Prieſt, (as I ſaid) by Deſignation: as a Lawyer is call'd to the Bar, then made a Serjeant; all men that would get power over others, make themſelves as unlike them as they can, upon the ſame ground the Prieſts made themſelves unlike the Laity.

4. A Miniſter when he is made is *Materia prima*, apt for any form the State will put upon him, but of himſelf he can do nothing. Like a Doctor of Law in the Univerſity, he hath a great deal of Law in him, but cannot uſe it till he be made ſome bodies Chancellour; or like a Phyſician, before he be receiv'd into a houſe, he can give no body Phyſick; indeed after the Maſter of the houſe hath given him charge of his Servants, then he may. Or like a Suffragan, that could do nothing but give Orders, and yet he was no Biſhop.

5. A Miniſter ſhould preach according to the Articles of Religion Eſtabliſhed in the Church where he is. To be a Civil Lawyer let a man read *Juſtinian*, and the Body of the Law, to confirm his Brain to that way, but when he comes to practice, he muſt make uſe of it ſo far as it concerns the Law received in his own Country. To be a Phyſician let a Man read *Gallen* and *Hypocrates*; but when he practiſes, he muſt apply his Medicins according to the Temper of thoſe Mens Bodies with whom he lives, and have reſpect to the heat and cold of Climes, otherwiſe that which in *Pergamus* (where *Gallen* liv'd) was Phyſick, in our cold Climate may be Poiſon. So to be a Divine, let him read the whole Body of Divinity, the Fathers and the Schoolmen, but when he comes to practice, he muſt uſe it and apply it according to thoſe Grounds and Articles of Religion that are eſtabliſh'd in the Church, and this with ſence.

6. There

6. There be four things a Minister should be at, the Conscionary part, Ecclesiastical story, School Divinity, and the Casuists.

1. In the Conscionary part he must read all the Chief Fathers, both Latine and Greek wholly. St. *Austin*, St. *Ambrose*, St. *Chrysostome*, both the *Gregories*, &c. *Tertullian*, *Clemens*, *Alexandrinus*, and *Epiphanius*, which last have more Learning in them than all the rest, and writ freely.

2. For Ecclesiastical story let him read *Baronius*, with the *Magdeburgenses*, and be his own Judge, the one being extreamly for the Papists, the other extreamly against them.

3. For School Divinity let him get *Javellus*'s Edition of *Scotus* or *Mayco*, where there be Quotations that direct you to every Schoolman, where such and such questions are handled. Without School-Divinity a Divine knows nothing Logically, nor will be able to satisfie a rational man out of the Pulpit.

4. The Study of the Casuists must follow the Study of the School-men, because the division of their Cases is according to their Divinity, otherwise he that begins with them will know little. As he that begins with the study of the Reports and Cases in the Common Law, will thereby know little of the Law. Casuists may be of admirable use, if discreetly dealt with, tho' among them you shall have many leaves together very impertinent. A Case well decided would stick by a man, they would remember it whether they will or no, whereas a quaint position dieth in the Birth. The main thing is to know where to search, for talk what they will of vast memories, no man will presume upon his own memory for any thing he means to write or speak in publick.

7. [*Go and teach all Nations.*] This was said to all Christians that then were, before the distinction of Clergy and Laity; there have been since Men design'd to Preach only by the State, as some Men are design'd to studdy the Law, others to studdy Physick. When the Lord's Supper was instituted, there were none present but the Disciples, shall none then but Ministers receive?

8. There is all the Reason you should believe your Minister, unless you have studdied Divinity as well as he, or more than he.

9. 'Tis a foolish thing to say Ministers must not meddle with Secular Matters, because his own profession will take up the whole Man; may he not eat, or drink, or walk, or learn to sing? the meaning of that is, he must seriously attend his Calling.

10. Ministers with the Papists [that is their Priests] have much respect, with the Puritans they have much, and that upon the same ground, they pretend both of 'em to come immediately from Christ; but with the Protestants they have very little, the reason whereof is, in the beginning of the Reformation they were glad to get such to take Livings as they could procure by any Invitations, things of pitiful condition. The Nobility and Gentry would not suffer their Sons or Kindred to meddle with the Church, and therefore at this day, when they see a Parson, they think him to be such a thing still, and there they will keep him, and use him accordingly; if he be a Gentleman, that is singled out, and he is us'd the more respectfully.

11. The Protestant Minister is least regarded, appears by the old story of the Keeper of the Clink. He had Priests of several sorts sent unto him, as they came in, he ask'd them who they were; who are you to the first? I

am

am a Prieſt of the Church of *Rome*; you are welcome quoth the Keeper, there are thoſe will take care of you. And who are you? A ſilens'd Miniſter. You are welcome too, I ſhall fare the better for you? And who are you? A Miniſter of the Church of *England*. O God help me (quoth the Keeper) I ſhall get nothing by you, I am ſure you may lye and ſtarve, and rot, before any body will look after you.

12. Methinks 'tis an ignorant thing for a Churchman, to call himſelf the Miniſter of Chriſt, becauſe St. *Paul*, or the Apoſtles call'd themſelves ſo. If one of them had a Voice from Heav'n, as St. *Paul* had, I will grant he is a Miniſter of Chriſt, I will call him ſo too. Muſt they take upon them as the Apoſtles did? Can they do as the Apoſtles could? The Apoſtles had a Mark to be known by, ſpake Tongues, Cur'd Diſeaſes, trod upon Serpents, *&c.* Can they do this? If a Gentleman tells me, he will ſend his Man to me, and I did not know his Man, but he gave me this Mark to know him by, he ſhould bring in his hand a rich Jewel; if a fellow came to me with a pebble-Stone, had I any reaſon to believe he was the Gentleman's man?

Money.

1. Money makes a man laugh. A blind Fidler playing to a Company, and playing but ſcurvily, the Company laught at him; His Boy that led him, perceiving it, cry'd, Father let us be gone, they do nothing but laugh at you. Hold thy peace, Boy, ſaid the Fidler, we ſhall have their money preſently, and then we will laugh at them.

2. *Euclide* was beaten in *Boccaline*, for teaching his Scholars a Mathematical Figure in his School, whereby he ſhew'd, that all the Lives both of Princes and private Men tended to one Centre, *Con Gentilizza*, handſomly to get money out of other mens pockets, and it into their own.

3. The Pope us'd heretofore to ſend the Princes of Chriſtendom to fight againſt the *Turk*, but Prince and Pope finely Juggl'd together, the Moneys were rais'd, and ſome men went out to the Holy War, but commonly after they had got the money, the Turk was pretty quiet, and the Prince and the Pope ſhar'd it between them.

4. In all times the Princes in *England* have done ſomething illegal, to get money. But then came a Parliament and all was well, the People and the Prince kiſt and were Friends, and ſo things were quiet for a while; afterwards there was another trick found out to get money, and after they had got it, another Perliament was call'd to ſet all right, *&c.* But now they have ſo outrun the Conſtable ———

Moral Honeſty.

1. They that cry down Moral-honeſty, cry down that which is a great part of Religion, my Duty towards God, and my Duty towards man. What care I to ſee a man run after a Sermon, if he Couzen and Cheats as ſoon as he comes home. On the other ſide Morality muſt not be without Religion, for if ſo, it may change, as I ſee convenience. Religion muſt govern it. He that has not Religion to govern his Morality, is not a Dram better than my Maſtiff-Dogg; ſo long as you ſtroak him and pleaſe him, and do not pinch him, he will play with you as finely as may be, he is a very good Moral-Maſtiff, but if you hurt him, he will fly in your Face, and tear out your Throat.

Mort-

Mortgage.

1. In Case I receive a thousand Pounds, and Mortgage as much Land as is worth two thousand to you, if I do not pay the Money at such a day, I fail, whether you may take my Land and keep it in point of Conscience? *Answ.* If you had my Lands as security only for your Money, then you are not to keep it, but if we bargain'd so, that if I did not repay your 1000 *l.* my Land should go for it, be it what it will, no doubt you may with a safe Conscience keep it; for in these things all the Obligation is *Servare Fidem.*

Number.

1. All those misterious things they observe in numbers, come to nothing, upon this very ground, because number in it self is nothing, has not to do with Nature, but is meerly of Humane Imposition, a meer sound. For Example, when I cry one a Clock, two a Clock, three a Clock, that is but Man's division of time, the time it self goes on, and it had been all one in Nature if those Hours had been call'd nine, ten, and eleven. So when they say the Seventh Son is Fortunate, it means nothing; for if you count from the seventh backwards, then the first is the seventh, why is not he likewise Fortunate?

Oaths.

1. Swearing was another thing with the *Jews* than with us, because they might not pronounce the Name of the Lord Jehovah.

2. There is no Oath scarcely, but we swear to things we are ig norant of: For Example, the Oath of Supremacy; how many know how the King is King? what are his Right and Prerogative? So how many know what are the Priviledges of the Parliament, and the Liberty of the Subject, when they take the protestation? But the meaning is, they will defend them when they know them. As if I should swear I would take part with all that wear Red Ribbons in their Hats, it may be I do not know which colour is Red, but when I do know, and see a Red Ribbon in a Man's Hat, then will I take his part.

3. I cannot conceive how an Oath is imposed, where there is a Parity (*viz.*) in the House of Commons, they are all *pares inter se*, only one brings Paper, and shews it the rest, they look upon it, and in their own Sence take it: Now they are but *pares* to me, who am none of the House, for I do not acknowledge my self their Subject, if I did, then no question, I was bound by an Oath of their imposing. 'Tis to me but reading a Paper in their own Sence.

4. There is a great difference between an Assertory Oath and a Promissary Oath. An Assertory Oath is made to a Man before God, and I must swear so, as man may know what I mean: But a Promissary Oath is made to God only, and I am sure he knows my meaning: So in the new Oath it runs [whereas I believe in my Conscience, *&c.* I will assist thus and thus] that [whereas] gives me an Outloose, for if I do not believe so, for ought I know, I swear not at all.

5. In a Promissary Oath, the mind I am in is a good Interpretation, for if there be enough hapned to change my mind, I do not know why I should not. If I promise to go to *Oxford* to morrow, and mean it when I say it, and afterwards it appears to me, that 'twill be my undoing, will you say I have broke my Promise if I stay at home? certainly I must not go.

6. The *Jews* had this way with them concerning a Promissary Oath or Vow, if one of them had vow'd a vow, which afterwards appear'd to him to be very prejudicial by reason of something he either did not foresee, or did not

think of, when he made his Vow; if he made it known to three of his Country-men, they had power to absolve him, though he could not absolve himself, and that they pickt out of some words in the Text: Perjury hath only to do with an Assertory Oath, and no man was punisht for Perjury by man's Law till Queen *Elizabeth*'s time, 'twas left to God, as a sin against him, the Reason was, because 'twas so hard a thing to prove a man perjur'd: I might misunderstand him, and he swears as he thought.

7. When men ask me whether they may take an Oath in their own Sense, 'tis to me, as if they should ask whether they may go to such a place upon their own Legs, I would fain know how they can go otherwise.

8. If the Ministers that are in sequestred Livings will not take the Engagement, threaten to turn them out and put in the old ones, and then I'le warrant you they will quietly take it. A Gentleman having been rambling two or three days, at length came home, and being in Bed with his Wife, would fain have been at something, that she was unwilling to, and instead of complying, fell to chiding him for his being abroad so long: Well says he, if you will not, call up *Sue* (his Wife's Chambermaid) upon that she yielded presently.

9. Now Oaths are so frequent, they should be taken like Pills, swallow'd whole: If you chew them you will find them bitter: If you think what you swear 'twill hardly go down.

Oracles.

1. Oracles ceas'd presently after Christ, as soon as no body believ'd them. Just as we have no Fortune-Tellers, nor Wise-Men, when no body cares for them. Sometime you have a Season for them, when People believe them, and neither of these, I conceive, wrought by the Devil.

Opinion.

1. Opinion and Affection extreamly differ; I may affect a Woman best, but it does not follow I must think her the Handsomest Woman in the World. I love Apples best of any Fruit, but it does not follow, I must think Apples to be the best Fruit. Opinion is something wherein I go about to give Reason why all the World should think as I think. Affection is a thing wherein I look after the pleasing of my self.

2. 'Twas a good Fancy of an old Platonick. The Gods which are above men, had something whereof Man did partake, [an Intellect Knowledge] and the Gods kept on their course quietly. The Beasts, which are below man, had something whereof Man did partake, [Sence and Growth] and the Beasts liv'd quietly in their way. But Man had something in him, whereof neither Gods nor Beasts did partake, which gave him all the Trouble, and made all the Confusion in the world, and that is Opinion.

3. 'Tis a foolish thing for me to be brought off from an Opinion in a thing neither of us know, but are led only by some Cobweb-stuff, as in such a case as this, *Utrum Angeli in vicem colloquantur?* if I forsake my side in such a case, I shew my self wonderful light, or infinitely complying, or flattering the other party. But if I be in a business of Nature, & hold an Opinion one way, and some man's Experience has found out the contrary, I may with a safe Reputation give up my side.

4. 'Tis a vain thing to talk of an Heretick, for a man for his heart can think no otherwise than he does think. In the Primitive times there were many Opinions, nothing scarce but some or other held: One of these Opinions being embrac'd by some Prince, and received into his Kingdom, the rest were Condemn'd

demn'd as Hereſies, and his Religion which was but one of the ſeveral Opinions, firſt is ſaid to be Orthodox, and ſo have continu'd ever ſince the Apoſtles.

Parity.

1. This is the juggling trick of the Parity, they would have no body above them, but they do not tell you they would have no body under them.

Parliament.

1. All are involved in a Parliament. There was a time when all Men had their voice in chooſing Knights. About *Henry* the Sixth's time they found the inconvenience, ſo one Parliament made a Law, that only he that had forty Shillings *per annum* ſhould give his voice, they under ſhould be excluded. They made the Law who had the voice of all, as well under forty Shillings as above; and thus it continues at this day. All conſent civilly in a Parliament, Women are involv'd in the Men, Childred in thoſe of perfect age, thoſe that are under forty Shillings a year, in thoſe that have forty Shillings a year, thoſe of forty Shillings in the Knights.

2. All things are brought to the Parliament, little to the Courts of Juſtice; juſt as in a room where there is a Banquet preſented, if there be Perſons of Quality there, the People muſt expect, and ſtay till the great ones have done.

3. The Parliament flying upon ſeveral Men, and then letting them alone, does as a Hawk that flyes a Covey of Partridges, and when ſhe has flown them a great way, grows weary, and takes a Tree; then the Faulconer lures her down, and takes her to his fiſt: on they go again, *hei rett*, up ſprings another Covey, away goes the Hawk, and as ſhe did before, takes another Tree. *&c.*

4. Diſſenters in Parliament may at length come to a good end, tho' firſt there be a great deal of do, and a great deal of noiſe, which mad wild folks make; juſt as in brewing of Wreſt-Beer, there's a great deal of buſineſs in grinding the Mault, and that ſpoils any Mans cloaths that comes near it; then it muſt be maſh'd, then comes a Fellow in and drinks of the Wort, and he's drunk, then they keep a huge quarter when they carry it into the Cellar, and a twelve month after 'tis delicate fine Beer.

5. It muſt neceſſarily be that our Diſtempers are worſe than they were in the beginning of the Parliament. If a Phiſician comes to a ſick Man, he lets him blood, it may be ſcarifyes him, cups him, puts him into a great diſorder, before he makes him well; and if he be ſent for to cure an Ague, and he finds his Patient hath many diſeaſes, a Dropſie, and a Palſie, he applies remedies to 'em all, which makes the cure the longer and the dearer: this is the caſe.

6. The Parliament-men are as great Princes as any in the World, when whatſoever they pleaſe is Priviledge of Parliament; no man muſt know the number of their Priviledges, and whatſoever they diſlike is breach of Priviledge. The Duke of *Venice* is no more than Speaker of the Houſe of Commons; but the Senate at *Venice*, are not ſo much as our Parliament-men, nor have they that power over the People, who yet exerciſe the greateſt Tyranny that is any where. In plain truth, breach of Priviledge is only the actual taking away of a Member of the Houſe, the reſt are Offences againſt the Houſe. For Example, to take out Proceſs againſt a Parliament-man, or the like.

7 The Parliament-party, if the Law be for them, they call for the Law; if it be againſt them, they will go to a Parliamentary way; if no Law be for

them, then for Law again: Like him that first call'd for Sack to heat him, then small Drink to cool his Sack, then Sack again to heat his small Drink, *&c.*

8. The Parliament-party do not play fair play, in sitting up till two of the Clock in the Morning, to vote something they have a mind to. 'Tis like a crafty Gamester that makes the Company drunk, then cheats them of their Money. Young men and infirm men go away; besides, a man is not there to perswade other men to be of his Mind, but to speak his own Heart, and if it be lik'd, so, if not, there's an end.

Parson.

1. Though we write [Parson] differently, yet 'tis but Person; that is, the individual person set apart for the service of such a Church, and 'tis in Latin *persona*, and *Personatus* is a Porsonage. Indeed with the Canon Lawyers, *Personatus* is any Dignity or Preferment in the Church.

2. There never was a merry World since the *Faries* left Dancing, and the Parson left Conjuring. The Opinion of the latter kept Thieves in awe, and did as much good in a Country as a Justice of Peace.

Patience.

1. Patience is the chiefest fruit of Study, a man that strives to make himself a different thing from other men by much reading, gains this chiefest good, that in all Fortunes he hath something to entertain and comfort himself withall.

Peace.

1. King *James* was pictur'd going easily down a pair of Stairs, and upon every step there was writen, Peace, Peace, Peace; the wisest way for men in these times is to say nothing.

2 When a Country-wench cannot get her Butter to come, she says, The Witch is in her Churn. We have been churning for Peace a great while, and 'twill not come, sure the Witch is in it.

3 Though we had Peace, yet 'twill be a great while e're things be settled: Tho' the Wind lye, yet after a Storm the Sea will work a great while.

Penance.

1. Penance is only the Punishment inflicted, not Penitence, which is the right word; a man comes not to do Penance, because he repents him of his Sin, but because he is compell'd to it; he curses him, and could kill him that sends him thither. The old Canons wisely enjoyn'd three years Penance, sometimes more, because in that time a man got a habit of Vertue, and so committed that sin no more, for which he did Penance.

People.

1. There is not any thing in the World more abus'd than this Sentence, *Salus populi suprema Lex esto*, for we apply it, as if we ought to forsake the known Law, when it may be most for the advantage of the people, when it means no such thing. For first, 'tis not *Salus populi suprema Lex est*, but *esto*, it being one of the Laws of the twelve Tables, and after divers Laws made, some for Punishment, some for Reward, then follows this, *Salus populi suprema Lex esto*: that is, in all the Laws you make, have a special eye to the good of the people, and then what does this concern the way they now go?

2 *Objection.* He that makes one, is greater than he that is made; the People make the King, *ergo, &c.*

Answ. This does not hold, for if I have 1000 *l. per Annum*, and give it you and

and leave my self ne're a penny, I made you, but when you have my Land, you are greater than I. The Parish makes the Constable, and when the Constable is made, he governs the Parish. The Answer to all these Doubts is, Have you agreed so? if you have, then it must remain till you have alter'd it.

Pleasure.

1. Pleasure is nothing else but the intermission of pain, the enjoying of some thing I am in great trouble for 'till I have it.

2. 'Tis a wrong way to proportion other mens pleasures to our selves; 'tis like a Child's using a little Bird [O poor Bird thou shalt sleep with me] so lays it in his Bosome, and stifles it with his hot breath, the Bird had rather be in the cold Air: And yet too 'tis the most pleasing flattery, to like what other men like.

3. 'Tis most undoubtedly true, that all men are equally given to their pleasure, only thus, one mans pleasure lyes one way, and anothers another. Pleasures are all alike, simply considered in themselves, he that hunts, or he that governs the Common-wealth, they both please themselves alike, only we commend that, whereby we our selves receive some benefit. As if a man place his delight in things that tend to the common good, he that takes pleasure to hear Sermons, enjoys himself as much as he that hears Plays, and could he that loves Plays endeavour to love Sermons, possibly he might bring himself to it as well as to any other Pleasure. At first it may seem harsh and tedious, but afterwards 'twould be pleasing and delightful. So it falls out in that, which is the great pleasure of some men, Tobacco, at first they could not abide it, and now they cannot be without it.

4. Whilst you are upon Earth enjoy the good things that are here (to that end were they given) and be not melancholly, and wish your self in Heaven. If a King should give you the keeping of a Castle, with all things belonging to it, Orchards, Gardens, *&c.* and bid you use them; withal promise you that after twenty years to remove you to the Court, and to make you a Privy Councellor. If you should neglect your Castle, and refuse to eat of those fruits, and sit down, and whine, and wish you were a Privy Councellor, do you think the King would be pleased with you?

5. Pleasures of Meat, Drink, Cloaths, *&c.* are forbidden those that know not how to use them, just as Nurses cry pah! when they see a Knife in a Childs hand, they will never say any thing to a man.

Philosophy.

1. When Men comfort themselves with Philosophy, 'tis not because they have got two or three Sentences, but because they have digested those Sentences, and made them their own: So upon the matter, Philosophy is nothing but Discretion.

Poetry.

1. *Ovid* was not only a fine Poet, but [as a man may speak] a great Canon Lawyer, as appears in his *Fasti*, where we have more of the Festivals of the Old *Romans* than any where else: 'tis pity the rest are lost.

2. There is no reason Plays should be in Verse, either in Blank or Rhime, only the Poet has to say for himself, that he makes something like that, which some body made before him. The old Poets had no other reason but this, their Verse was sung to Musick, otherwise it had been a senseless thing to have fetter'd up themselves.

3. I never Converted but two, the one was Mr. *Crashaw* from writing against Plays, by telling him a way how to understand that place [of putting on Womens Apparel] which has nothing to do in the business [as neither has

has it, that the Fathers ſpeak againſt Plays in their time, with reaſon enough, for they had real Idolatries mix'd with their Plays, having three Altars perpetually upon the Stage.] The other was a Doctor of Divinity, from preaching againſt Painting, which ſimply in it ſelf is no more hurtful, than putting on my Cloaths, or doing any thing to make my ſelf like other folks, that I may not be odious nor offenſive to the Company. Indeed if I do it with an ill intention, it alters the Caſe, ſo, if I put on my Gloves with an intention to do a miſchief, I am a Villain.

4. 'Tis a fine thing for Children to learn to make Verſe, but when they come to be men they muſt ſpeak like other men, or elſe they will be laught at. 'Tis Ridiculous to ſpeak, or write, or preach in Verſe. As 'tis good to learn to dance, a man may learn his Leg, learn to go handſomly, but 'tis ridiculous for him to dance, when he ſhould go.

5. 'Tis ridiculous for a Lord to Print Verſes, 'tis well enough to make them to pleaſe himſelf, but to make them publick, is fooliſh. If a man in a private Chamber twirls his Bandſtrings, or plays with a Ruſh to pleaſe himſelf, 'tis well enough, but if he ſhould go into *Fleetſtreet*, and ſit upon a Stall, and twirl a Bandſtring, or play with a Ruſh, then all the Boys in the Street would laugh at him.

6. Verſe proves nothing but the quantity of Syllables, they are not meant for Logick.

Pope.

1. A Popes Bull and a Popes Brief differ very much, as with us the great Seal and the Privy Seal. The Bull being the higheſt Authority the King can give, the Brief is of leſs. The Bull has a Leaden Seal upon ſilk, hanging upon the Inſtrument. The Brief has *ſub Annulo Piſcatoris* upon the ſide.

2. He was a wiſe Pope, that when one that uſed to be merry with him, before he was advanc't to the Popedom, refrain'd afterwards to come at him, (preſuming he was buſie in governing the Chriſtian World) the Pope ſends for him, bids him come again, and (ſays he) we will be merry as we were before, for thou little thinkeſt what a little Foolery governs the whole World.

3. The Pope in ſending Rellicks to Princes, does as Wenches do by their *Waſſels* at *New-years-tide*, they preſent you with a Cup, and you muſt drink of a ſlabby ſtuff; but the meaning is, you muſt give them Moneys, ten times more than it is worth.

4. The Pope is Infallible, where he hath power to command, that is where he muſt be obey'd, ſo is every Supream Power and Prince. They that ſtretch his Infallibility further, do they know not what.

5. When a Proteſtant and a Papiſt Diſpute, they talk like two Madmen, becauſe they do not agree upon their Principles, the one way is to deſtroy the Popes Power, for if he hath Power to command me, 'tis not my alledging Reaſons to the contrary can keep me from obeying: For Example, if a Conſtable command me to wear a Green Suit to morrow, and has power to make me, 'tis not my alledging a hundred Reaſons of the Folly of it can excuſe me from doing it.

6. There was a time when the Pope had Power here in *England*, and there was excellent uſe made of it, for 'twas only to ſerve turns, (as might be manifeſted out of the Records of the Kingdom, which Divines know little of.) If the King did not like what the Pope would have, he would forbid the Pope's Legate to land upon his ground. So that the Power was truly then in the King, though ſuffer'd in the Pope. But now the Temporal and the Spiritual Power (Spiritual ſo call'd becauſe ordain'd to a Spiritual end) ſpring both from one Fountain, they are like to twiſt that.

7. The Proteſtants in *France* bear Office in the State, becauſe though their Religion be different, yet they acknowledge no other King but the King of *France*. The Papiſts in *England* they muſt have a King of their own, a Pope, that muſt do ſomething in our Kingdom, therefore there

there is no reason they should enjoy the same Priviledges.

8. *Amsterdam* admits of all Religions but Papists, and 'tis upon the same Account. The Papists where e're they live, have another King at *Rome*; all other Religions are subject to the present State, and have no Prince else-where.

9. The Papists call our Religion a Parliamentary Religion, but there was once, I am sure, a Parliamentary Pope, Pope *Urban* was made Pope in *England* by Act of Parliament, against *Pope Clement*; the Act is not in the Book of Statutes, either because he that compiled the Book, would not have the Name of the Pope there, or else he would not let it appear that they medled with any such thing, but 'tis upon the Rolls.

10. When our Clergy preach against the Pope, and the Church of *Rome*, they preach against themselves, and crying down their Pride, their Power, and their Riches, have made themselves poor and contemptible enough, they dedicate first to please their Prince, not considering what would follow. Just as if a man were to go a Journey, and seeing at his first setting out the way clean and fair, ventures forth in his Slippers, not considering the Dirt and the Sloughs are a little further off, or how suddenly the Weather may change.

Popery.

1. The demanding a Noble, for a dead body passing through a Town, came from hence in time of Popery, they carry'd the dead body into the Church, where the Priest said Dirgies, and twenty Dirgies at fourpence a piece comes to a Noble, but now 'tis forbidden by an Order from my Lord Marshal, the Heralds carry his Warrant about them.

2. We charge the Prelatical Clergy with Popery to make them odious, though we know they are guilty of no such thing: Just as heretofore they call'd Images Mammets, and the Adoration of Images Mammetry: that is, *Mahomet* and *Mahometry*, odious names, when all the World knows the *Turks* are forbidden Images by their Religion.

Power. State.

1. There is no stretching of Power, 'tis a good rule, eat within your Stomack, act within your Commission.

2. They that govern most make least noise. You see when they row in a Barge, they that do drudgery-work, slash, and puff, and sweat, but he that governs, sits quietly at the Stern, and scarce is seen to stir.

3. Syllables govern the World.

4. [*All Power is of God*] means no more than *Fides est servanda*. When St. *Paul* said this, the people had made *Nero* Emperour. They agree, he to command, they to obey. Then Gods comes in, and casts a hook upon them, keep your Faith, then comes in, all power is of God. Never King dropt out of the Clouds. God did not make a new Emperour, as the King makes a Justice of peace.

5. Christ himself was a great observer of the Civil power, and did many things only justifiable, because the State requir'd it, which were things meerly Temporary for the time that State stood. But Divines make use of them to gain power to themselves, (as for Example) that of *Dic Ecclesiæ*, tell the Church; there was then a Sanhedrim, a Court to tell it to, and therefore they would have it so now.

6. Divines ought to do no more than what the State permits. Before the State became Christian, they made their own Laws, and those that did not observe them, they Excommunicated, [*naughty men*] they suffer'd them to come no more amongst them. But if they would come amongst them, how could they hinder them? By what Law? by what Power? they were still subject to the State, which was Heathen. Nothing better expresses the condition of Christians in those times, than one of the Meetings you have in *London*, of men of the same Country, of *Sussex*-men, or *Bedfordshire*-men, they appoint their meeting, and they agree, and make Laws amongst themselves [*He that is not there shall pay double*, &c.] and if any one misbehave himself, they shut him out of their Company; but can they recover a Forfeiture made concerning their meeting by any Law? Have they any power to compel one to pay? but afterwards when the State became Christian, all the power was in them, and they gave the Church as much, or as little as they pleas'd, and took away when they pleas'd, and added what they pleas'd.

7. The Church is not only Subject to the Civil Power with us that are Protestants, but also in *Spain*, if the Church does Excommunicate a man for what it should not, the Civil Power will take him out of their hands. So in *France*, the Bishop of *Angiers* alter'd something in the

Breviary,

Breviary, they complain'd to the Parliament at *Paris*, that made him alter it again, with a [*comme abuse.*]

8. The Parliament of *England* has no Arbitrary Power in point of Judicature, but in point of making Law only.

9. If the Prince be *servus natura*, of a servile base Spirit, and the Subjects *liberi*, Free and Ingenuous, oft-times they depose their Prince, and govern themselves. On the contrary, if the People be *Servi Natura*, and some one amongst them of a Free and Ingenuous Spirit, he makes himself King of the rest, and this is the Cause of all Changes in State. Common-wealths into Monarchies, and Monarchies into Common-wealths.

10. In a troubled State we must do as in foul Weather upon the *Thames*, not think to cut directly through, so the Boat may be quickly full of water, but rise and fall as the Waves do, give as much as conveniently we can.

Prayer.

1. If I were a Minister, I should think my self most in my Office, Reading of Prayers, and Dispensing the Sacraments; and 'tis ill done to put one to Officiate in the Church, whose Person is contemptible out of it. Should a great Lady, that was invited to be a Gossip, in her place send her Kitchin-Maid, 'twould be ill taken, yet she is a Woman as well as she, let her send her Woman at least.

2. [*You shall pray*] is the right way, because according as the Church is settled, no man may make a Prayer in Publick of his own head.

3. 'Tis not the Original Common-Prayer-Book, why, shew me an Original Bible, or an Original *Magna Charta*.

4. Admit the Preacher prays by the Spirit, yet that very Prayer is Common-Prayer to the People; they are ty'd as much to his words, as in saying [*Almighty and most merciful Father*] is it then unlawful in the Minister, but not unlawful in the People?

5. There were some Mathematicians, that could with one fetch of their Pen make an exact Circle, and with the next touch point out the Center, is it therefore reasonable to banish all use of the Compasses? Set Forms are a pair of Compasses.

6. [*God hath given gifts unto men*] General Texts prove nothing: let him shew me *John*, *William*, or *Thomas* in the Text, and then I will believe him. If a man hath a voluble Tongue, we say, He hath the gift of Prayer. His gift is to pray long, that I see; but does he pray better?

7 We take care what we speak to men, but to God we may say any thing

8. The People must not think a thought towards God, but as their Pastours will put it into their Mouths: they will make right Sheep of us.

9. The *English* Priests would do that in English which the *Romish* do in Latin, keep the people in Ignorance; but some of the people out-do them at their own Game.

10 Prayer should be short, without giving God Almighty Reasons why he should grant this, or that, he knows best what is good for us. If your Boy should ask you a Suit of Cloaths, and give you Reasons (otherwise he cannot wait upon you, he cannot go abroad but he shall discredit you) would you endure it? you know it better than he, let him ask a Suit of Cloaths.

11 If a Servant that has been fed with good Beef, goes into that part of *England*, where Salmon is plenty, at first he is pleas'd with his Salmon, and despises his Beef, but after he has been there a while, he grows weary of his Salmon, and wishes for his good Beef again. We have a while been much taken with this praying by the Spirit, but in time we may grow weary of it, and wish for our *Common-Prayer*.

12 'Tis hop'd we may be cur'd of our Extempory Prayers the same way the Grocer's-Boy is cur'd of his eating Plumbs, when we have had our Belly full of them.

Preaching.

1. Nothing is more mistaken than that Speech [*Preach the Gospel*] for 'tis not to make long Harangues, as they do now a-days, but to tell the news of Christs coming into the World, and when that is done, or where 'tis known already, the Preacher's work is done.

2. Preaching in the first sence of the word ceas'd as soon as ever the Gospels were written.

3. When the Preacher says, this is the meaning of the Holy Ghost in such a place, in sense he can mean no more than this, that is, I by studdying of the place, by comparing one place with another, by weighing what goes before, and what comes after, think this is the meaning of the Holy Ghost, and for shortness of Expression I say, the Holy Ghost says thus, or this is the meaning of the Spirit of God. So the Judge speaks of the King's Proclamation, this is the intention of the King, not that the King had declared his intention any other way to the Judge, but the Judge examining the Contents of the Proclamation, gathers by the Purport of the words, the King's Intention, and then for shortness of expression says, this is the King's Intention.

4. Nothing

4. Nothing is Text but what was ſpoken in the Bible, and meant there for Perſo and Place the reſt is Application, which a diſcreet Man may do well; but 'tis his Scri pture, not the Holy Ghoſt.

5. Preaching by the Spirit (as they call it) is moſt eſteem'd by the Common People becauſe they cannot abide Art or Learning, which they have not been bred up in. Juſ as in the buſineſs of Fencing; if one Country Fellow amongſt the reſt, has been at th School, the reſt will undervalue his Skill, or tell him he wants Valour: *You come wit your School-Tricks*: *There's* Dick Butcher *has ten times more Mettle in him*: So they ſay t the Preachers, *You come with your School Learning*: *There's ſuch a one has the Spirit.*

6. The tone in Preaching does much in working upon the Peoples Affections. If Man ſhould make love in an ordinary Tone, his Miſtreſs would not regard him; and therefore he muſt whine. If a Man ſhould cry Fire, or Murther in an ordinary Voice, no body would come out to help him.

7. Preachers will bring any thing into the Text. The Young Maſters of Art preached againſt Non-Reſidency in the Univerſity, whereupon the Heads made an Order, That no Man ſhould meddle with any thing but what was in the Text. The next Day one preach'd upon theſe Words, *Abraham begat Iſaac*; when he had gone a good way, at laſt he obſerv'd, that *Abraham* was Reſident, for if he had been Non-Reſident, he could never have begat *Iſaac*; and ſo fell foul upon the Non-Reſidents.

8. I could never tell what often Preaching meant, after a Church is ſetled, and we know what is to be done; 'tis juſt as if a Husbandman ſhould once tell his Servants what they are to do, when to Sow, when to Reap, and afterwards one ſhould come and tell them twice or thrice a Day what they know already: You muſt Sow your Wheat in *October*, you muſt Reap your Wheat in *Auguſt*, *&c.*

9. The main Argument why they would have two Sermons a day, is, becauſe they have two Meals a Day; the Soul muſt be fed as well as the Body. But I may as well argue, I ought to have two Noſes, becauſe I have two Eyes, or two Mouths, becauſe I have two Ears. What have Meals and Sermons to do one with another?

10. The Things between God and Man are but a few, and thoſe, forſooth, we muſt be told often of; but things between Man and Man are many; thoſe I hear not of above twice a Year, at the Aſſizes, or once a Quarter at the Seſſions; but few come then; nor does the Miniſter exhort the People to go at theſe times to learn their Duty towards their Neighbour. Often Preaching is ſure to keep the Miniſter in Countenance, that he may have ſomething to do.

11. In Preaching they ſay more to raiſe men to love Vertue than men can poſſibly perform, to make them do their beſt; as if you would teach a man to throw the Bar; to make him put out his Strength, you bid him throw further than it is poſſible for him, or any man elſe: Throw over yonder Houſe.

12. In Preaching they do by men as Writers of Romances do by their Chief Knights, bring them into many Dangers, but ſtill fetch them off: So they put men in fear of Hell, but at laſt they bring them to Heaven.

13. Preachers ſay, Do as I ſay, not as I do. But if a Phyſician had the ſame Diſeaſe upon him that I have, and he ſhould bid me do one thing, and he do quite another, could I believe him?

14. Preaching the ſame Sermon to all ſorts of People, is, as if a School-Maſter ſhould read the ſame Leſſon to his ſeveral Formes: If he reads *Amo*, *amas*, *amavi*, the higheſt Forms Laugh at him; the younger Boys admire him: So 'tis in preaching to a mix'd

mix'd Auditory. *Obj.* But it cannot be otherwise; the Parish cannot be divided into several Formes: What must the Preacher then do in Discretion? *Answ.* Why then let him use some expressions by which this or that condition of people may know such Doctrine does more especially concern them, it being so delivered that the wisest may be content to hear. For if he delivers it all together, and leaves it to them to single out what belongs to themselves (which is the usual way) 'tis as if a man would bestow Gifts upon Children of several ages: Two years old, four years old, ten years old, *&c.* and there he brings Tops, Pins, Points, Ribbands, and casts them all in a heap together upon a Table before them; though the Boy of ten years old knows how to chuse his Top, yet the Child of two years old, that should have a Ribband, takes a Pin, and the Pin ere he be aware pricks his Fingers, and then all's out of order, *&c.* Preaching for the most part is the glory of the preacher, to shew himself a fine man. Catechising would do much better.

15. Use the best Arguments to perswade, though but few understand, for the ignorant will sooner believe the judicious of the Parish, than the Preacher himself, and they teach when they dissipate what he has said, and believe it the sooner confirm'd by men of their own side. For betwixt the Laity and the Clergy, there is, as it were, a continual driving of a bargain; something the Clergy would still have us be at, and therefore many things are heard from the Preacher with suspicion. They are affraid of some ends, which are easily assented to, when they have it from some of themselves. 'Tis with a Sermon as 'tis with a Play; many come to see it, which do not understand it; and yet hearing it cry'd up by one, whose judgment they cast themselves upon, and of power with them, they swear and will die in it, that 'tis a very good Play, which they would not have done if the Priest himself had told them so. As in a great School, 'tis the Master that teaches all; the Monitor does a great deal of work; it may be the Boys are affraid to see the Master: so in a Parish 'tis not the Minister does all; the greater Neighbour teaches the lesser, the Master of the house teaches his Servant, *&c.*

16. First in your Sermons use your Logick, and then your Rhetorick. Rhetorick without Logick is like a Tree with Leaves and Blossoms, but no Root; yet I confess more are taken with Rhetorick than Logick, because they are catched with a free Expression, when they understand not Reason. Logick must be natural, or it is worth nothing at all: Your Rhetorick figures may be learn'd: That Rhetorick is best which is most seasonable and most catching. An instance we have in that old blunt Commander at *Cadiz*, who shew'd himself a good Oratour, being to say something to his Souldiers (which he was not us'd to do) he made them a Speech to this purpose; *What a shame will it be, you Englishmen, that feed upon good Beef and Brewess, to let those Rascally Spaniards beat you, that eat nothing but Oranges and Limons?* And so put more Courage into his Men than he could have done with a more learned Oration. Rhetorick is very good, or stark naught: There's no *medium* in Rhetorick. If I am not fully perswaded I laugh at the Oratour.

17. 'Tis good to preach the same thing again, for that's the way to have it learn'd. You see a Bird by often whistling to learn a tune, and a Month after record it to her self.

18. 'Tis a hard case a Minister should be turned out of his Living for something they inform he should say in his Pulpit. We can no more know what a Minister said in his Sermon by two or three words pickt out of it, than we can tell what Tune a Musician play'd last upon the Lute, by two or three single Notes.

Predestination.

1. THey that talk nothing but Predestination, and will not proceed in the way of Heaven till they be satisfied in that point, do, as a man that would not come to *London*, unless at his first step he might set his foot upon the top of *Paul*'s.

2. For a young Divine to begin in his Pulpit with Predestination, is as if a man were coming into *London* and at his first step would think to set his foot, *&c.*

3. Predestination is a point inaccessible, out of our reach; we can make no notion of it, 'tis so full of intricacy, so full of contradiction; 'tis in good earnest, as we state it, half a dozen Bulls one upon another.

4. Doctor *Prideaux* in his Lectures, several days us'd Arguments to prove Predestination; at last tells his Auditory they are damn'd that do not believe it; doing herein just like School-boys, when one of them has got an Apple, or something the rest have a mind to, they use all the Arguments they can to get some of it from them: *I gave you some t'other day*: *You shall have some with me another time*: when they cannot prevail, then tell him he's a Jackanapes, a Rogue and a Rascal.

Preferment.

1. WHen you would have a Child go to such a place, and you find him unwilling, you tell him he shall ride a Cock-horse, and then he will go presently: So do those that govern the State, deal by men, to work them to their ends; they tell them they shall be advanc'd to such or such a place, and they will do any thing they would have them.

2. A great place strangely qualifies. *John Read* (was in the right) *Groom of the Chamber to my Lord of* Kent. Attorney *Noy* beind dead, some were saying, How will the King do for a fit man? why, Any man (says *John Read*) may execute the Place. I warrant (says my Lord) thou think'st thou understand'st enough to perform it. Yes, quoth *John*, Let the King make me Attorney, and I would fain see that man, that durst tell me, there's any thing I understand not.

3. When the Pageants are a coming there's a great thrusting and a riding upon one another's backs, to look out at the Window; stay a little and they will come just to you, you may see them quietly. So 'tis when a new Statesman or Officer is chosen; there's great expectation and listning who it should be; stay a while, and you may know quietly.

4. Missing Preferment makes the Presbyters fall foul upon the Bishops: Men that are in hopes and in the way of rising, keep in the Channel, but they that have none, seek new ways: 'Tis so amongst the Lawyers; he that hath the Judges Ear, will be very observant of the way of the Court; but he that hath no regard will be flying out.

5. My Lord *Digby* having spoken something in the House of Commons, for which they would have question'd him, was presently called to the Upper House. He did by the Parliament as an Ape when he hath done some waggery; his Master spies him, and he looks for his Whip, but before he can come at him, whip says he to the top of the house.

6. Some of the Parliament were discontented, that they wanted places at Court, which others had got; but when they had them once, then they were quiet. Just as at a Christning some that get no Sugar Plums, when the rest have, mutter and grumble; presently

preſently the Wench comes again with her Basket of Sugar-Plums, and then they catch and ſcramble and when they have got them, you hear no more of them.

Præmunire.

1. THere can be no *Præmunire*. A *Præmunire* (ſo call'd from the word *Præmunire facias*) was when a man laid an Action in an Eccleſiaſtical Court, for which he could have no remedy in any of the King's Courts; that is in the Courts of Common Law, by reaſon the Eccleſiaſtical Courts before *Henry* the Eight were ſubordinate to the Pope, and ſo it was *Contrà coronam & dignitatem Regis*; but now the Eccleſiaſtical Courts are equally ſubordinate to the King. Therefore it cannot be *contra coronam & dignitatem Regis*, and ſo no *Præmunire*.

Prerogative.

1. PRerogative is ſomething that can be told what it is, not ſomething that has no name. Juſt as you ſee the Archbiſhop has his Prerogative Court, but we know what is done in that Court. So the King's Prerogative is not his will, or what Divines make it, a Power to do what he liſts.

2. The King's Prerogative, that is, the King's Law. For example, if you ask whether a Patron may preſent to a Living after ſix months by Law? I anſwer no. If you ask whether the King may? I anſwer he may by his Prerogative, that is by the Law that concerns him in that caſe.

Presbytery.

1. THey that would bring in a new Government, would very fain perſwade us, they meet it in Antiquity; thus they interpret Presbyters, when they meet the word in the Fathers: Other profeſſions likewiſe pretend to Antiquity. The Alchymiſt will find his Art in *Virgil*'s *Aureus ramus*, and he that delights in Opticks will find them in *Tacitus*. When *Cæſar* came into *England* they would perſwade us, they had perſpective-Glaſſes, by which he could diſcover what they were doing upon the Land, becauſe it is ſaid, *Poſitis Speculis*: the meaning is, His Watch, or his Sentinel diſcover'd this, and this unto him.

2. Presbyters have the greateſt power of any Clergy in the World, and gull the Laity moſt: for example; Admit there be twelve Laymen to ſix Presbyters, the ſix ſhall govern the reſt as they pleaſe. Firſt becauſe they are conſtant, and the others come in like Church-Wardens in their turns, which is an huge advantage. Men will give way to them who have been in place before them. Next the Laymen have other profeſſions to follow; the Presbyters make it their ſole buſineſs; and beſides too they learn and ſtudy the Art of perſwading; ſome of *Geneva* have confeſs'd as much.

3. The Presbyter with his Elders about him is like a young Tree fenc'd about with two or three or four Stakes; the Stakes defend it, and hold it up; but the Tree only proſpers and flouriſhes; it may be ſome Willow ſtake may bear a Leaf or two, but it comes to nothing. Lay-Elders are Stakes, the Presbyter the Tree that flouriſhes.

4. When the Queries were ſent to the Aſſembly concerning the *Jus Divinum* of Presbytery; their asking time to Anſwer them, was a Satyr upon themſelves. For if it were to be ſeen in the Text, they might quickly turn to the place, and ſhew us it. Their delaying to Anſwer makes us think there's no ſuch thing there. They do juſt as you have ſeen a fellow do at a Tavern Reckoning, when he ſhould come to pay his

Reckoning

Reckoning he puts his hands into his Pockets, and keeps a grabling and a fumbling, and shaking, at last tells you he has left his Money at home; when all the company knew at first, he had no Money there, for every man can quickly find his own Money.

Priests of Rome.

1. THE reason of the Statute against Priests, was this; In the beginning of Queen *Elizabeth* there was a Statute made, that he that drew men from their Civil obedience was a Traitor. It happen'd this was done in Privacies and Confessions, when there could be no proof; therefore they made another Act, that for a Priest to be in *England*, was Treason, because they presum'd that was his business to fetch men off from their Obedience.

2. When Queen *Elizabeth* dy'd, and King *James* came in, an Irish Priest does thus express it; *Elizabetha in orcum detrusa, successit Jacobus, alter Hæreticus.* You will ask why they did use such Language in their Church. *Answ.* Why does the Nurse tell the Child of Raw-head and Bloudy-bones, to keep it in awe?

3. The Queen-Mother and Count *Rosset*, are to the Priests and Jesuits like the honey-pot to the Flies.

4. The Priests of *Rome* aim but at two things, To get power from the King, and Money from the Subject.

5. When the Priests come into a Family, they do as a man that would set fire on a house; he does not put fire to the Brick-wall, but thrusts it into the Thatch. They work upon the women, and let the men alone.

6. For a Priest to turn a man when he lies a dying, is just like one that hath a long time solicited a woman, and cannot obtain his end; at length makes her drunk, and so lies with her.

Prophecies.

1. DReams and Prophecies do thus much good; They make a man go on with boldness and courage, upon a Danger or a Mistress; if he obtains, he attributes much to them; if he miscarries, he thinks no more of them, or is no more thought of himself.

Proverbs.

1. THE Proverbs of several Nations were much studied by Bishop *Andrews*, and the reason he gave, was, Because by them he knew the minds of several Nations, which is a brave thing; as we count him a wise man, that knows the minds and insides of men, which is done by knowing what is habitual to them. Proverbs are habitual to a Nation, being transmitted from Father to Son.

Question.

1. WHen a doubt is propounded, you must learn to distinguish, and show wherein a thing holds, and wherein it does not hold. Ay, or no, never answer'd any Question. The not distinguishing where things should be distinguish'd, and the not confounding, where things should be confounded, is the cause of all the mistakes in the World.

Reason.

1. IN giving Reasons, Men commonly do with us as the Woman does with her Child; when she goes to Market about her business, she tells it she goes to buy it a fine thing,

thing, to buy it a Cake or ſome Plums. They give us ſuch Reaſons as they think we will be catched withal, but never let us know the Truth.

2. When the School-men talk of *Recta Ratio* in Morals, either they underſtand Reaſon, as it is govern'd by a Command from above; or elſe they ſay no more than a Woman, when ſhe ſays a thing is ſo, becauſe it is ſo; that is her Reaſon perſwades her 'tis ſo. The other Acception has Sence in it. As take a Law of the Land, I muſt not depopulate, my Reaſon tells me ſo. Why? Becauſe if I do, I incurr the detriment.

3. The Reaſon of a Thing is not to be enquired after, till you are ſure the Thing it ſelf be ſo. We commonly are at [*What's the Reaſon of it?*] before we are ſure of the Thing. 'Twas an excellent Queſtion of my Lady *Cotten*, when Sir *Robert Cotten* was magnifying of a Shooe, which was *Moſes*'s or *Noah*'s, and wondring at the ſtrange Shape and Faſhion of it: *But Mr.* Cotten, ſays ſhe, *are you ſure it is a Shooe.*

Retaliation.

1. *AN Eye for an Eye, and a Tooth for a Tooth*; That does not mean, that if I put out another Man's Eye, therefore I muſt loſe one of my own, (for what is he the better for that?) though this be commonly received; but it means, I ſhall give him what Satisfaction an Eye ſhall be judged to be worth.

Reverence.

1. 'TIS ſometimes unreaſonable to look after Reſpect and Reverence, either from a Man's own Servant, or other Inferiours. A great Lord and a Gentleman talking together, there came a Boy by, leading a Calf with both his Hands; ſays the Lord to the Gentleman, You ſhall ſee me make the Boy let go his Calf; with that he came towards him, thinking the Boy would have put off his Hat, but the Boy took no Notice of him. The Lord ſeeing that, *Sirrah*, ſays he, *Do you not know me that you uſe no Reverence? Yes*, ſays the Boy, *if your Lordſhip will hold my Calf, I will put off my Hat.*

Non-Reſidency.

1. THE People thought they had a great Victory over the Clergy, when in *Henry* the Eighth's time they got their Bill paſſed, That a Clergy-man ſhould have but Two Livings; before a Man might have Twenty or Thirty; 'twas but getting a Diſpenſation from the Pope's Limiter, or Gatherer of the *Peter-Pence*, which was as eaſily got, as now you may have a *Licence* to eat Fleſh.

2. As ſoon as a Miniſter is made, he hath Power to Preach all over the World, but the Civil-Power reſtrains him; he cannot preach in this Pariſh, or in that; there is one already appointed. Now if the State allows him Two Livings, then he hath Two Places where he may Exerciſe his Function, and ſo has the more Power to do his Office, which he might do every where if he were not reſtrained.

Religion.

1. KIng *James* ſaid to the Fly, Have I Three Kingdoms, and thou muſt needs fly into my Eye? Is there not enough to meddle with upon the Stage, or in Love, or at the Table, but Religion?

2. Religion amongſt Men appears to me like the Learning they got at School. Some Men forget all they learned, others ſpend upon the Stock, and ſome improve

prove it. So ſome Men forget all the Religion that was taught them when they were Young, others ſpend upon that Stock, and ſome improve it.

3. Religion is like the Faſhion, one Man wears his Doublet ſlaſh'd, another lac'd, another plain; but every Man has a Doublet: So every Man has his Religion. We differ about Trimming.

4. Men ſay they are of the ſame Religion for Quietneſs ſake; but if the matter were well Examin'd you would ſcarce find Three any where of the ſame Religion in all Points.

5. Every Religion is a getting Religion; for though I my ſelf get nothing, I am Subordinate to thoſe that do. So you may find a Lawyer in the *Temple* that gets little for the preſent, but he is fitting himſelf to be in time one of thoſe great Ones that do get.

6. Alteration of Religion is dangerous, becauſe we know not where it will ſtay; 'tis like a *Milſtone* that lies upon the top of a pair of Stairs; 'tis hard to remove it, but if once it be thruſt off the firſt Stair, it never ſtays till it comes to the bottom.

7. *Queſtion.* Whether is the Church or the Scripture Judge of Religion? *Anſw.* In truth neither, but the State. I am troubled with a Boil; I call a Company of Chirurgeons about me; one preſcribes one thing, another another; I ſingle out ſomething I like, and ask you that ſtand by, and are no Chirurgeon, what you think of it: You like it too; you and I are Judges of the Plaſter, and we bid them prepare it, and there's an end. Thus 'tis in Religion; the Proteſtants ſay they will be judged by the Scripture; the Papiſts ſay ſo too; but that cannot ſpeak. A Judge is no Judge, except he can both ſpeak and command Execution; but the truth is they never intend to agree. No doubt the Pope where he is Supream, is to be Judge; if he ſay we in *England* ought to be ſubject to him, then he muſt draw his Sword and make it good.

8. By the Law was the Manual received into the Church before the Reformation, not by the Civil Law, that had nothing to do in it; nor by the Canon Law, for that Manual that was here, was not in *France*, nor in *Spain*; but by Cuſtom, which is the Common Law of *England*; and Cuſtom is but the Elder Brother to a Parliament; and ſo it will fall out to be nothing that the Papiſts ſay, Ours is a Parliamentary Religion, by reaſon the Service-Book was Eſtabliſhed by Act of Parliament, and never any Service-Book was ſo before. That will be nothing that the Pope ſent the Manual: 'Twas ours, becauſe the State received it. The State ſtill makes the Religion and receives into it, what will beſt agree with it. Why are the *Venetians* Roman Catholicks? Becauſe the State likes the Religion: All the World knows they care not Three Pence for the Pope. The Council of *Trent* is not at this day admitted in *France*.

9. *Papiſt.* Where was your Religion before *Luther*, an Hundred Years ago? *Proteſtant.* Where was *America* an Hundred or Sixſcore Years ago? Our Religion was where the reſt of the Chriſtian Church was. *Papiſt.* Our Religion continued ever ſince the Apoſtles, and therefore 'tis better. *Proteſtant.* So did ours. That there was an interruption of it, will fall out to be nothing, no more than if another Earl ſhould tell me of the Earl of *Kent*, ſaying, He is a better Earl than he, becauſe there was one or two of the Family of *Kent* did not take the Title upon them; yet all that while they were really Earls; and afterwards a Great Prince declar'd them to be Earls of *Kent*, as he that made the other Family an Earl.

10. Diſputes in Religion will never be ended, becauſe there wants a Meaſure by which the Buſineſs would be decided: The *Puritan* would be judged by the Word

of

of God: If he would ſpeak clearly, he means himſelf, but he is aſhamed to ſay ſo; and he would have me believe him before a whole Church, that has read the Word of God as well as he. One ſays one thing, and another another; and there is, I ſay, no Meaſure to end the Controverſie. 'Tis juſt as if Two Men were at Bowls, and both judg'd by the Eye; One ſays 'tis his Caſt, the other ſays 'tis my Caſt; and having no Meaſure, the Difference is Eternal. *Ben Johnſon* Satyrically expreſs'd the vain Diſputes of Divines by *Inigo Lanthorne*, diſputing with his Puppet in a *Bartholomew* Fair. It is ſo; It is not ſo: It is ſo; It is not ſo, crying thus one to another a quarter of an Hour together.

11. In Matters of Religion to be rul'd by one that writes againſt his Adverſary, and throws all the Dirt he can in his Face, is, as if in point of good Manners a Man ſhould be govern'd by one whom he ſees at Cuffs with another, and thereupon thinks himſelf bound to give the next Man he meets a Box on the Ear.

12. 'Tis to no purpoſe to labour to Reconcile Religions, when the Intereſt of Princes will not ſuffer it. 'Tis well if they could be Reconciled ſo far, that they ſhould not cut one another's Throats.

13. There's all the Reaſon in the World *Divines* ſhould not be ſuffer'd to go a Hair beyond their Bounds, for fear of breeding Confuſion, ſince there now be ſo many Religions on Foot. The matter was not ſo narrowly to be look'd after when there was but one Religion in Chriſtendom; the reſt would cry him down for an Heretick, and there was no Body to ſide with him.

14. We look after Religion as the Butcher did after his Knife, when he had it in his Mouth.

15. Religion is made a Juggler's Paper; now 'tis a Horſe, now 'tis a Lanthorn, now 'tis a Boar, now 'tis a Man. To ſerve Ends Religion is turn'd into all Shapes.

16. Pretending Religion and the Law of God, is to ſet all things looſe: When a Man has no mind to do ſomething he ought to do by his Contract with Man, then he gets a Text, and Interprets it as he pleaſes, and ſo thinks to get looſe.

17. Some Mens pretending Religion, is like the Roaring Boys way of Challenges, [*Their Reputation is dear, It does not ſtand with the Honour of a Gentleman,*] when, God knows, they have neither Honour nor Reputation about them.

18. They talk much of ſetling Religion: Religion is well enough ſetled already, if we would let it alone: Methinks we might look after, *&c.*

19. If men would ſay they took Arms for any thing but Religion, they might be beaten out of it by Reaſon; out of that they never can, for they will not believe you whatever you ſay.

20. The very *Arcanum* of pretending Religion in all Wars is, That ſomething may be found out in which all men may have intereſt. In this the Groom has as much intereſt as the Lord. Were it for Land, one has One Thouſand Acres, and the other but One; he would not venture ſo far, as he that has a Thouſand. But Religion is equal to both. Had all men Land alike, by a *Lex Agraria*, then all men would ſay they fought for Land.

Sabbath.

1. WHY ſhould I think all the Fourth Commandmant belongs to me, when all the Fifth does not? What Land will the Lord give me for honouring my Father? It was ſpoken to the Jews with reference to the Land of *Canaan*; but the meaning

ning is, If I honour my Parents, God will also bless me. We read the Commandments in the Church-Service, as we do *David*'s Psalms, not that all there concerns us, but a great deal of them does.

Sacrament.

1. CHrist suffered *Judas* to take the Communion. Those Ministers that keep their Parishioners from it, because they will not do as they will have them, reverence, rather than reform.

2. No man can tell whether I am fit to receive the Sacrament; for though I were fit the day before, when he examined me; at least appear'd so to him; yet how can he tell what sin I have committed that night, or the next morning, or what impious Atheistical thoughts I may have about me, when I am approaching to the very Table?

Salvation.

1. WE can best understand the meaning of σωτηρία, Salvation, from the Jews, to whom the Saviour was promised. They held that themselves should have the chief place of happiness in the other world; but the Gentiles that were good men, should likewise have their portion of Bliss there too. Now by Christ the Partition-Wall is broken down, and the Gentiles that believe in him, are admitted to the same place of Bliss with the Jews: and why then should not that portion of Happiness still remain to them, who do not believe in Christ, so they be morally good? This is a charitable opinion.

State.

1. IN a troubled State save as much for your own as you can. A Dog had been at Market to buy a Shoulder of Mutton; coming home he met two Dogs by the way, that quarrell'd with him; he laid down his Shoulder of Mutton, and fell to fighting with one of them; in the mean time the other Dog fell to eating his Mutton; he seeing that, left the Dog he was fighting with, and fell upon him that was eating; then the other Dog fell to eat; when he perceiv'd there was no remedy, but which of them soever he fought withal, his Mutton was in danger, he thought he would have as much of it as he could, and thereupon gave over fighting, and fell to eating himself.

Superstition.

1. THey that are against Superstition often-times run into it of the wron gside. If I will wear all colours but black, then am I Superstitious in not wearing black.

2. They pretend not to abide the Cross, because 'tis superstitious; for my part I will believe them, when I see them throw their money out of their Pockets, and not till then.

3. If there be any Superstition truly and properly so called, 'tis their observing the Sabboth after the Jewish manner.

Subsidies.

1. HEretofore the Parliament was wary what Subsidies they gave to the King, because they had no account, but now they care not how much they give of the Subjects money, because they give it with one hand and receive it with the other; and so upon the matter give it themselves. In the mean time what a case the Subjects of *England* are in; if the men they have sent to the Parliament misbehave themselves, they cannot help it, because the Parliament is eternal.

2. A Subsidy was counted the fifth part of a man's Estate, and so fifty Subsidies is five and forty times more than a man is worth.

Simony.

1. THE name of Simony was begot in the Canon-Law; the first Statute against it was in Queen *Elizabeth*'s time. Since the Reformation Simony has been frequent: One reason why it was not practised in time of Popery, was the Pope's provision; no man was sure to bestow his own Benefice.

Ship-money.

1. MR. *Noy* brought in Ship-money first for Maritine Towns, but that was like putting in a little Augur, that afterwards you may put in a greater; he that pulls down the first Brick, does the main work, afterwards 'tis easie to pull down the Wall.

2. They that at first would not pay Ship-money, till 'twas decided, did like brave men, (though perhaps they did no good by the Trial) but they that stand out since, and suffer themselves to be distrain'd, never questioning those that do it, do pitifully, for so they only pay twice as much as they should.

Synod Assembly.

1. WE have had no National Synod since the Kingdom hath been settled, as now it is, only Provincial; and there will be this inconveniency, to call so many Divines together; 'twill be to put power in their hands, who are too apt to usurp it, as if the Laity were bound by their determination. No, let the Laity consult with Divines on all sides, hear what they say, and make themselves Masters of their reasons; as they do by any other profession, when they have a difference before them. For example Goldsmiths, they enquire of them, if such a Jewel be of such a value, and such a Stone of such a value, hear them, and then being rational men judge themselves.

2. Why should you have a Synod, when you have a Convocation already, which is a Synod? Would you have a superfetation of another Synod? The Clergy of *England* when they cast off the Pope, submitted themselves to the Civil Power, and so have continued; but these challenge to be *Jure Divino*, and so to be above the Civil Power; these challenge power to call before their Presbyteries all persons for all sins directly against the Law of God, as proved to be sins by necessary consequence. If you would buy Gloves, send for a Glover or two, not Glovers-hall; consult with some Divines, not send for a Body.

3. There must be some Laymen in the Synod, to overlook the Clergy, least they spoil the Civil work; just as when the good Woman puts a Cat into the Milk-house to kill a Mouse, she sends her Maid to look after the Cat, least the Cat should eat up the Cream.

4. In the Ordinance for the Assembly, the Lords and Commons go under the names of learned, godly, and judicious Divines; there is no difference put betwixt them, and the Ministers in the ontext.

5. 'Tis not unusual in the Assembly to revoke their Votes, by reason they make so much hast, but 'tis that will make them scorn'd. You never heard of a Council revok'd an Act of its own making, they have been wary in that, to keep up their Infallibility; if they did any thing they took away the whole Council, and yet we would be thought infallible as any body: 'tis not enough to say, the House of Commons revoke their Votes, for theirs are but Civil truths which they by agreement create, and uncreate, as they please: But the Truths the Synod deals in are Divine, and when they have voted a thing, if it be then true, 'twas true before, not true because they voted it, nor does it cease to be true, because they voted otherwise.

6. Sub-

6. Subscribing in a Synod, or to the Articles of a Synod, is no such terrible thing as they make it; because, if I am of a Synod, 'tis agreed, either tacitely or expressly. That which the Major part determines, the rest are involv'd in; and therefore I subscribe, though my own private Opinion be otherwise; and upon the same Ground, I may without scruple subscribe to what those have determin'd, whom I sent, though my private Opinion be otherwise, having respect to that which is the Ground of all Assemblies, the major part carries it.

Thanksgiving.

1. AT first we gave Thanks for every Victory as soon as ever 'twas obtained, but since we have had many now we can stay a good while. We are just like a Child; give him a Plum, he makes his Leg; give him a second Plum, he makes another Leg: At last when his Belly is full, he forgets what he ought to do; then his Nurse, or some body else that stands by him, puts him in mind of his Duty, *Where's your Leg.*

Tythes.

1. *Tythes* are more paid in kind in *England*, than in all *Italy* and *France*. In *France* they have had Impropriations a long time; we had none in *England* till *Henry* the Eighth.

2. To make an Impropriation, there was to be the Consent of the Incumbent, the Patron, and the King; then 'twas confirmed by the Pope: Without all this the Pope could make no Impropriation.

3. Or what if the Pope gave the *Tythes* to any Man, must they therefore be taken away? If the Pope gives me a Jewel, will you therefore take it away from me?

4. *Abraham* paid Tythes to *Melchizedeck*, what then? 'Twas very well done of him: It does not follow therefore that I must pay Tythes, no more than I am bound to imitate any other Action of *Abraham*'s.

5. 'Tis ridiculous to say the Tythes are God's part, and therefore the Clergy must have them: Why, so they are if the Layman has them. 'Tis as if one of my Lady *Kent*'s Maids should be sweeping this Room, and another of them should come and take away the Broom, and tell for a Reason, why she should part with it; 'Tis my Lady's Broom: As if it were not my Lady's Broom, which of them soever had it.

6. They Consulted in *Oxford* where they might find the best Argument for their Tythes, setting aside the *Jus Divinum*; they were advis'd to my History of Tythes; a Book so much cry'd down by them formerly; (in which, I dare boldly say, there are more Arguments for them than are extant together any where:) Upon this, one writ me word, That my History of Tythes was now become like *Peleus*'s *Hasta*, to Wound and to Heal. I told him in my Answer, I thought I could fit him with a better Instance. 'Twas possible it might undergo the same Fate, that *Aristotle*, *Avicen* and *Averroes* did in *France*, some Five hundred Years ago; which were Excommunicated by *Stephen* Bishop of *Paris*, [by that very name, *Excommunicated*,] because that kind of Learning puzled and troubled their Divinity. But finding themselves at a loss, some Forty Years after (which is much about the time since I writ my History) they were call'd in again, and so have continued ever since.

Trade.

1. THere is no Prince in Christendom but is directly a Tradesman, though in another way than an ordinary Tradesman. For the purpose, I have a Man, I bid him lay out Twenty Shillings in such Commodities, but I tell him for every Shilling he lays out I will have a Penny. I Trade as well as he. This every Prince does in his Customs.

2. That which a Man is bred up in, he thinks no Cheating; as your Tradesman thinks not so of his Profession, but calls it a Mystery. Whereas if you would teach a Mercer to make his Silks heavier, than what he has been used to, he would peradventure think that to be Cheating.

3. Every Tradesman professes to cheat me, that asks for his Commodity twice as much as it is worth.

Tradition.

1. SAY what you will against *Tradition*; we know the Signification of Words by nothing but Tradition. You will say the Scripture was written by the Holy *Spirit*, but do you understand that Language 'twas writ in? No. Then for Example, take these words, [*In principio erat verbum.*] How do you know those words signifie, [*In the beginning was the word,*] but by Tradition, because some Body has told you so?

Transubstantiation.

1. THE Fathers using to speak Rhetorically brought up Transubstantiation: As if becuase it is commonly said, *Amicus est alter idem*, One should go about to prove a Man and his Friend are all one. That Opinion is only Rhetorick turn'd into Logick.

2. There is no greater Argument (though not us'd) against Transubstantiation, than the Apostles at their first Council, forbidding Blood and Suffocation. Would they forbid Blood, and yet enjoin the eating of Blood too?

3. The best way for a pious Man, is to address himself to the Sacrament with that Reverence and Devotion, as if Christ were really there present.

Traitor.

1. 'TIS not seasonable to call a Man Traitor that has an Army at his Heels. One with an Army is a Gallant man. My Lady *Cotten* was in the right, when she laugh'd at the Dutchess of *Richmond* for taking such State upon her, when she could Command no Forces. [*She a Dutcheß, there's in* Flanders *a Dutchess indeed*;] meaning the Arch-Dutchess.

Trinity.

1. THE Second Person is made of a piece of Bread by the Papist, the Third Person is made of his own Frenzy, Malice, Ignorance and Folly, by the Roundhead [to all these the Spirit is intituled] One the Baker makes, the other the Cobler; and betwixt those Two, I think the First Person is sufficiently abused.

Truth.

1. THE *Aristotelians* say, All Truth is contained in *Aristotle* in one place or another. *Galilæo* makes *Simplicius* say so, but shows the absurdity of that Speech, by answering, All Truth is contained in a lesser Compass; *viz.* In the Alphabet. *Aristotle* is not blam'd for mistaking sometimes; but *Aristotelians* for maintaining those mistakes. They should acknowledge the good they have from him, and leave him when he is in the wrong. There never breath'd that Person to whom Mankind was more beholden.

2. The way to find out the Truth is by others mistakings: For if I was to go to such a place, and one had gone before me on the Right-hand, and he was out; another had gone on the Left-hand, and he was out; this would direct me to keep the middle way, that peradventure would bring me to the place I desir'd to go.

3. In troubled Water you can scarce see your Face; or see it very little, till the Water be quiet and stand still. So in troubled times you can see little Truth; when times are quiet and setled, then Truth appears.

Trial.

1. TRials are by one of these three ways; by Confession, or by Demurrer, that is, Confessing the Fact, but denying it to be that, wherewith a Man is charged. For Example, Denying it to be Treason, if a Man be charged with Treason; or by a Jury.

2. *Ordalium* was a Trial; and was either by going over Nine red hot Plough-Shares, (as in the Case of Queen *Emma*, accus'd for lying with the Bishop of *Wincheſter*, over which she being led Blindfold; and having pass'd all her Irons, ask'd when she should come to her Trial;) or 'twas by taking a red hot Coulter in a Man's hand, and carrying it so many Steps, and then casting it from him. As soon as this was done, the Hands or the Feet were to be bound up, and certain Charms to be said, and a day or two after to be open'd; if the parts were whole, the Party was judg'd to be Innocent; and so on the contrary.

3. The Rack is us'd no where as in *England*: In other Countries 'tis used in *Judicature*, when there is a *Semiplena probatio*, a half Proof against a Man; then to see if they can make it full, they Rack him if he will not Confess. But here in *England* they take a Man and Rack him, I do not know why, nor when; not in time of *Judicature*, but when some Body bids.

4. Some Men before they come to their Trial, are cozen'd to Confess upon Examination: Upon this Trick, they are made to believe some Body has confessed before them; and then they think it a piece of Honour to be clear and ingenious, and that destroys them.

University.

1. THE best Argument why *Oxford* should have precedence of *Cambridge* is the Act of Parliament, by which *Oxford* is made a Body; made what it is; and *Cambridge* is made what it is; and in the Act it takes place. Besides *Oxford* has the best Monuments to show.

2. 'Twas well said of One, hearing of a History Lecture to be founded in the University; Would to God, says he, they would direct a Lecture of Discretion there, this would do more good there an hundred times.

3. He that comes from the University to govern the State, before he is acquainted with the Men and Manners of the Place, does just as if he should come into the presence Chamber all Dirty, with his Boots on, his riding Coat, and his Head all daub'd: They may serve him well enough in the way, but when he comes to Court, he must conform to the Place.

Vows.

1. SUppose a man find by his own inclination he has no mind to marry, may he not then Vow Chastity? *Answ.* If he does, what a fine thing hath he done? 'tis as if a man did not love Cheese, and then he would vow to God Almighty never to eat Cheese. He that Vows can mean no more in sense, than this; To do his utmost endeavour to keep his Vow.

Usury.

1. THE *Jews* were forbidden to take Use one of another, but they were not forbidden to take it of other Nations. That being so, I see no reason, why I may not as well take Use for my Money as Rent for my House. 'Tis a vain thing to say, Money begets not Money; for that no doubt it does.

2. Would it not look odly to a Stranger, that should come into this Land, and hear in our Pulpits Usury preach'd against; and yet the Law allow it? Many men use it; perhaps some Churchmen themselves. No Bishop nor Ecclesiastical Judge, that pretends power to punish other faults, dares punish, or at least does punish any man for doing it.

Pious Uses.

1. THE ground of the Ordinary's taking part of a Man's Estate (who dy'd without a Will) to Pious Uses, was this; To give it some body to pray, that his soul might be deliver'd out of Purgatory, now the pious Uses come into his own Pocket. 'Twas well expreſt by *John O Powls* in the Play, who acted the Prieſt; one that was to be hang'd, being brought to the Ladder, would fain have given something to the Poor; he feels for his Purſe, (which *John O Powls* had pickt out of his Pocket before) miſſing it, crys out, He had loſt his Purſe; now he intended to have given something to the Poor: *John O Powls* bid him be pacified, for the Poor had it already.

War.

1. DO not under-value an Enemy by whom you have been worſted. When our Country-men came home from fighting with the *Saracens*, and were beaten by them, they pictured them with huge, big, terrible Faces (as you ſtill ſee the Sign of the *Saracen*'s-head is) when in truth they were like other men. But this they did to ſave their own Credits.

2. Martial-Law in general, means nothing but the Martial-Law of this, or that place; with us to be us'd in *Fervore Belli*, in the Face of the Enemy, not in time of Peace; there they can take away neither Limb nor Life. The Commanders need not complain for want of it, becauſe our Anceſtors have done Gallant things without it.

3. *Queſtion.* Whether may Subjects take up Arms againſt their Prince? *Anſwer.* Conceive it thus; Here lies a Shilling betwixt you and me; Ten Pence of the Shilling is yours, Two Pence is mine: By agreement, I am as much King of my Two Pence, as you of your Ten Pence: If you therefore go about to take away my Two Pence, I will defend it; for there you and I are equal, both Princes.

4. Or thus, Two ſupream Powers meet; one ſays to the other, Give me your Land; if you will not, I will take it from you: The other, becauſe he thinks himſelf too weak to reſiſt him, tells him, Of Nine Parts I will give you Three, ſo I may quietly enjoy the reſt, and I will become your Tributary. Afterwards the Prince comes to exact Six Parts, and leaves but Three; the Contract then is broken, and they are in Parity again.

5. To know what Obedience is due to the Prince, you muſt look into the Contract betwixt him and his People; as if you wou'd know what Rent is due from the Tenant to the Landlord, you muſt look into the Leaſe. When the Contract is broken, and there is no third Perſon to judge, then the Deciſion is by Arms. And this is the Caſe between the Prince and the Subject.

6. *Queſtion.* What Law is there to take up Arms againſt the Prince, in Caſe he break his Covenant? *Anſw.* Though there be no written Law for it, yet there is Cuſtom; which is the beſt Law of the Kingdom; for in *England* they have always done it. There is nothing expreſt between the King of *England* and the King of *France*; that if either Invades the other's Territory, the other ſhall take up Arms againſt him, and yet they do it upon ſuch an Occaſion.

7. 'Tis all one to be plunder'd by a Troop of Horſe, or to have a Man's Goods taken from him by an Order from the Council-Table. To him that dies, 'tis all one whether it be by a Penny Halter, or a Silk Garter; yet I confeſs the Silk Garter pleaſes more; and like *Trouts* we love to be tickled to Death.

8. The Souldiers ſay they Fight for Honour; when the truth is they have their Honour in their Pocket. And they mean the ſame thing that pretend to Fight for Religion. Juſt as a Parſon goes to Law with his Pariſhioners; he ſays, For the Good of his Succeſſors, that the Church may not loſe its Right; when the meaning is to get the Tythes into his own Pocket.

9. We Govern this War as an unskilful Man does a Caſting-Net; if he has not the right trick to caſt the Net off his Shoulder, the Leads will pull him into the River. I am afraid we ſhall pull our ſelves into Deſtruction.

10. We

10. We look after the particulars of a Battle, because we live in the very time of War. Where as of Battles past we hear nothing but the number slain. Just as for the Death of a Man; When he is sick, we talk how he slept this Night, and that Night; what he eat, and what he drunk: But when he is dead, we only say, He died of a Fever, or name his Disease; and there's an end.

11. *Boccaline* has this passage of Souldiers, They came to *Apollo* to have their profession made the Eighth Liberal Science, which he granted. As soon as it was nois'd up and down, it came to the Butchers, and they desir'd their Profession might be made the Ninth: For say they, the Souldiers have this Honour for the killing of Men; now we kill as well as they; but we kill Beasts for the preserving of Men, and why should not we have Honour likewise done to us? *Apollo* could not Answer their Reasons, so he revers'd his Sentence, and made the Souldiers Trade a Mystery, as the Butchers is.

Witches.

1. THE Law against Witches does not prove there be any; but it punishes the Malice of those people, that use such means, to take away mens Lives. If one should profess that by turning his Hat thrice, and crying Buz; he could take away a man's life (though in truth he could do no such thing) yet this were a just Law made by the State, that whosoever should turn his Hat thrice, and cry Buz; with an intention to take away a man's life, shall be put to death.

Wife.

1. HE that hath a handsome Wife, by other men is thought happy; 'tis a pleasure to look upon her, and be in her company; but the Husband is cloy'd with her. We are never content with what we have.

2. You shall see a Monkey sometime, that has been playing up and down the Garden, at length leap up to the top of the Wall, but his Clog hangs a great way below on this side; the Bishop's Wife is like that Monkey's Clog, himself is got up very high, takes place of the Temporal Barons, but his wife comes a great way behind.

3. 'Tis reason a man that will have a Wife should be at the charge of her Trinkets, and pay all the scores she sets on him. He that will keep a Monkey, 'tis fit he should pay for the Glasses he breaks.

Wisedom.

1. A wise Man should never resolve upon any thing, at least never let the World know his Resolution, for if he cannot arrive at that, he is asham'd. How many things did the King resolve in his Declaration concerning *Scotland*, never to do, and yet did 'em all? A man must do according to accidents and Emergencies.

2. Never tell your Resolution before hand; but when the Cast is thrown, Play it as well as you can to win the Game you are at. 'Tis but folly to study, how to Play Size-ace, when you know not whether you shall throw it or no.

3. Wise Men say nothing in dangerous times. The Lion you know call'd the Sheep, to ask her if his breath smelt: she said, Ay; he bit off her head for a fool. He call'd the Wolf and askt him: He said no; he tore him in peices for a Flatterer. At last he call'd the Fox and ask'd him; truly he had got a Cold and could not smell. King *James* was pictur'd, *&c.*

Wit.

1. WIT and Wisedom differ; Wit is upon the sudden turn, Wisedom is in bringing about ends.

2. Nature must be the ground-work of Wit and Art; otherwise whatever is done will prove but Jack-puddings work.

3. Wit must grow like Fingers; if it be taken from others, 'tis like Plums stuck upon Black thornes; there they are for a while but they come to nothing.

4. He that will give himself to all manner of ways to get Money may be rich; so he that lets fly all he knows or thinks, may by chance be Satyrically witty. Honesty sometimes keeps a man from growing rich; and Civility from being witty.

5. Women ought not to know their own Wit, because they will still be shewing it, and so spoil it; like a Child that will continually be shewing its fine new Coat, till at length it all bedawbs it with its Pah-hands.

6. Fine

6. Fine Wits destroy themselves with their own Plots, in meddling with great affairs of State. They commonly do as the Ape that saw the Gunner put Bullets in the Cannon, and was pleased with it, and he would be doing so too; at last he puts himself into the Piece, and so both Ape, and Bullet were shot away together.

Women.

1. LET *the Women have power of their heads, because of the Angels.* The reason of th words *because of the Angels*, is this; The *Greek* Church held an Opinion that the Angels fell in Love with Women. This fancy Saint *Paul* discreetly catches, and uses it as an Argument to perswade them to modesty.

2. The Grant of a place, is not good by the Canon-Law before a man be dead; upon this ground some mischief might be plotted against him in present possession, by poisoning, or some other way. Upon the same reason a Contract made with a Woman during her husbands life, was not valid.

3. Men are not troubled to hear a Man dispraised, because they know, though he be naught, there's worth in others. But Women are mightily troubled to hear any of them spoken against, as if the Sex it self were guilty of some unworthiness.

4. Women and Princes must both trust some body; and they are happy, or unhappy according to the desert of those under whose hands they fall. If a man knows how to manage the favour of a Lady, her Honour is safe, and so is a Princes.

5. An Opinion grounded upon that, *Genesis 6. The Sons of God saw the Daughters of Men that they were fair.*

Year.

1. TWas the manner of the Jews (if the Year did not fall out right, but that it was dirty for the people to come up to *Jerusalem*, at the Feast of the Passover; or that their Corn was not ripe for their first Fruits) to intercalate a Month, and so to have, as it were, two *Februarys*; thrusting up the Year still higher, *March* into *April*'s place, *April* into *May*'s place, *&c.* Whereupon it is impossible for us to know when our Saviour was born, or when he dy'd.

2. The Year is either the year of the Moon, or the Year of the Sun; there's not above Eleven days difference. Our moveable Feasts are according to the Year of the Moon; else they should be fixt.

3. Though they reckon Ten days sooner beyond Sea; yet it does not follow their Spring is sooner than ours; we keep the same time in natural things, and their Ten days sooner, and our Ten days later in those things mean the self same time; just as Twelve *Sous* in French, are Ten Pence in English.

4. The lengthening of days is not suddenly perceiv'd till they are grown a pretty deal longer, because the Sun, though it be in a Circle, yet it seems for a while to go in a right Line. For take a Segment of a great Circle especially, and you shall doubt whether it be straight or no. But when that Sun is got past that Line, then you presently perceive the days are lengthened. Thus it is in the Winter and Summer Solstice; which is indeed the true reason of them.

5. The Eclipse of the Sun is, when it is new Moon; the Eclipse of the Moon when 'tis full. They say *Dionysius* was converted by the Eclipse that happened at our Saviour's Death, because it was neither of these, and so could not be natural.

Zelots.

1. ONE would wonder Christ should Whip the Buyers and Sellers out of the Temple, and no Body offer to resist him (considering what Opinion they had of him.) But the reason was, they had a Law, that whosoever did profane *Sanctitatem Dei, aut Templi*; the Holiness of God, or the Temple, before Ten persons, 'twas lawful for any of them to kill him, or to do any thing this side killing him; as Whipping him, or the like. And hence it was, that when one struck our Saviour before the Judge where it was not lawful to strike (as it is not with us at this day) he only replies; If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the Evil; but if well why smitest thou me? He says nothing against their smiting him, in case he had been guilty of speaking Evil, that is Blasphemy; and they could have prov'd it against him. They that put this Law in Execution were called Zelots; but afterwards they committed many Villainies.

FINIS.